

I'm that way"—JEAN HARLOW

Page
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Silver Screen★

April



WE DO OUR PART

10¢
IN CANADA
15 CENTS

Constance Bennett
See Story Page 22

J O H N
ROLSTON
CLARKE

READ
THIS ISSUE **THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHTS**

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.



(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.



"A BEAUTY TREATMENT for the TEETH" ... say smart women

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about \$3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(above) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.



(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.



25¢

The lies a mirror
can tell!



LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible*.

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.



The OPENING CHORUS



Lupe Velez feeds her tiny chiahua-hua with a dropper. Lupe carries the dog in her coat pocket.

WHENEVER you hear a loud noise in Hollywood now, you know that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are having another one of their little battles. One of their recent arguments started after they had been to see "Flying Down to Rio." Lupe said it was much too improbable, even in musicals, to have girls dancing on top of airplanes, to which Johnny replied that it wasn't improbable at all as he had often seen men do acrobatic stunts on the tops of racing planes.

"You're just dumb, Lupe," Johnny finished off.

"You are stupid, too," shrieked Lupe, and that night, for the stenth time, Johnny moved out.

BUT this cheers us up. Mary Boland and Alison Skipworth have been chosen to do Peter Arno's famous "Whoops Sisters." We can't wait for that one.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and John Farrow have publicly announced their engagement and will be married some time in the near future. No one could doubt Johnny's sincere love for Maureen after seeing the intense suffering in his face when Maureen lay seriously ill in the hospital last winter, after an acute appendicitis operation.

FRANCIS LEDERER, the new screen sensation, claims that he is not married, girls, so there's your chance. But be careful, now, for Francis has very definite ideas about the type of wife he wants. He told the Hollywood press, "I want marriage, but some way it must be kept free from domesticity. Domesticity would kill me." So don't expect too much from the curly headed Czech.

RONNIE COLMAN escorts Virginia Peine Lehman, Chicago social registerite with a Fox contract, around to parties these days.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

APRIL 1934

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER SIX

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CONSTANCE BENNETT

BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!
Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Reviews

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

ALL OF ME—Fine. (Par) A combination of Fredric March & Miriam Hopkins versus Geo. Raft & Helen Mack can't go wrong, especially when the story has to do with the intense power of love.

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Excellent. (WB) Last year's best seller turned into one of this year's better films. It gives you an idea of what life on a farm actually means. (Dorothy Petersen, David Landau, etc.)

BELOVED—Charming. (U) Even if you think you're hardboiled, this romance with its haunting symphonic motif will stir your emotions. John Boles and Gloria Stuart play the leads.

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—Fair. (WB) A saga of the corner drugstore, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with pink and green lozengers. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Chas. Farrell in cast.

BIG TIME OR BUST—Fair. (Tower) After this you might not envy the gay looking couples who play vaudeville. They sure have their problems! (Regis Toomey, Gloria Shea.)

BOMBAY MAIL—Good. (U) From Calcutta to Bombay is the route taken by this second cousin of the mysterious "Rome Express." The cast is headed by Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Fine. (U) One of those gossamer Viennese comedies with the gay and charming servants masquerading as nobility—and vice versa! Nils Asther, Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi play the leads.

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Excellent. (British Gaumont) A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy's colorful novel of several years ago. Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) in cast.

CURTAIN AT EIGHT—Fair. (Majestic) A mystery yarn, written by Octavus Roy Cohen and featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Paul Cavanagh.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Fair. (U) The cycle of "bus pictures" has begun! You'll get your money's worth of adventure if you hop along on this trip with Alice White, Lew Ayres, June Knight & Alan Dinehart.

DARK HAZARD—Good. (WB) Eddie G. Robinson as a "gentleman gambler" and dog racer. In fact the title refers to Eddie's pet dog, for love of which he even neglects the beautiful Genevieve Tobin.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Unusual. (Par) Tragedy in a girl's boarding-school in Switzerland. The theme is handled in novel fashion, and the acting is splendid. (Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery.)

ESKIMO—Unusual. (MGM) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

FASHIONS OF 1934—Excellent. (WB) Don't be deceived by the title—this is not only a fashion show. It is also a clever comedy that will hold you entranced. (Veree Teasdale, Bill Powell, Bette Davis.)

FIGHTING CODE, THE—Fine. (Col) A swell western—mystery, romance, action—with Buck Jones and Diane Sinclair capturing the applause.

FLAMING GOLD—Fair. (RKO) The oil fields of Latin America are the setting for this realistic love story. (Mae Clarke, Pat O'Brien, Wm. Boyd.)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Good. (Par) Cecil De Mille, the master showman, takes us to a tropical jungle where an oddly assorted group of refugees discover romance, adventure and Sex! (Marshall, Colbert, Boland, Gargan.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—Fair. (MGM) Contemplating an overland bus trip? See this first. It'll give you an idea of how little scenery you'll see & how much

Imagine how Dorothy Dell felt when, after working in a bit rôle for two days, the producer withdrew her and, instead, made her the leading lady in "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

excitement you'll get! (Bob Montgomery, Madge Evans.)

GOING HOLLYWOOD—Swell. (MGM) Bing Crosby croons hauntingly, Marion Davies mimics cutely, and Fifi Dorsay oo-la-las endlessly in this diverting musical. You can't go wrong if you like this trio!

HIP, HIP, HOORAY—Good. (RKO) Even rabid anti-Wheeler-Woolseyites may get some laughs out of this goofy farce. Thelma Todd as heart interest.

HIRED WIFE—Fair. (Pinnacle) One of those trial marriage affairs that ends up by being the real McCoy. (Weldon Heyburn, Greta Nissen.)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Interesting. (Par) A screen come-back for Lillian Gish! Here she plays in a unique yarn from the pen of Arnold Bennett, with Roland Young as her team-mate.

I AM SUZANNE—Excellent. (Fox) Lilian Harvey as the little dancer who finds romance with the owner (Gene Raymond) of a puppet show. Imaginative in its conception and artistically produced.

I WAS A SPY—Excellent. (Brit. Gaumont) A war story—vital, compelling, convincing, with a total absence of synthetic glamour. Herbert Marshall, Madeleine Carroll, and Conrad Veidt.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—Fair. (RKO) An Army base is the setting, with Walter Huston an amusing artillery sergeant crazy about horses. Minna Gombell and Frances Dee contribute plenty of heart interest.

LOST PATROL, THE—Good. (RKO) A slight story, beautifully photographed and acted, concerning a British patrol lost in the desert during the World War. (Reginald Denny, Victor McLaglen, Wallace Ford.)

LOVE BIRDS—Amusing. (U) Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts make the desert their stamping ground in this rollicking farce, which has Mickey Rooney playing an unforgettable bit.

LUCKY TEXAN, THE—Fine. (Monogram) One of those hard-ridin' smash bang westerns, with John Wayne in the title rôle.

MADAME SPY—Fine. (U) A beautiful spy "doing her stuff" during the stirring war days can always be relied upon for screen popularity. In this version Fay Wray is the enchantress and Nils Asther her handsome victim.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—Fair. (RKO) Francis Lederer asked to throw his magnetism and glamour

into the thankless rôle of an Eskimo who yearns hopelessly for the white man's mode of living. Elissa Landi as the English girl he loves.

MANDALAY—Fair. (WB) Melodrama seems to hound the white men and women who make the Orient their home. Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot & Ricardo Cortez run into the usual sensational situations here.

MEANEST GIRL IN TOWN, THE—Only Fair. (RKO) If these comedians tickle your risibilities—even if the story doesn't jell—see this film featuring ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Jimmy Gleason, Skeets Gallagher.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Fine. (Par) A timely topic which, in spite of excellent entertainment values, is propaganda against kidnapping. (Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy, Alice Brady.)

MR. SKITCH—Amusing. (Fox) The lordly Grand Canyon echoes with peals of laughter when the Skitch family (Will Rogers, ZaSu Pitts) utilize the Wide Open Spaces as a home during the Depression.

MOULIN ROUGE—Fine. (20th Cent.) A spicy French musical farce with Connie Bennett captivating both Franchot Tone & Tullio Carminati. And Russ Columbo plays a part just for good measure.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Good. (Col) The cycle of "doctor" pictures is going merrily along its way. One day in any hospital, according to this, is fraught with many dramatic events. (Walter Connolly, Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy.)

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER—Fair. (Marcy) A rich man, a working girl—love, indecision, unhappiness, and, yes you've guessed it, a happy fadeout. (Lola Lane, William Collier, Jr.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA—Splendid. (MGM) Garbo and Gilbert together again in a magnificent character study of a famous 17th Century Swedish queen. Garbo is breath-takingly lovely.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Fine. (Par) Young America, whether sixteen or sixty, will be enthusiastic about this yarn which is as exhilarating as a diploma at graduation. (James Gleason, Buster Crabbe, Toby Wing.)

SENSATION HUNTERS—Good. (Monogram) A trip to a cabaret in Panama is as good an excuse as any to dodge the wintry blasts. Interesting story acted by Creighton Hale, Juanita Hansen, Marion Burns.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE—Fine. (MGM) Sophisticated farce with Alice Brady in a fluttery rôle, backed up staidly by Lionel Barrymore & Conway Tearle. Mary Carlisle good as an ingenue.

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Good. (Monogram) A romance of the sponge fisheries, with Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney and Russell Simpson.

STRAIGHTAWAY—Fine. (Col) A race track yarn that has its fill of breath-taking thrills. (Tim McCoy, Wm. Bakewell, Sue Carol.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—Fair. (MGM) Lurid, spectacular melodrama, with Otto Kruger performing brilliantly as the criminal lawyer whose love life is all tangled up. (Ben Lyon, Una Merkel, Isabel Jewel.)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Good. (Goldsmith) Lucile Gleason as a policewoman who befriends unfortunate girls who come to her notice. (Lona Andre, Skeets Gallagher.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Good. (Mon.) Again we go to Hollywood and the studios for the locale and theme of this entertaining yarn. In cast Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday, Kitty Kelly, Wallace Ford.

YES, MR. BROWN—Fine. (UA) A breezy, suave, British-made comedy, with charming Jack Buchanan playing the hero.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Fine. (MGM) May Robson creates an eccentric, thoroughly romantic character reminiscent of the famous Hetty Green. Supporting her are Lewis Stone, Jean Parker.

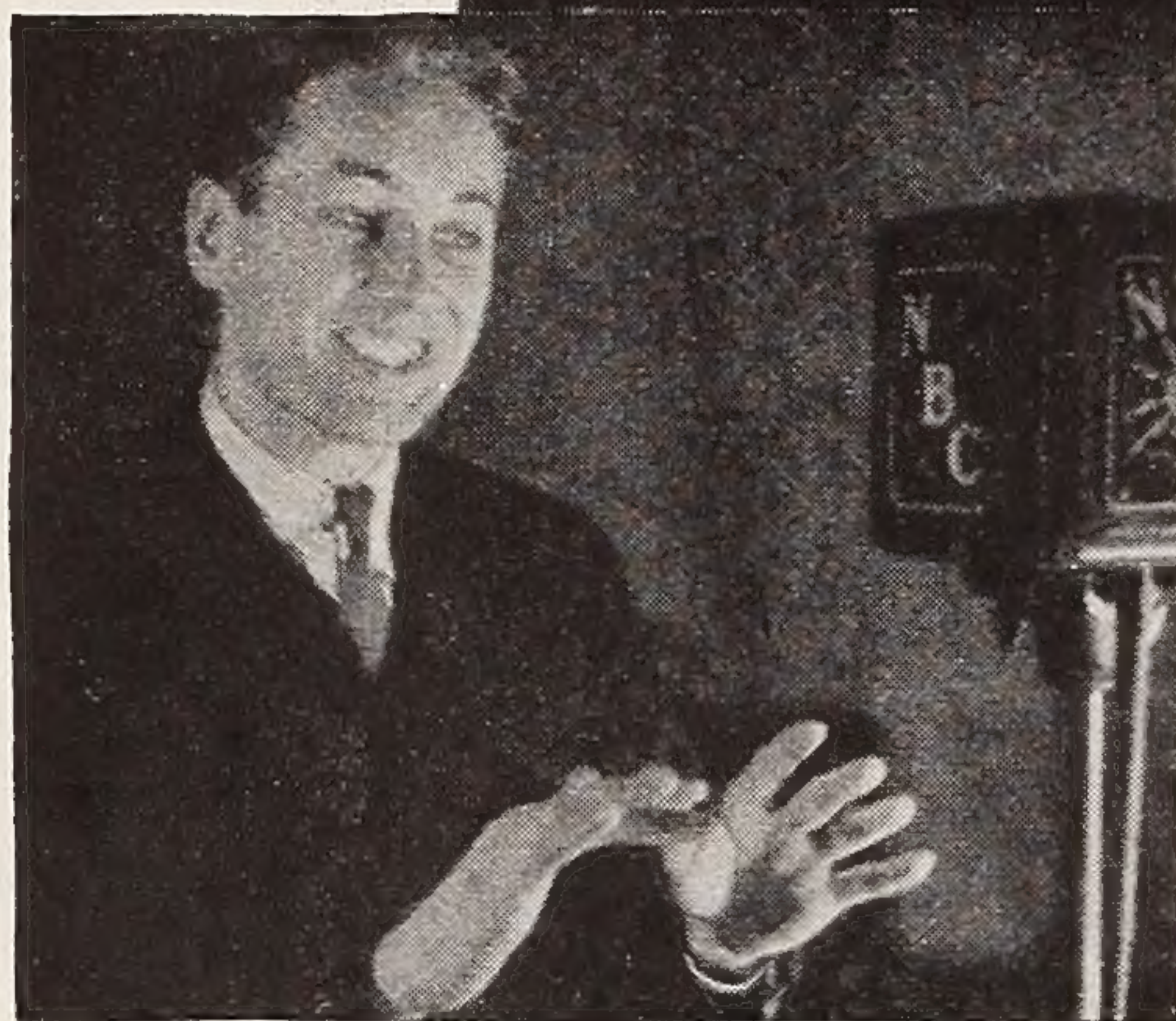




PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothorn
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, and \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

First Prize

"THE author is the most important, because, if a story is weak, it does not matter how much ability the star or the director have," writes George Champion of Wood Street, Oakland, Calif. "For example, 'Emma' was Marie Dressler's greatest picture. Compare it with her latest picture 'Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean.' We have the same beloved star and a marvellous cast, but it is not a great picture because the story is weak."

O.K. George. No more weak stories even if we have to write them ourselves.

Second Prize

"WHY doesn't some producer get to work on American Indian mythology? Having done considerable research work on California Indian myths, I know that these tales have unusual features in them which would entertain the public, always ready and desirous for something new," writes Mrs. C. A. Block of Berkeley, Calif.

Publish your myths in a book. If the public likes it, the screen will buy it.

Third Prize

"YOU forget your cares and troubles when you see a musical show! They're different, colorful, tuneful and entertaining," writes Henry Morgach of W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "You can have the sexy pictures, dramatic pictures, and horror pictures, but keep all the musical pictures and shows for me!"

"Wonder Bar" coming right up.

"MANY actors who have become stars are given a rôle in a poor play, and thereby lose their prestige. Many are unable to stage a comeback. Why isn't more care exercised in the selection of plays and supporting casts when the future of a young star is at stake?" asks Pearl Ellerman of W. Jay Street, Saint Marys, Ohio.

Gene Raymond told us that he read and refused many stories just for that reason.

MARGE GROSSMANN of McPherson St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Let's have more men like Spencer Tracy on the screen, although I doubt very, very much if he can ever be equalled. 'A Man's Castle,' starring him, was too wonderful for words. If all the males were real he-men, there would be more box-office receipts. I'm for a regular man who can take it."

Did you notice he talked about beating Loretta, but didn't? That's some advance.

"NOW why don't the studios get together and make a picture starring Marie Dressler,



Mary Boland was at work in a bed scene when in barged James Cagney, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, selling tickets for the Actors' Guild Benefit. So they climbed right in, too.

Mae West, Janet Gaynor and Katharine Hepburn?" asks Patricia J. Rieger of N. Fairfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "I'm willing to wager a picture like this would go over with a bang."

And Mussolini for the romantic lead!

"PLEASE do not let us see any more such horrible, gruesome productions as 'The Invisible Man,'" writes Mrs. Lloyd C. Gilchrist of Woolson Avenue, Springfield, Vt. "In our way of thinking its entirely out of the question for the youth of today to see such a picture. No one likes to go to the movies and come out with the shivers and have horrors all night."

A great compliment to your imagination.

"THE same sweetness, loveliness and humanness, with or without the curls, with or without a Douglas, she's still our Mary. Maybe you could tell her this from us folks in Boston," writes Anna Pike Bennan of Orkney Road, Brighton, Mass.

We asked her to do a picture using her cute brogue—she's half Irish, you know. Perhaps we Boston folks can convince her.

"AS a child I read the book 'Little Women' many, many times and Jo, of course, was my favorite. I don't know of any star that could play the immortal Jo as well as Miss Hepburn," writes Frances Sullivan of Brentwood Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. "So, three cheers, Katharine Hepburn! I'm impatiently waiting your next picture, 'Trigger.'"

The new title is "Spitfire"—you're welcome.

"MR. SKITCH' played to a full house for three days and nights and you had to wait your turn to get in or out," writes Nina B. Osbourn of E. Main, Neosho, Mo.

Couldn't get out, hey? That's packing them in—you were on the bottom layer!

"EVERY movie magazine that I read seems to have something about the mysterious Garbo," writes Camilla Sharp of W. Oak Avenue, Jonesboro, Ark. "I want to know if Greta Garbo really said 'I tank I go home now.'"

She never said it to us.

VIOLET BARNHART of Briarwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "Joan Crawford has been my favorite actress ever since I saw her in 'Montana Moon.' The last picture I saw her in was 'Dancing Lady.' I think her acting is marvelous, and she has a wonderful personality. I am taking tap and acrobatic dancing and hope she will give me some advice about it. I hope that some day I can dance like her."

She's already given you inspiration, that's better than advice.

"WE ARE tired," writes Mrs. Muriel A. Burrell of E. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif., "of seeing pictures that insult the intelligence of twelve year olds, not to say anything about the off-color dialogue and innuendoes."

The wallop of an innuendo depends upon the imagination of the listener.

"GIVE us more pictures like 'Little Women,'" writes Mrs. H. Kell of Carman Avenue, Cedarhurst, L.I. "I am only one mother in thousands, but I believe I speak their thoughts. We want simple stories, sweetly told, mixed in with those worldly pictures. Remember, you cater to the younger generation as well as to the sophisticated older people."

Do you think age brings the sophisticated viewpoint, Mrs. Kell? Is it a dent left by the kick of living or a bump representing knowledge?

THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!

A New
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.
scaling undreamed-of heights!

and

ELIZABETH BERGNER
*a new star — the like of whom
the screen has never known!*

in



"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

with
GERALD Du MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
**ALEXANDER
KORDA**

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Presented by
LONDON FILMS

for APRIL 1934



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Pimples Roughness

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Not used or rebuilt. A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, it's yours for only 10¢ a day. Write today. Say: Tell me how I can get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10¢ a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. L-5, Buffalo, N. Y.



Cocktails of Chatter

When a Pin Drops in Hollywood, a Curious World Wonders What's Coming Loose.

CONNIE CUMMINGS has a confession to make—and it's most amusing. Connie, as you recall, crashed the front pages in all the English newspapers because she was the first movie star to arrive in England from Hollywood in a quiet tweed suit, instead of being swathed in furs. One of the reasons her English playwright husband, Benn Levy, fell in love with her was this unaffected simplicity. There was much to do about it in England, and Connie and her inexpensive little tweed suit became quite the rage of the town. But now Connie breaks down and confesses that when she arrived in England for her picture contract, the tweed suit was her one and only suit, and she most probably would have worn furs if she had owned any furs. Well, we won't tell the English.

JEANETTE MACDONALD receives quite a lot of foreign fan mail, and for several years has been tearing off the pretty stamps without any idea of what she'd do with them. The other day she had the bright inspiration to make a lamp shade of them. It's quite effective—try it yourself sometime.

STUDIO sets are just death to those diets—and almost death to the stars some time. Sylvia Sidney is on a strict strained soup reducing diet, but when she was making "Good Dame" she had to spend an entire day eating chop suey. And Claudette Colbert had to eat doughnuts dunked in cold coffee for hours while the director shot that riotous dunking scene in "It Happened One Night"—and Claudette hates doughnuts. But the worst was when Miriam Hopkins, fresh from a siege of flu and doctors, had to eat dozens of hot dogs for a scene in "Design for Living." She'll never be able to face another hot dog.

ALICE WHITE rushed down to the post-office when notice of a registered letter came to her home. "I always like to think that I have been unexpectedly left a million dollars," she said. Imagine her surprise

when the letter turned out to be a deed for a cemetery lot which relatives in the East had sent her for safekeeping.

DRIVING away from the Paramount studio with only one headlight burning the other evening, Carole Lombard passed a pedestrian who motioned and called out, "Light!" over the roar of her motor. Carole waved back and said, "Goodnight to you," and sped on.

WHEN asked whether or not Mrs. Mundin had ever been "in the business" on the stage or screen, Herbert Mundin, that swell English comedian on the Fox lot, replied, "She sang a song in 'Cavalcade.'"

"Is that all?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes," said Mundin.

"Well, that doesn't matter, that doesn't make her a professional," was the reply.

"You'd better not let her hear you say that," Mundin warned the interviewer.

LILIAN HARVEY collects monogrammed handkerchiefs from her friends, as remembrances. In return she gives a very fine linen handkerchief with her name done in petit point in one corner.

OTTO KRUGER is the kind of a guy who smokes a big pipe—everywhere.

THE lunch hour for W. C. Fields is a sort of ritual. Each day his chauffeur brings him a menu from the Paramount commissary. Each day Bill sits up in his dressing room with his feet on the table and reads it carefully from cover to cover. Each day he orders: "Bring me a salad, two bottles of milk and a plate of graham crackers."

ALTHOUGH he receives an average of one hundred unsolicited original songs each month, Bing Crosby never reads any of them—so you ambitious song-writers, just save your postage. And Bing has three perfectly grand reasons why he doesn't read [Continued on page 12]



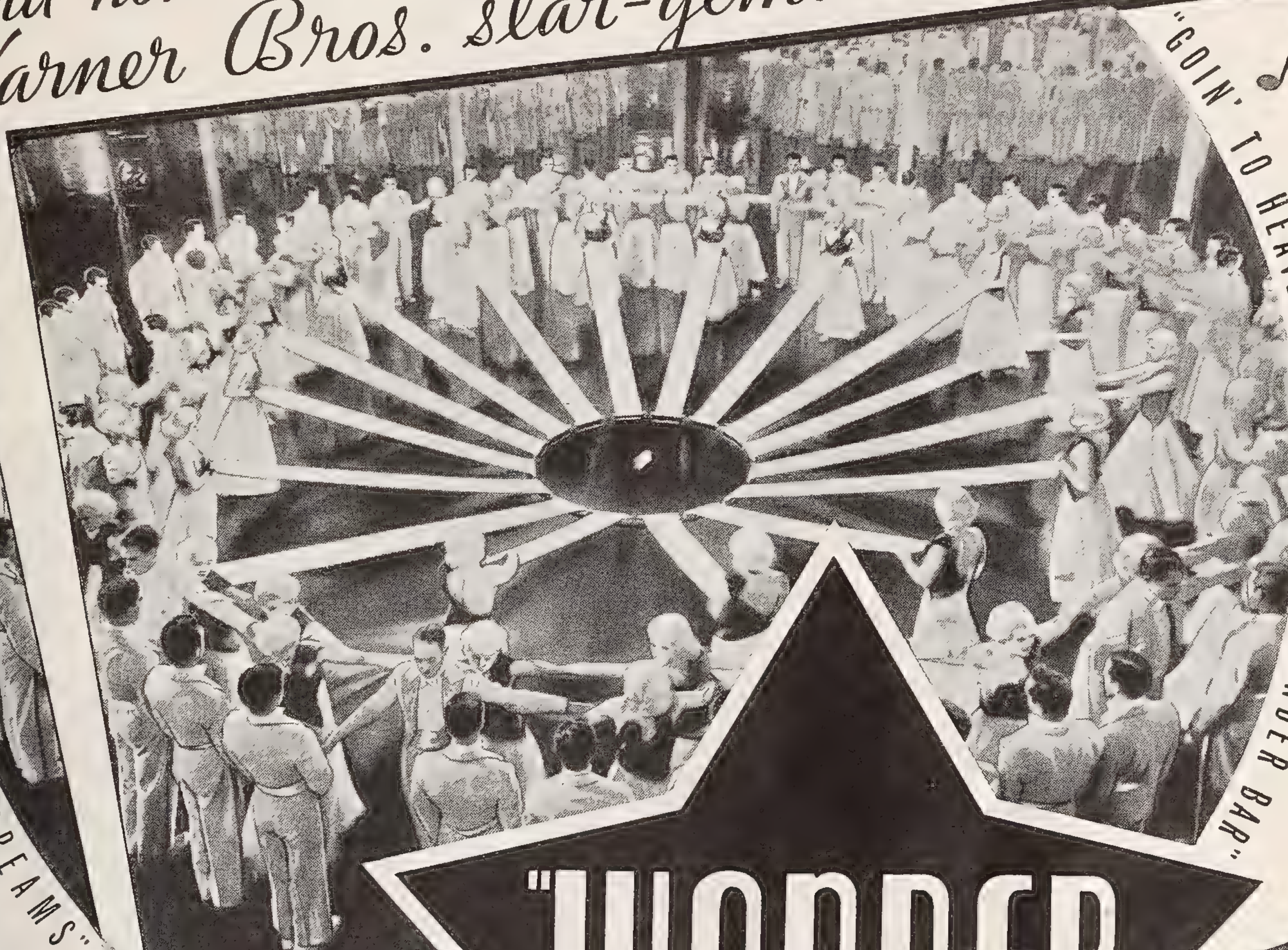
Leslie Howard and his daughter at work on the lawn of their lovely home in England. He is now in Hollywood making Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage."

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great
Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"



"WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

KAY
FRANCIS

GUY
KIBBEE

DICK
POWELL

AL
JOLSON

HUGH
HERBERT

HAL
LEROY

RICARDO
CORTEZ

DOLORES
DEL RIO

FIFI
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LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!

A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES



When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



"MEXICAN ORIZABA" To introduce our Blue-MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send a 2 Kt. ORIZABA Ring (looks like \$200 stone). Reg. Cat. Price \$5 for this ad and \$1. Mail TODAY. Mention Ring size. AGENTS WANTED. \$1 an hour spare time. Stamp for catalog. If you can tell it from a real diamond, return and money refunded. ORIZABA CO., Dept. SU, 329 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

BLACKHEADS!



DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine", clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in business and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only \$1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

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1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.
☐ Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c. P. O. charge. Outside U. S. \$1.25—no CODs
WRITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL
COUPON
MAIL

Gossipy Paragraphs From the Inner Circle of Hollywood.

these songs: few can ever be used, he might be accused of pirating if he later sang a similar song, and he can't read music anyway.

Bing's choice of the ten most popular songs introduced during 1933 are: Three Little Pigs, The Last Round-up, The Day You Came Along, Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?, Night and Day, Thanks, Talk of the Town, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Lazy Bones, and Stormy Weather. So now you know what your favorite crooner likes.

LEWIS STONE is quite the man of mystery in Hollywood, for you don't see him playing around in the gay night spots any more than you see Myrna Loy. It's all because he has two passions, experimenting in growing tropical plants at his San Fernando ranch, and yachting—and as soon as work on his pictures is over you can't find him because he'll be riding one hobby or the other.

radio broadcasts. But the conference came to an abrupt ending after George suggested that they take out fire insurance. "Why, George?" Gracie asked, "We have contracts. They can't fire us."

YOU Can't Win, Myrna Loy has decided. When Myrna has a cold, she has a cold, not just a sniffle, but a full grown-up cold with all the accessories. While she was working on "Men in White," she woke up one morning and found that her eyes were watering and that she was all choked up in her nose and throat. "Well, at least I don't have to work today," she consoled herself and called up Richard Boleslavsky, the director.

"I'm afraid I can't work today, my eyes are watering so badly," she told him over the phone.

"Good, that's exactly what we want!" exclaimed "Boley". "We do the biggest crying scene in the picture today, come right over to the studio at once."



Congratulations, Jay Loyd! Jay went to M-G-M to sell tires. His magnetic personality so charmed the buyer that he put Loyd in the movies. In a minute he would have been stuck with the tires. That's Irene Hervey and Oliver Hindsell with Jay.

REMEMBER, last month, Ginger Rogers decided to change her name for something more dignified than Ginger, now that she is going in for serious and dramatic rôles in pictures? Ginger might be just dandy for a song-and-dance girl, but not so hot for a tragedienne. However, Ginger's plan to change her name has met with unexpected results. Instead of receiving suggestions for new names she has been deluged with hundreds of letters protesting against any change. So she'll very likely remain Ginger. See how influential you are?

So when you see that scene in "Men in White" where Myrna meets Doctor Jean Hersholt in the funny little restaurant, and tells him in a choked voice and with her eyes full of tears that she hasn't slept all night, you can know darned well that Myrna wasn't acting.

THE biggest laugh at the Screen Actors Guild ball came when Bing Crosby, Dick Powell and Frank McHugh did an impersonation of the Boswell Sisters—in costume. What fun!

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen had been spending days in their Hollywood apartment writing continuity for their next

MACK GRAY, the Killer, who serves as George Raft's bodyguard, stooge, masseur and trainer, furnishes the Paramount lot with its daily laugh. When Carole

wanted to give Georgie a present after playing with him in "Bolero," she sought the counsel of his Man Friday.

"A friend shipped me some rare Chateau Yquem. Do you think Georgie would like some of that?" she asked Mack.

"Naw," answered the Killer, "Georgie never eats cheese."

GEORGIE RAFT has been chosen by Mae West to appear opposite her in "It Ain't No Sin," which gets started soon. Georgie will play the part of a boxer, and there'll be no "doubles" for him, says Georgie. He'll do all the fighting himself. Georgie has set up a regular training camp at Lake Arrowhead and expects to drop ten pounds before the picture starts. That will make him a good 145 pounds.

Remember, Georgie was the first "tall, dark, and handsome man" to appear with Mae on the screen. She had a mere "bit" in his first starring picture, "Night After Night." Well, Mae's traveled a long way since her first and last picture "bit"—but for that matter Georgie hasn't done so badly himself.

THE recently married Andy Divine is seriously considering buying Director Bill Wellman's home, which is now for sale.

"It's a good idea to buy a director's home," Andy says in his funny gravel-voice, "because if you can't meet the payments he'll have to give you a job."

FRANCHOT TONE has a cook named Clementine who hails from the Old South, and is one of the swellest cooks in Hollywood when it comes to fried chicken, turnip greens and upside down cake. And Clementine certainly has a sense of humor all her own. The other day she lost her key to the Tone homestead in Brentwood.

"Oh, that's all right," Franchot told her, "I'll have another made for you."

"I'm sho' the one I lost will be returned," Clementine assured him, "because I had your name on it, the address, and the door it fits."

And now Franchot is expecting a burglar any night!

WELL, now we can stop worrying and go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Lee Tracy is returning to the screen immediately in a Universal picture called, "I'll Tell the World," wherein Lee again plays a newspaper rôle, and it's gonna be swell. Paul Kelly and Gloria Stuart are going to be right there with him helping him tell the world.



Ann Dvorak is fascinated by microbes. Her heart warms to vaccines and she can't take her eyes off of streptococcus. Sounds like a chance for some people we know.

for APRIL 1934

TOGETHER *for the* **FIRST TIME**



CLARK

CLAUDETTE

Gable and Colbert
in

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns

... An unforgettable
entertainment ... the out-
standing performance of
two outstanding careers.

A FRANK CAPRA

Production

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine
story by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Screen Play by **ROBERT RISKIN**

—COMING—

JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century"

with CAROLE LOMRARD / Howard Hawks Production



A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Feet Hurt?



**CORNS
SORE TOES
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE HEELS
SORE INSTEPS**

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

Aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, soreness on any part of the feet or toes from new or tight shoes—all are relieved at once by Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause; prevent sore toes and blisters and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses. Try them! Sold everywhere.



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Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 68, W. Schiller St., Chicago.



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MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 5, LOWELL, MASS.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



Irene Ware is one of the Fox lovelies. She says "Treat your skin gently; a perfect complexion is the basis of beauty for every girl."

If You're Pretty—

Beauty Tricks of the Picture Studios.

"LITTLE Women" has done more than move the women of the country to tears. It has moved their hair back off their ears, and piled it high on the head in tiny curls—à la Katie Hepburn. Some of us, who never dreamed of doing so, are even trying bangs. If you want to be really smart about bangs, have them cut so you can brush them back and make them disappear when you want to appear bangless. I think bangs should be worn only when you want to look especially quaint and effective . . . they grow tiresome when worn all the time. And if you want to look a lot like "Jo"—keep your bangs full and fluffy, and don't paste them down on your forehead.

"Little Women" has also brought smart little ribbon hair bows into prominence again, to rival the glittering tiara. Not the large, crisp hair ribbon bows of our childhood, of course—but dainty narrow-ribbon bows in demure black or brown or blue.

And since we are going back to our childhood for modern beauty inspirations, have you seen the new "Alice in Wonderland" soap? Figures from this intriguing story are sculptured against a plaque-like background of the soap. Just like the story of Alice itself, this soap will appeal to children and grown-ups alike. There's only one draw-back. The soap is so attractive and amusing to look at, you will probably hate to use it!

There's a new idea in perfume packaging . . . little sphere-like bottles that sit upside-down on tiny pedestals which serve as stoppers. Pick up the tiny globe, and there is a drop of perfume trembling at the opening, just waiting to be dropped on your furs or hankies. Jeurelle is making them, and they are filled with gardenia, momosa, camelia, cyclamen, freesia, or Le Secret. If these fragrances don't give you Spring fever, nothing ever will. (They're very inexpensive in the small sizes and would make lovely Easter gifts.)

Speaking of Easter gifts, here's something that's made to order. It's Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" or "Springtime in Paris" per-

fume (whichever time you prefer), put up in Easter egg containers. The bottle is small, of course, but so is the price. The Easter egg is either red, blue, green or orchid, with the "Evening in Paris" perfume—and pink or pale blue for the "Springtime in Paris." Incidentally, the Easter egg won't roll off the dressing table and break, for it stands securely on a dainty pedestal.

Prince Matchabelli's "Abano" is perfume for the bath, which isn't a particularly new idea—but here's one that is! With the "Abano," he sells a perfume ball, known as the "Oromo Perfume Ball." It has a string tied to it (a chain, strictly speaking), and you dip it in your bath tub just as you would dip a tea-ball in a cup. Darn clever, these Georgian princes!

Who can resist buying a new shade of powder once in a while. As a man gets tired of always wearing the same tie, so do we women get bored with the same powder. Marie Earle has a new shade called "Soleil" which will give your face a fresh Spring-like look. It is "peachy" in tone—but quite alive with a healthy, ruddy caste. It is a happy medium between a light winter powder, and a sun-tan summer powder. Incidentally, Marie Earle powders are shown in a new box. It's square, with a tiny "knob" on the lid which enables you to lift it off with two fingers. The box is ivory and green, with a touch of gold and red—very smart.

All this talk about oily and dry skins the past few years, and different treatments and preparations for each, has encouraged Dorothy Gray to introduce two Salon Facial Packages—one for dry skins and the other for normal and oily skins. The treatment is a simple one, employing only three preparations. In the box for dry skins you'll find Cleansing Cream, Orange Flower Skin Lotion, and Special Mixture Cream. The one for normal and oily skins contains Cleansing Cream, Texture Lotion, and Suppling Cream. The complete set costs no more than the average box of face powder, and it contains enough of the

A Beautiful Girl Can Show That She Is Also An Intelligent One By The Manner In Which She Does Her Make-Up.

preparations to last for several weeks.

What with hats creeping back further and further from our hairline, we've got to pay special attention to our foreheads . . . we've got to keep them smooth and unwrinkled, and clear and satiny in texture. If you've a "widow's peak" then this season's hats are your "big moment," for nothing was ever more becoming to this type of hairline.

But something other than spring bonnets is on our minds during these after-winter months. Our color-eye perks up, and we begin to look for fresh life in our clothes. We discard the browns and black and hanker for something in green or blue or yellow or red. Did you know that there is a tremendous organization known as the National Dry Goods Association which, each year, picks out its official spring colors . . . and then by the middle of April, we're wearing them en masse, all the way from Maine to Malibu Beach? This year, the N. R. D. G. A., (short for that long name which I just told you,) has selected these shades: first, a rich, bright blue, (similar to Royal Blue), which will be known as *Cinema Blue*; second, a luscious orangeish red which is known as *Caviar Rose*; third, a warm tan, known as *Repeal Beige*; and fourth, a light Spring-ish green, called *Falfa Green*. So—if your eye alights on a dress in any of these colors, you'll know it's quite the latest thing!

When I visited Arlene Judge the other day, I noticed that her dressing table was simply covered with intriguing bottles of all the "best" perfumes, and when I commented that it must be a passion of hers, she told me this little trick of using it in one unique manner. Arlene thinks that you shouldn't stop at using perfume just on yourself, or on your clothes. A perfume can also express you to your friends through other mediums—the telephone, for example. You know that sticky, stale odor that hovers around the mouthpiece of a phone? Well, Arlene fixes that, by always keeping a few drops of perfume in the mouthpiece. (A few drops last for weeks!) Then, when your friends ask to use your phone, they'll be reminded so fragrantly of you, that they'll very probably keep their calls "strictly local."

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant



Wide World

Over in London, England, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill felt that urge to join up for better or worse, and here's wishing them all happiness.

REDUCE

WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR .. IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

TEST... the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



NOW... YOU CAN BE
YOUR SLIMMER SELF
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

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"I REDUCED MY HIPS
from 43 to 34 1/2 INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34 1/2 inches around the hips."

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e want you to try

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34 1/2 inches". . . writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with **CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!**



1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay—my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and

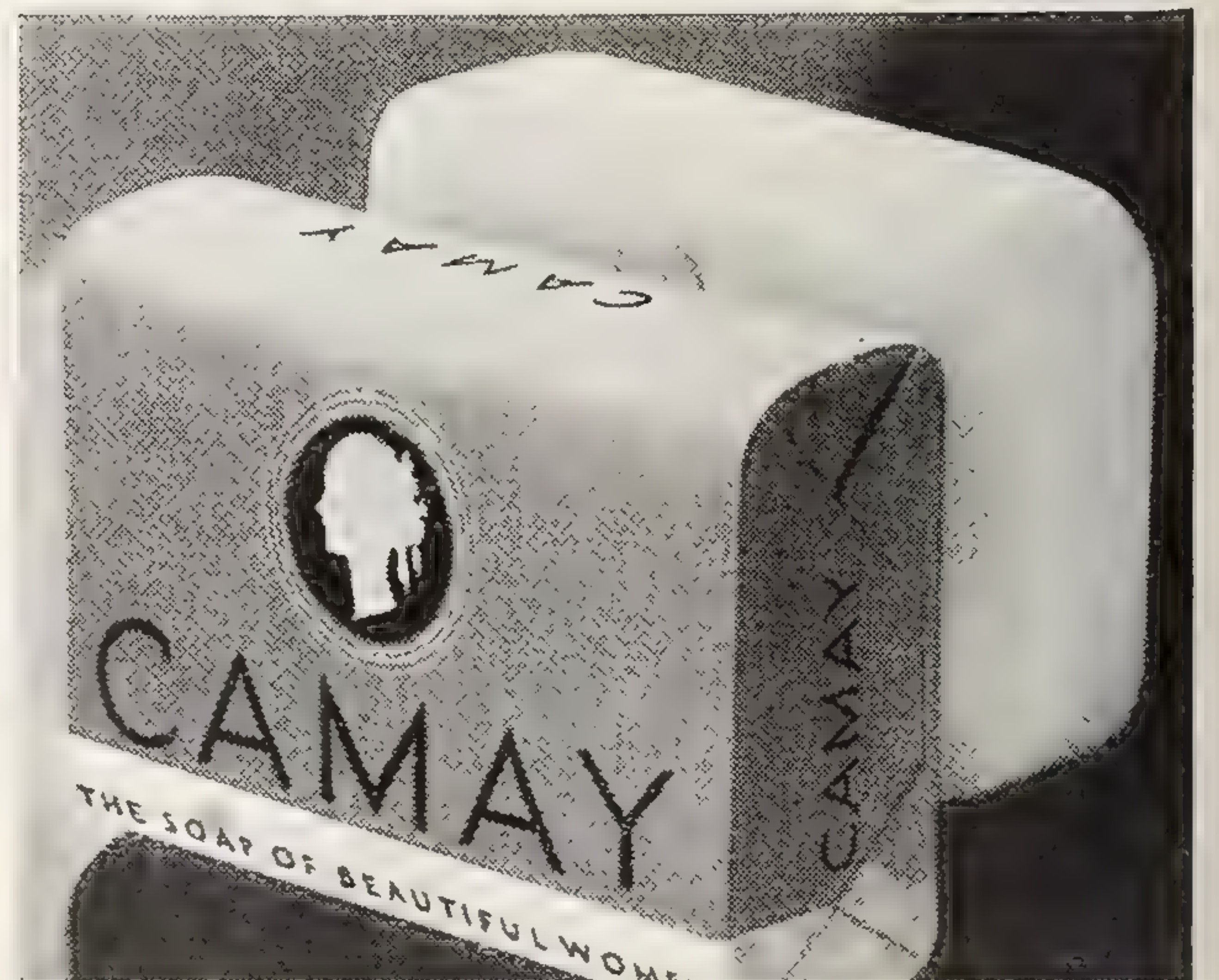
notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Topics for Gossips

SILVER SCREEN



Richard Bennett and Anna Sten, the new, glamorous star from Soviet Russia. This scene (all about a necklace) is one of the best incidents in "Nana." She lies so beautifully!

TED HEALY, the ray of sunshine in many a dreary picture, asked his stooges if they had seen the new twenty dollar bill. "I haven't seen the old one yet," the stooges answered in unison.

JOAN CRAWFORD and her hair-dresser are busy these days looking over styles for a new hair-dress for Joan for her new picture, which is going to get underway any week now. Joan tries a new hair-dress, one or more, in every picture, and this time she says it's going to be something to knock your eye out.

MARIE DRESSLER'S idea of "some fun kid, some fun" is an evening before an open fire, with several old friends from the footlights, and a game or two of backgammon.

JANET GAYNOR is going in more and more for athletics these days. She has become quite a devotee of tennis (this time last year she was taking lessons, but you just ought to see her swat the ball now) and swimming. She keeps herself in trim by taking a plunge in the ocean practically every day, when she is not working. But Janet doesn't go for that sun tan that most of the other Hollywood stars take such glee in. Ye olde peaches-and-cream complexion is good enough for her—and quite a relief to the optics, say we.

THEY do say that the stork is flying close to Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. And is playing a return engagement already at the Bing Crosby's.

MAE WEST got a present the other day—her first pair of pajamas. Mae (sssh!) fancies only nighties, so they are of no use to her. W. C. Fields suggested that Mae use them in the daytime.

MAY ROBSON is nothing if not ingenious. Her door-bell had been out of order for several days, and the electric

shop was slow in fixing it—and after three calls, too—so May got all het up and said nerts to modern inventions. She bored a hole in the door casing, threaded a rawhide cord through it and hung a cow-bell on the inside. "So now folks get me just as they did my grandmother," she informed her friends.

A SHIMMERING evening cape of silver mesh, with a tiny evening beret to match, is the newest and loveliest evening accessory ensemble introduced by little blonde Mary Carlisle. And that beret for evening is quite a nifty idea, girls. When Mary introduced this new fad at the swanky Mayfair recently the entire ballroom practically sat up and took notice. With the silver mesh cape and beret Mary wore a black velvet dinner frock, but it was the beret atop her blonde curls that gave Mary that devastating effect.

WYNNE GIBSON and Randolph Scott are now going places together. And what an attractive couple they made at the welcome-to-Earl-Carroll-and-his-beauties party at the Roosevelt the other night. Hand-picked beauties or no, Randy hadn't eyes for anyone but Wynne.

ONE of the most excited people in Hollywood these days is Jean Harlow, the young author. Her first long story, "Today Is Tonight," has been accepted by the Cosmopolitan, and will run in it serially, starting soon. Then it will appear in book form. And then—Jean has a pretty good idea that it will be bought by the producers and made into a picture. She'd like to play the heroine on the screen herself, she admits. The story is laid in New York and has nothing to do with Hollywood. Jean is crazy about writing and spends several hours every day at her typewriter. But what with that book, and fan letters and personal letters, she finally decided it was all getting too, too much for her so she now dictates to her secretary.

AND, by the way, Jean and Metro have patched up their little salary misunderstanding, which was greatly exaggerated in the newspapers, with Jean being quite the gallant lady about it. When Metro explained that if they gave her a raise they would have to give all the other stars a raise too, to keep them from walking out, Jean said okay and reported for work the next day. You'd be surprised how much less Jean is getting than Metro's pampered darlings, whose pictures are not near the box office successes that Jean's are.

SOME dames never know when they have it soft. Eh, what, Mable? Evelyn Venable has it written into her contract that she is not to be kissed by any Hollywood actor—not even Freddie March or Gary Cooper or Clark Gable. Now ain't she the queer one? Evelyn and Freddie played all the way through "Death Takes a Holiday" together without a single lip salute. Huh.

THE fad in Hollywood, right now, among the men, is big plaid coats—so loud that you can hear them miles away. Johnny Mack Brown sort of started this fad when he appeared at Frank Borzage's cocktail party in a little number that fairly shrieked—and since then all the boys have been taking it up. To date, Leslie Howard takes the cake for having the loudest.

AND speaking of shrieking, Gary Cooper's familiar bright yellow Duesenberg has been painted a light gray, very subdued and very proper. It must be the Little Woman's influence.

JACK OAKIE nearly had a stroke when he returned from his trip to Honolulu and found his favorite clarinet being banged about by Baby LeRoy. They say that Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, neighbors of Jack in Star Lane, know just how young LeRoy got hold of the clarinet. But Jack swears he'll buy another. You can't win, Charlie.

That FUNNY DIVORCE



Wide World

Wide World

Carole Lombard and her divorced husband in amusing costume at the Kay Francis Barn Dance.

TSCH! tsch! I always say when I'm baffled. What do you always say? I've been baffled by that Lombard person ever since a foggy afternoon last summer when she breezed into town from Reno, with the divorce papers in her bag and the loveliest tan. Not a tear to her lashes, not a quiver to her chin, not a husk to her throat. Carole was as fresh as Mother's Little Precious making a test for that Great Big Director Mans to play Claudette's little girl.

"Hello, Bill," said Carole over her mother's phone. "Baby's back."

"Darling," exclaimed Mr. Powell, looking right smart in a snappy dressing robe. "Darling, I've missed you so. Not a good laugh in weeks. Come right on over, I'll start icing the champagne."

And such goings-on followed that. Mrs. Mike Farmer (Gloria Swanson) and the hi-de-ho Farmer himself, who'd returned from the dell, threw a dinner for Carole and Bill that night and then all of them loped over to the Chinese to attend the very la-de-la premiere of "Dinner at Eight." The fans and the public in general and en masse were so busy ogling Bill and Carole, who were holding hands and giggling and whispering like Tom Brown and Anita Louise, that Gloria's new hairdress (a "trailer" of the Hepburn frizzle, which would soon descend upon an unsuspecting people in "Little Women") and Lee Tracy's new tails and Jean Harlow's new husband weren't near the sensations they should have been. I bet if Gloria had known that Carole and Bill were going to sit up there pawing at each other, like the final fadeout of a movie, she wouldn't have wasted her fringe but would have worn a diamond tiara. But of course there was Lil Tashman over there glittering with diamond clips helter skelter. Oh, you



George Raft and Carole in "Bolero," doing their sensational dance.

can't win.

And then the Barthelmesses had to entertain for them, and the Clive Brooks, and everyone practically was baking a cake or whipping up a little something for Bill and Carole. They were seen at the Clover

Do Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Now Divorced, Love One Another—More?—Less?—Differently?—or What?

Club, the Colony Club, the Brown Derby, the Cocanut Grove, the Gold Room, and the drive-in place on Vine Street—and so wrapped up in each other's company that they might have been Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone except that there were no gardenias. Then, to add to this amazing condition, every time

that Carole was in the midst of her dance with George Raft in "Bolero" on a Paramount stage, the phone would ring frantically and Sally Rand would drop her fans and Wesley Ruggles his arches and the entire company simply relaxed while Mr.

By Elizabeth Wilson



Powell urged the ex-Mrs. Powell to sell her "American Woolens" at once and load up on "Grade A Milk." A little thing like a divorce wasn't going to keep Bill from helping Carole snatch a few pretty pennies from the stock market.

And then Bill and Carole both caught the flu about the same time, but Bill was the sickest, so Carole upped from her bed of pain and dragged her flu worn body over to Bill's house and waited on him and entertained him by the hour with Hollywood folk-lore.

And then Carole bought a new house in Beverly Hills and had Bill Haines decorate it, and then threw a Christmas Eve brawl with about five hundred guests all told—though what they were all told I wouldn't know. But it was Bill who acted as host and was the life of the party.

And then came the most startling party that has ever been given in Hollywood, since Tallulah Bankhead told off a lot of celebrities at her "Why I Like You and Why I Don't Like You" party—(and will you ever forget what she told Lupe and Johnny—oh, my!) Carole decided to give Bill a "Hangover Party" and she borrowed his house to give it in. All of Bill's closest friends were invited—including Ronnie Colman, who has been doing a bit of globe trotting the last couple of years. Shall I give you the details? Can you take it? Well, Carole converted the house into a

perfect replica of a hospital—everything except the smell of ether.

The servants were dressed as nurses and internes, and they very seriously put a hospital apron on you and took your "case" history when you entered and assigned you to a cot in the Powell living room which, utterly devoid of rugs and knicknacks, looked like Bellevue on the morning after New Year's Eve. The treatments prescribed for the patients were printed on regular hospital bulletin sheets, and wouldn't grandmother be shocked if she could read some of those treatments. The food was dished up on ye'olde operating table (and guests suddenly recalled, with that far away look in their eyes, those long lost appendix and tonsils and gall stones) and the Diet Kitchen provided anchovies and pate de fois gras. In Hollywood it costs an actor twenty-five hundred for an appendix cut, and what a lot of fun it is to brag and boast about it.

Yes, the drinks were poured from you-knowwhat and the canapes were passed around in youknowwhattoo. There were a lot of gags and everybody roared and snickered and had a right nifty time of it.

Now, says I, who am a worldly gal and have lived in Hollywood too long to clap for Tinker Bell, now tell me, if you please, do Carole and Bill go in for this amazing

At the Tennis Matches—Bill and Carole do not let a little thing like divorce disturb a beautiful friendship.

divorce business for the publicity in it? Does Carole think she will get her name in the newspapers more often if she

makes a habit of being seen and photographed with her ex-husband? Now that's what baffled me. That's why I went *tsch! tsch!* There's a pretty brunette in town who makes it a point to be seen with a different man every time she has a date—and dating her has become just as much a publicity racket as marrying Peggy Joyce. She wants to be called the most popular girl in Hollywood. It's her publicity. (She can have it.) And there's a male who drags out a different dame (must be well known and pretty) every time he goes to a party—even if it is every night in the week. Not that he's particularly fond of any of these babies, but because the newspapers and the magazines all comment on it. It's his publicity. And, believe me, he suffers for his publicity. (There, there now, my old cynics are creeping up on me again—quick, a shot of the milk of human kindness.)

So I sought out Carole in her dressing room on the Paramount lot to put an end forever to my bafflement. It took me exactly five minutes, a half a chicken sandwich on wholewheat bread without any mayonnaise, and three sips of orange juice, undefiled, to learn [Continued on page 66]

"WHAT HAPPENS THEN?"

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE rain was beating down in torrents, so that, looking out the windows, even the street lamps were veiled. The pavements were hidden by rushing streams of muddy water. The oldest living inhabitant never remembered such a cloudburst. It was New Year's Eve in Pasadena.

Inside the lobby of the beautiful little Vista del Arroya Hotel, perched high on the cliff above the famous Rose Bowl, the excitement grew by leaps and bounds. The conversation almost drowned out the roar of the storm. Football coaches, famous sports writers, managers, leading citizens, rushed hither and thither, worry and suspense writ large upon their faces.

Would there or would there not be a game of football in the Rose Bowl on the morrow? Would the New Year's Day classic between the East and West, rated as one of the five most important games of the year, be played upon New Year's Day or not? Would Stanford and Columbia take the field before 80,000 people or would the game have to be called on account of rain?

Never have I seen such excitement. Telephones rang every second. Telegraph wires from New York hummed frantically. Hollywood and New York both wanted answers—would the game go on?

The Rose Bowl at that moment was some feet deep under rushing water. The grandstand looked like an imitation of Niagara Falls as the rain cascaded down its sides. Seven fire engines were pumping some 21,000 gallons of water a minute, but the California cloudburst kept ahead of them.

Sports editors were trying to figure what to print the next morning. Hollywood picture stars were frantic with disappointment at the idea that there might not be the usual spectacle. Even Ex-President Herbert Hoover, who had driven down from Palo Alto to see his Alma Mater defend the West against Columbia, was in a state of suspense.

As we stood about, watching the rain and talking—Lou Little, the Columbia coach, Paul Gallico, Mark Kelly, Bill Corum, Harry Grayson and a lot of other important sports authorities—a slim, good-looking, dark-haired boy joined us for a moment.

He said, "Guess I'll go to bed now, chief."

We were introduced to Mr. Cliff Montgomery, star back, captain, field general and chief scoring threat of Columbia.

If you are a football fan—and who isn't—you may suspect that the night before the most important football game of the season, especially when nobody knows whether it's to be played at all, or, if played, the boys will have to wear diving suits, is not the best time in the world to meet a football captain. He might reasonably be expected to be in a bad humor, or, at the least, slightly nervous. And if nobody expects that his team has the slightest chance to win—and most people didn't give Columbia a prayer—it might be even worse.

But Mr. Montgomery wasn't nervous and he wasn't in a bad humor. He was, perhaps, a little shy. He looked, in his street clothes, much too slight to have done so much damage to eastern teams. His eyes were steady and he had a clean-cut, well-bred young face. The best type of American youth. He smiled shyly and said something about the weather—which at that moment was no idle topic but the chief concern of a good many people. He said he hoped they would be able to play because the boys were pretty anxious about it, as they'd come 3000 miles to play that game and it was going to be a lot of fun, even if the field was muddy. I remarked that the field would certainly be muddy as Dink Templeton, the Stanford track coach, had just brought back word that the players' benches were floating about like little boats.

Mr. Montgomery looked a trifle down-hearted, but in a moment he perked up and said, "Well, it's as fair for one as the other and I sure hope we play."

Then he excused himself very politely and went to bed and, we all hoped, to a night of well-earned repose.

(You may wonder at this point when Hollywood is coming into the story. But please be patient. It will come in. And it will have a great deal to do with young Mr. Montgomery and the Rose Bowl game between Stanford and Columbia. Because the worst football bugs in the whole United States are in Hollywood and in

spite of the rain they were in the Rose Bowl, believe me.)

When we went to bed the consensus of opinion was that there wasn't going to be any game. And if there hadn't been, it might have changed the life of the slim, good-looking football hero from Columbia. Upon such things do the fate of men depend.

New Year's Day dawned in Pasadena. It dawned behind a thick curtain of rain, it dawned black and gray. The sound of trumpets and bands awakened me. From my window I beheld the most famous parade in the world—the Tournament of Roses—going by in a sort of "under water slow motion" effect that was very upsetting on an empty stomach. The flowers were pelted flat and the girls were running rivulets on their bare arms and gauzy skirts.

The telephone rang. No game. It rang again. They were going to play. This went on until we were all in such jitters as you have seldom beheld. At one o'clock we put on our galoshes and rain coats and started swimming to the Bowl. Where, to our amazement, we found about 30,000 people gathered, huddled in the down-pour.

And most of those 30,000—at least those who weren't Stanford or Columbia alumnae—came from Hollywood.

You see, the Hollywood motion picture colony is football mad. On Saturday afternoons during football season, there is an unwritten agreement that nobody works. The studios are deserted. If a picture is in production and must go on, the cast comes back and works all night on Saturdays.



Wide World
Johnny Weissmuller,
Olympic Champion, swam
into a picture job and is a
"natural" as Tarzan.

Some Advice for Cliff Montgomery,
Captain of the Columbia Football
Team, If He Accepts Hollywood's
Offers—Given by the Wife of an
All-American Who Did.



Ginger Rogers explains a camera to Cliff Montgomery at the Warner Studio, where Cliff was asked to make a test.

You can page every big star, every important director, every powerful producer in the Coliseum and they will all be there. And the Rose Bowl Game is their favorite.

Also, they go down very heavily upon the western team to defeat the eastern team. They are very loyal rooters.

On this particular New Year's Day they had braved the elements, they had driven through mud up to their hub caps, they were sitting in constant showers, to see Stanford defeat Columbia. Because there wasn't anybody in Hollywood who had a moment's doubt that Stanford would defeat Columbia. The betting was something like $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 and some Hollywood celebrities had even given 14 points. It was, they opined, having seen Stanford defeat their favorite U.S.C. team, a lead pipe cinch.



In action. Cliff Montgomery may decide to enter pictures, and if he does, who can stop him?
Wide World

Right there was where Hollywood and Mr. Cliff Montgomery met.

We need not go into what to me are the very painful details of that afternoon. My husband used to play at left half for Stanford, and I had twice seen him score touchdowns in the Rose Bowl against eastern teams. I was naturally rooting for Stanford—even, if the truth must be known, waging a few pennies with some of the eastern sports writers who were loyal to Columbia. And it was very very sad.

Hollywood, individually and collectively, sat and watched Columbia, under the able and oft-times inspired leadership of a young gent named Montgomery, play rings around Stanford. They watched Mr. Montgomery shoot the forward pass that led to the score. They watched him on defense smear the brilliant Stanford backfield. At first they didn't believe it. It couldn't be happening. Whothell was this Montgomery anyhow? And what did he mean by these unheard of carryings-on in our own Rose Bowl?

There could be no question that Cliff Montgomery was, that day, the best football player on the gridiron. And at the end of the rain-sodden, muddy, disastrous afternoon, Hollywood knew darn well who he was and what he could do.

Well, they're good losers.

They offered Mr. Cliff Montgomery a motion picture contract.

They had seen him only upon the field, with his face plastered with mud and his hair soaked with rain. They had seen him only in a football suit that was wet and filthy. But they said to themselves, "This guy has got something."

And now, Cliff Montgomery goes to Hollywood.

I don't know. Remembering the boy I met that night in the lobby, knowing a little something about football players on account of my husband was one

and is now a sports writer, and knowing my Hollywood, I wonder.

Will this young football hero, who conquered Hollywood by his magnificent exhibition on the football field, in what was supposed to be a losing fight, will he become a motion picture star—or will he have his heart broken and his dreams grow cold? Was that now historic battle between Stanford and Columbia a great break for this boy, or was it a disaster?

Mr. Max Baer, almost heavyweight champion, would probably tell him it was a great break.

So would Johnny Weissmuller, greatest of swimmers.

But I wonder what Johnny Mack Brown, once All-American from Alabama, would say? And Buster Crabbe, Olympic swimmer?

My husband, who is supposed to know [Continued on page 71]

"IN HOLLYWOOD

WOMEN MAINTAIN EQUALITY WITH

"Our Most Intelligent Star"
—a new title for Connie.

MEN" — Constance Bennett

By S. R. Mook

PERHAPS you've had inklings before this that Hollywood is a hotbed of gossip and rumor. I have. But until this morning I never paid much attention to it. Most of what I read I believed.

Accordingly, this morning when I picked up the paper and read that Constance Bennett is planning to retire from the screen, it never occurred to me that the paragraph might be founded on nothing more substantial than gossip or rumor.

The screen's most glamorous blonde leaving the screen! My heart started turning somersaults and, what with my asthma and all, I put in a very bad half hour before I bowed into Constance's dressing room.

She had just got up from a sick bed to start work in "The Firebrand." It was the first day's shooting on the picture and everything was in a turmoil. Yet, when I told Constance that Silver Screen's readers would want to know about this rumored retirement of hers, she smiled. "You know how it is the first day of a picture. You're

due to put in a pretty hard day in order to get a story out of me:

"In the first place, I can't imagine where such a ridiculous rumor could have started. It is true I have said at various times that I never intended remaining in pictures long enough for the public to tire of me. I don't intend to become one of these out-moded stars who persist in remaining on the screen long, long after they have worn out their welcome.

"I have just signed a contract with Twentieth Century that still has two years to run. I *couldn't* retire just now if I wanted to. Eventually, of course, I will live permanently in Europe. So, there's no story in that."

I have often wondered exactly what Constance Bennett really thinks of pictures. A girl as intelligent as Constance doesn't kid herself. Anything that affects her life as vitally as pictures do would not be taken for granted. She would want to know what makes the wheels go round. I asked her

what she made of it all, and got my story:—

"I think," she said enthusiastically, "that acting in pictures is the most fascinating career in the world for women. It's the only one where they are on an absolute equality with men.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, warming to her subject, "that this is supposed to be the fifth largest industry in the world, and it is the only one where the workmen (the actors), the executives (the producers) and the consumers (the public), share equally in the business' success? I mean by that, the actors and producers can turn out a picture, and if the public doesn't care for it, it just doesn't go."

"But," I protested, "that's true of any business, isn't it?"

"No," she answered promptly. "I mean, for instance, take the stock market."

"You take it," I retorted.

"All right," she grinned. "I *will* take it. I've no grudge against the stock market."

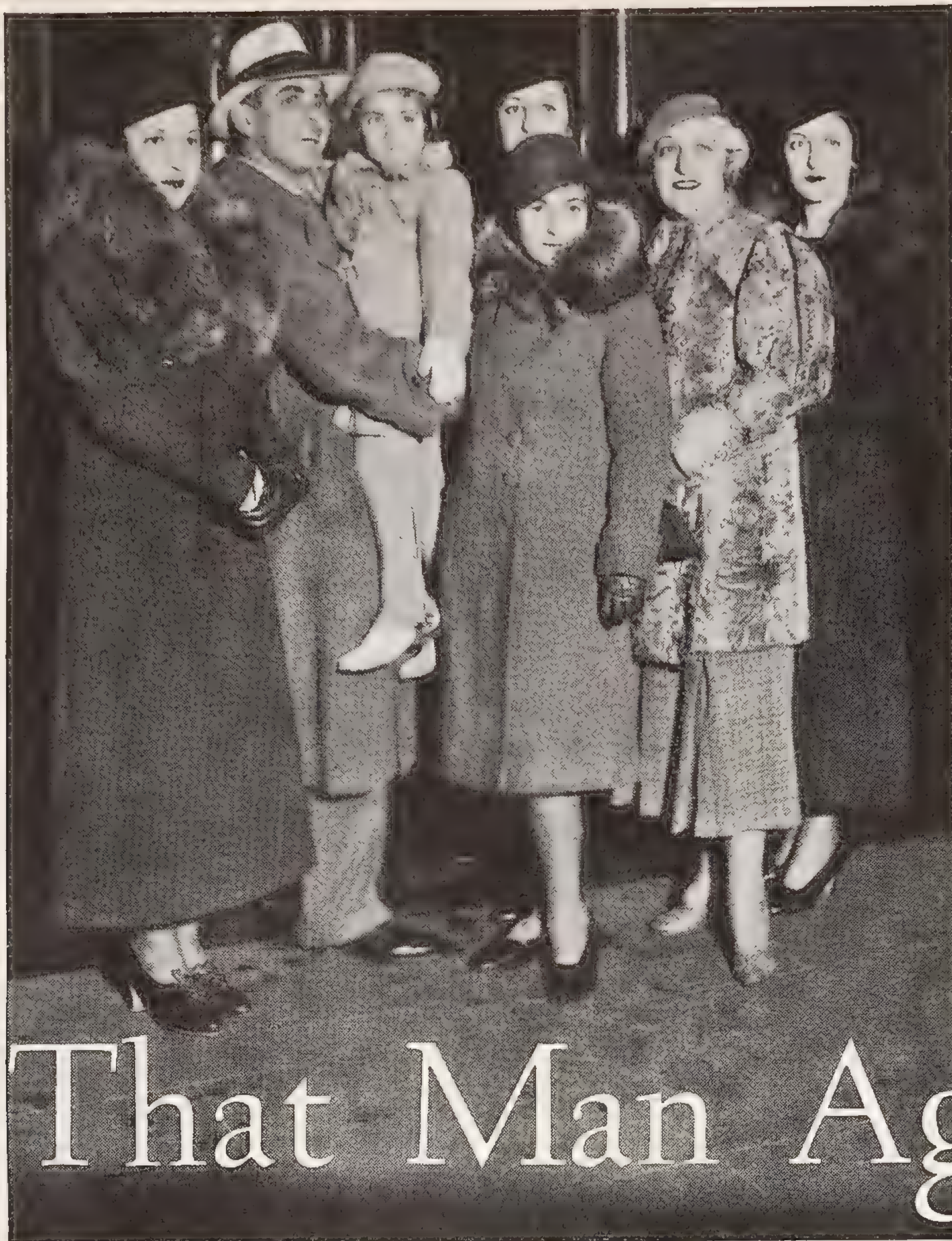
[Continued on page 64]



Beautiful Queens (look at that hand) are having their cycle in pictures. Scene from "The Firebrand" with Louis Calhern, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan.

Eddie Cantor Is Everywhere—In Pictures, In Person, In Books and In Broadcasting—and Always Welcome.

By
Jack Jamison



It's a one man job when Eddie travels with the Missus and the five daughters.

"It's That Man Again!"

You have probably heard Eddie tell how, after a road tour of forty weeks, he returned and was coldly received by his youngest daughter. Turning away from the eager father, she called: "Mother, it's that man again!"

EDDIE CANTOR stands in the very topmost movie ranks, and he is *the* top man in radio. His salary you wouldn't believe if I gave you the figures. His popularity is second only to that of President Roosevelt. His friends call him Public Nuisance No. 1.

Did you ever wonder why?

You know the rough outlines of his rise to fame. Born in the dark, swarming streets of New York's Ghetto. Hungry for days at a time. Wearing cast off clothes and men's shoes. Fighting his way with his fists—and his slight body, starved for food and sunlight, was far from strong. An entertainer at amateur nights and in saloons. Finally, big money. Marrying his childhood sweetheart, Ida Tobias, the belle of Henry Street. A millionaire in the stock boom of 1929. A pauper in 1930—with his family of five daughters to support. Bravely beginning all over again. Author of a best-selling funny-book on the market crash. Author of an autobiography, of a life of his dear friend Florenz Ziegfeld. Movies. Radio. Personal appearances to packed houses. Now a millionaire again.

Eddie is the typical American success story, from Rags to Riches—And Back Again—and Back *Up* Again! There is the first reason why we all like and admire him so much. Not once, but twice, and both times under impossibly tough conditions, he has made his million. He makes us feel, if he did it, we can do it too. He is the symbol of Hope. He stands for bravery, faith, and success. Success that lies within the reach of all of us.

But it isn't so easy as all that! Sure, we can all make millions. All we have to do is be Eddie.

There's the rub.

Because Eddie has what so few of the rest of us have. The most precious gift of all. Personality! Personality? There are all kinds of personality. Clara Bow has personality. Mae West has personality. Clark Gable has personality. What is Eddie's particular brand? If we can discover that, we'll have the biggest

reason for his smashing success, for his universal appeal, which touches all of us.

I sat in a Hollywood night-club late one night. The club was smack on the edge of bankruptcy, but none of the swankily dressed movie-star guests knew that. Only two men knew it. One was the man who owned the place. The other was Eddie Cantor. Midnight came, and the floor show started. Badly trained girls came out and did awkward high-kicking. The people at the tables were bored, and yawned. And then the drummer rolled a flourish, the manager stepped out and called for silence. "Folks," he said, "I have a surprise for you. Eddie Cantor!" Eddie came out on the floor 'cold' and faced that bored, defiant audience. In five minutes he had them giggling. In ten he had them roaring. In fifteen he had them shouting and calling for more. He did a little dance. He cracked jokes, mostly bad puns. He even cued the orchestra, which had never played with him before, and sang a couple of songs. The crowd loved it. *That's* personality. To pick up a dead show and lift it, single-handed, until the audience thought they were at the first night of the Ziegfeld Follies!

And that little story tells you something about more than one side of Eddie's personality! Somehow or other he had found that that night club was going broke. On his own hook, without being asked, he volunteered to do his little skit and give the place a boost. (He paid to get in, incidentally.) He was, at the time, earning about five hundred dollars for a performance. He donated his services free. He knew the man who owned the place, but they were not intimate friends. He just wanted to help, where help was needed. That, too, is Eddie! When anybody needs a lift, Eddie doesn't wait to be asked to help. He steps in and *gives* it. He doesn't ask for any thanks, either. I think, if I tried, I could draw up a list of five hundred people in the theatrical business alone that Eddie has helped out at one time or another. You know, without being told, of all the free performances he gives to charity. In addition, he maintains a free camp in the country, to which city kids may go for the summer. Once, when he himself was a sickly Ghetto kid, Eddie was sent to a free summer camp. He never has forgotten what it meant to him.

And that's another reason why Eddie [Continued on page 65]

"I'm That Way!"



You can't possess a mouth like Jean's without having adventure seek you out.

JEAN HARLOW is one of those women whose lives are destined to be dramatic always. She flashed into prominence—and into headlines—because of the color of her hair. She has stayed there because of the color of her personality and because she attracts drama, as some people seem to attract money, and as others attract grief. But she has more than mere personal color, more than a temperament which plunges her into spectacular situations. She has a very real and intelligent talent.

Jean Harlow Is Recognized as One of the Finest Actresses of the Screen. "I Try To Be Honest," says Jean.

By Helen Louise Walker

Consider this. Before Jean was twenty, she had experienced an elopement (with Charles F. McGrew, Junior), a contested divorce, a drawn-out battle in court over finances, two separate adventures into pictures, had been disinherited by her grandfather because of the latter, had been re-instated in his good graces . . . and had made the trade mark "platinum blonde" famous all over the world. Quite a list of experiences for a girl still in her 'teens! And drama, for Jean, was just beginning.

Her first important picture rôle, as the sexy lady in "Hell's Angels," suited her figure and the amazing shade of her hair, if it did not suit her intelligence and her talent.

"For years after that picture was released," she has told me, "I was self-conscious. I felt that the people I met were disappointed if I was wearing anything more than a black lace teddy. I thought that they expected me to take off something and to produce a tiger skin to lie upon at the most formal tea party! The rôle in that picture typified so exactly everything that I, myself, was *not* that the thing used to haunt me. Honestly, I used to dream that I had found myself in some public place—like the Grand Central Station—wearing nothing but a wisp of gauze . . ."

That picture, of course, proved merely that Jean was a beautiful woman with curious hair. Which isn't much, when you are analyzing an *interesting* woman.

And Jean is an interesting woman. Remember her struggles with Howard Hughes over her contract? Remember her refusal, one time, to accept her salary check from the Hughes organization when she felt that she was being treated unfairly? After that, she went on a personal appearance tour, determined that she would show the public and prove to Hollywood that she was valuable at the box-office and that she had something more than beauty. She *would* have what she wanted . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her and people wondered a little what they would do with her. "She is useful only in sex pictures," said the wise ones. "There aren't enough of her type of pictures on any one studio's program to keep her busy . . ."

There was a great ado over a picture called "Red Headed Woman." Katherine Brush had written the story, and it had appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. Everyone had taken tests for it. Joan Crawford seemed the logical candidate. But Colleen Moore, recently signed by Metro, was also a favorite in the betting. Gene Dennis, the seer who was then setting Hollywood by the ears with her prophecies, proclaimed from a theater stage one night that "an unknown" would have the rôle and that it would make her sensationally famous.

Well, Jean Harlow wasn't exactly an "unknown." But she

was certainly an unexpected choice. For Jean's chief claim to fame, until then, had been her platinum hair, and this lady's hair was uncompromisingly red. Besides, the rôle required an *actress* . . . and Hollywood had never thought of Jean as any such thing.

The dominant characteristic of the girl in the story was *determination*. The grim conviction that she would have whatever she wanted. Jean had demonstrated pretty thoroughly that she, too, would have what she wanted . . . come what might. The picture

was a smash hit and established Jean in the front rank of successful young screen actresses.

"Well, maybe I am like that," Jean admits. "I think that any rôle in which you do particularly well, even any scene in which you register with unusual conviction, has something in it, some element, which is truly *you*. I do go after what I want. Anyone does *if he wants it enough*. That is what is important . . . wanting it enough. If you do, then you aren't afraid of anything . . . you don't think about fear. How can you think about fear or consider obstacles if you are filled with wanting a thing? The girl in the picture was like that . . . I guess I am a little like that, too!"

Then came Jean's marriage to Paul Bern. That brief marriage with its tragic ending. A week later she was on the set, working, "to try to forget." She gave interviews to anyone who wanted to see her. That took courage. It took courage just to go to the studio which was so linked in her mind with Paul. It took courage to take up her job where she had left off when she and Paul were planning and discussing it together. It took courage, amid all the gossip and speculation about Paul's death, to meet the world, to smile a little and to say, "What is it you want to know? I shall try to tell you!" She was working in "Red Dust" at the time.

Jean told me the other day, sitting in her new, gay, white and brown sun room, "My favorite rôle of all time, up to now, was the one in 'Red Dust.' The woman had courage . . . and honesty. I liked that woman!"

"Was there something of you in that rôle?" I asked her.

Her answer was a little slow. "I don't know. Maybe . . . I like courage. I hope I have it. I want and I try to be honest. Perhaps I don't always succeed. But I try . . . I am like that . . ."

I told her that numbers of readers of SILVER SCREEN had written to the Magazine, commenting on the brief shot of her in "Bombshell" when she was holding the baby at the orphanage. That shot showed a new Jean Harlow, they thought . . . and they wondered why she was not given the type of rôle which would show more of that womanly person, her sweetness . . .

"Was there something of you in that sequence?" I wanted to know.

"Why, it was such a *darling* baby!" she said, almost in a voice of protest, as if I had denied that important fact. "He was *so* cute! You couldn't look at that little thing and not show that you thought it was sweet. It was only a tiny sequence in a picture which was pure farce."

I didn't ask her any more about it. I knew, already, that Jean loved children. Goodness! She positively gets you down, quoting the extraordinarily bright things that have been said by the young-

Jean Proved Herself Something More Than Just a Girl With Unusual Hair, When, Wearing a Wig, She Made "Red Headed Woman" a Hit.



The pair which is condemned to live always on front pages—Hal Rosson and his wife. Jean has made her peace with M-G-M.

sters of some particular friends of hers. Things which wouldn't sound extra-bright to you, perhaps. But Jean thinks that they are phenomenal. She had just come from packing dolls into Christmas baskets at the Assistance League. She was a little limp, a little ruffled, from her efforts. But she glowed, "They were such lovely dolls!"

"The woman in 'Bombshell,' superficial as she was, wanted children . . . as any woman does," she said. "It's a natural thing, isn't it?"

From which you and I may draw our own conclusions about how much of the real Jean appeared in that little sequence.

"There was another important thing about the woman in 'Bombshell,'" Jean was saying. "Her sense of humor. Without that, she would never have reached any goal at all. No one can. At least, no one can with any sort of comfort!"

And there you have something important about Jean. She could never have survived the gossip which follows her even now, she could never have kept her perspective when she was misjudged, misquoted, misunderstood, if she had not had a sane, amused viewpoint on the entire situation. Jean can laugh—not only at the absurd things which are said of her, but wholesomely and heartily at herself. Which is important.

I asked her about her next picture. She became serious, at once. [Continued on page 69]

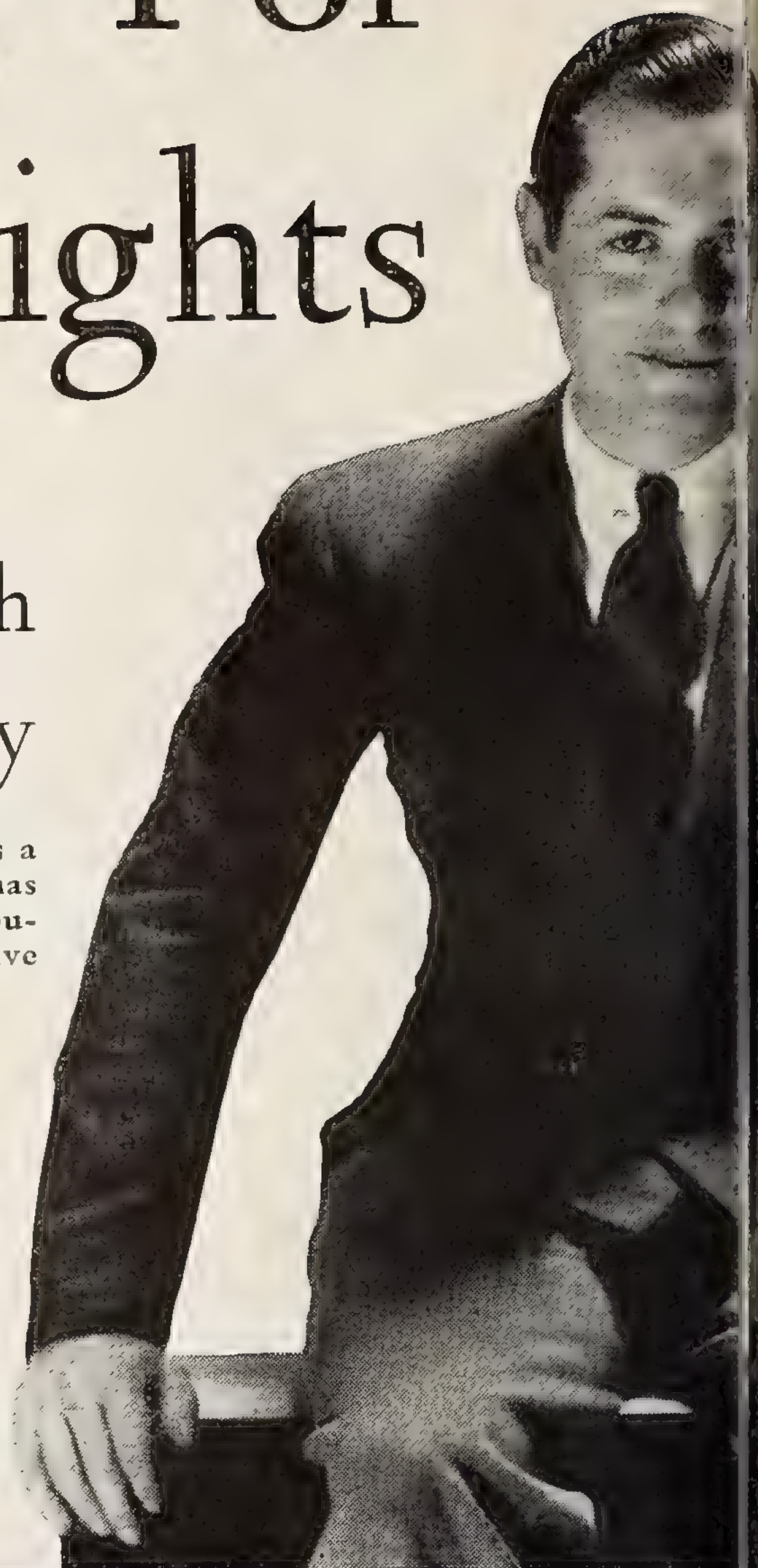
Before Jean was twenty, she had experienced an elopement, a divorce, had been disinherited, and had made the "platinum blonde" famous.



Fighting For Their Rights

By
Ruth
Biery

Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice, and it has earned her great popularity, yet she must give way to the star.



WE THINK often of Hollywood as a Fairyland. We seldom think of it as a Feudal Empire—an imposing, militaristic, thrilling, medieval stronghold.

Of course, all of modern life has feudal traces. We are all over-lords or under-dogs. The bell boy in an hotel is bossed by the porter; the porter must submit to the orders of the floor clerk; the floor clerk to the room clerk and so on up to the top. It is always a problem in any office to give each person the proper amount of authority. In the army or navy authority is definitely and clearly defined.

Yet there is no place in the modern world where the fight to maintain individual rights is as enthusiastic and as bitter—as thrilling and as fearful—as in Hollywood.

Naturally these battles are more akin to those of our colorful ancestors, because the rewards are more similar. Castles and lands were the compensations for victory then; money to buy the most glorious castles and the largest pieces of lands are the results of success for our modern knights and ladies. Hollywood pays the most money and grants the greatest fame in the world. It must, therefore, wage the deadliest battles.

I shall never forget the first dinner party of Hollywood professional folk which I attended. The hostess drew me aside to apologize for the fact that I was seated at the foot of the long table. "It's our feudal seating system. Producers first; then directors. Stars; feature players, writers and guests. You are a guest, so you are one

One day Reginald Denny came on the set with only the back of his neck made up—a protest against the star's invasion of his rights.

of those privileged to watch the nobles eat. You are a serf!"

Her explanation sounded fantastic to a stranger. I have discovered that it was absolutely correct—both socially and professionally. For, of course, all social life in Hollywood is *professional* and the conquerors never forget, even in their play, that they *have* conquered. So the distinctions in rank, that prevail upon the set while pictures are being made, continue when the knights and the ladies gather around the long board to eat and to drink. Here is a chart of Hollywood titles:

During the making of one of Katharine Hepburn's pictures, the boss said "No." She said "Yes" and won.

The Stars Zealously Guard Their Positions, and Neither Directors Nor Players May Impose Upon Their Preserves.

Director.....The Monarch
Star.....The Crown Prince or Princess
Lead opposite the star—

The Grand Duke or Duchess
Cameraman.....Master of The Lights
Featured Players..My Lords and My Ladies
Laborers.....Members of the Guilds
Extras.....Serfs

A director is supposed to be monarch-supreme over each subject. He, himself, confers only with his Guardians of The Exchequer. He must govern his subjects according to the contents of the Treasury.

But no Monarch's authority was ever more questioned. The name of a Monarch does *not* make a picture successful. The name of a Crown Prince or Princess (star) does!

Not long ago, I watched a small battle, one which might be duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was lunching in the R.K.O. commissary. The Supervisor for her picture (one of the guardians of the Exchequer) spoke to her.

"I do not believe we can show the rushes, tonight, Katy."

arch. She felt justified. The public would forget that a director might ruin a Hepburn picture. It would blame the star. The entire production period on that picture was a nightmare for both the Monarch and the Crown Princess. Again and again she interrupted scenes to scream at him. "I can't do it that way. I won't. You can't tell me how I feel a thing—"

"Temperamental" they call her. "Difficult." "Hard to manage."

Those are the adjectives that are always used to describe an actress who *steps out of rank*. And yet, here is what Katharine Hepburn told me about "Little Women," on the day after it was previewed.

"It is a great picture. A very great picture. I shall probably never make another like it. But it is all due to George Cukor. It is a *director's* picture. Joan Bennett and I had cried for two days for that one scene when Beth is dying. It just didn't seem as though we could cry anymore. Real tears? Of course. He wouldn't have anything else. He said, 'You wouldn't go back on me now, girls?' in such a way that we cried again. That was the last shot. Then we went into hysterics.

Robert Montgomery made a protest against kicking a man on crutches.



Scene from "Laughing Boy"—Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez. Lupe can give orders which no one can over-rule.

But he could have kept us crying—"

A Crown Princess in perfect accord with her Monarch! Katharine Hepburn *knows* that George Cukor is right and does not try to usurp his authority, which is absolute, according to law. Yet she, as an intelligent woman (very intelligent), who earns much more money than her Monarch, cannot but question his control when she feels he is hurting her future. She recently expressed a wish that Director Cukor might govern all of her future productions as Joseph Von Sternberg does Marlene Dietrich's.

It is well known that Marlene did not want to make "Song of Songs" with Monarch Mamoulian. She believes absolutely in Von Sternberg. Although they are co-workers—because Von Sternberg also respects *her* opinions—Von Sternberg retains his authority. I have watched them work again and again. He will even go through

Pretty Mary Carlisle in white fox skins (and some of her own). She is rapidly moving up the scale and is already a featured player.

the gestures as he sees them, explaining in detail (in German!) exactly the shade of emotional reaction he desires from each single sentence and gesture. Marlene Dietrich has never been known to "blow up" on a set—no matter what may have been said to the contrary. Off the set, they argue. Talk it all out like two intelligent people comparing notes. But on the set, she is completely obedient because she respects and admires his ability.

She did not "blow up" on "Song of Songs," although she did not feel much that was ordered. "What would be the use?" she asked with a shrug. "Why should I trouble? It is up to me to do as I am told."

[Continued on next page]



When Alice Brady wanted certain dressing-rooms her wish was law.

"Why not?"

"The director is not ready."

Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want to see the rushes in order to know where we're going. I don't like the *feel* of the thing—"

"But, Katy—"

"We will see those rushes, tonight!"

They did. Katharine had girded on her armor and opened battle with her Mon-



Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer in one of the first stills taken in the making of Norma's great welcome home picture, "Lady Mary's Lover," formerly known as "Rip Tide."

But Marlene Dietrich knew it would be only for one picture. She had already said—and meant what she said—that she would never make another picture unless Von Sternberg directed. To battle on one production would be useless. It is too bad that there are not more Hepburn-Cukor and Dietrich-Von Sternberg combinations. Wise and kindly monarchs who were respected by wise and kindly subjects made for peace even in mediaeval times!

We shall never forget Robert Montgomery while he was making "Hell Below." He said the title was most appropriate! He and director Jack Conway simply did not see alike upon that picture.

Jack Conway's authority and Bob's name and box-office following warred against each other. Each felt sincerely that he was right, with neither one being petty or personal about it. Remember the scene where Bob kicks the crutch from beneath the one-legged man on the hospital lawn? How subject-Bob fought against making it! "No one in any circumstances would do such a thing! He couldn't. What will they think of me if I do it? It will take every bit of the sympathy away from me." Sympathy on the screen is something each actor fights for, unless he is playing the absolute "villain." "Besides, I have a personal revulsion against doing it," he insisted. A real one-legged man, who depended upon a crutch, was playing the rôle.

The scene remained in the picture.

Remember the scene where Bob was sitting in the boat bemoaning the death of his buddy, Robert Young? The script called for a humorous flash of Schnozzle Durante over his shoulder. Comedy relief in the midst of intense sorrow. Again Bob objected. He believed it spoiled the spirit of the scene—

In fact, that entire picture was a matter of Robert Montgomery's fighting for his rights in what he considered justifiable circumstances. Director Jack Conway fought to maintain the authority that any Monarch must have to prevent loss of prestige, money and time, if he is to govern for the best interests of all. But out of this unseen but nevertheless deadly battle came a splendid picture.

Each featured player—ranking next to the star—feels he can become a star only by proving he is equal or better to one already established, which means the one with whom he is playing! We do not need to cite cases to remember how many pretenders to thrones have felt they must usurp powers of Monarchs. Ambition is not considered a detriment to human nature; the "survival of the fittest" is our oldest and most natural emotion.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier began playing together, she was receiving \$50,000 for a picture and he \$125,000. He was the star. But Jeanette is a lovely creature with a lovely voice. It was only natural that she should do *her* best even though she were of lesser rank. And it was only natural that there should be a little resentment on his part when the notices flooded the newspapers giving her praise equal to his; when Europe, his own home-land, made her a popular heroine because of *his* picture. A silent battle for rights began immediately after their first picture. In feudal days, they would have donned armor, perhaps—but with civilization's modern influence, they donned smiles and sharpened their wits rather than their swords. Chevalier had the upperhand because of his rank; his "class" was the one in authority.

Into this battle crept a third element. Ernst Lubitsch, the Monarch over both, had been able to make his personality felt through his expert direction. Only a few directors have been able to do this. The Chevalier pictures were billed "A Lubitsch production with—" The director's name came, you see, even before that of the star. So here we had the unique and complicated situation of the Monarch, the Crown Prince and the Grand Duchess each feeling indispensable. The climax came in planning for "The Merry Widow." Chevalier refused to make it with the other two. Chevalier felt that he must prove that his rank of Crown Prince is due to himself rather than his Monarch and a lesser subject. The Monarch said, "Ungrateful" and the Grand Duchess wept a few tears as a Duchess should. The matter is not settled. In all probability, they will make the picture according to the lines of rank—for-

getting themselves for the sake of the masses of the people to whom it is their duty, *because of their class*, to bring happiness and pleasure.

The titled folk of feudal days guarded their positions with every possible precaution. In modern language we call it "protecting ourselves from too much competition."

Lupe Velez was the star in "Joe Palooka;" Mary Carlyle, the one of lesser rank. Have not My Lords and My Ladies always been a bit jealous of the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses? Wouldn't we all like to earn the incomes and favors granted to those above us? And if we *are* the ones of greater rank, would we grant our privileges to those who are less fortunate?

There was one hair-dresser for Lupe and Mary. Naturally, Lupe came first. An absolute law of the studio—as the Queen precedes all other women in England. Lupe's hair was done in her dressing room; Mary's upon the set, so that the hair-dresser could be "handy" if Lupe should need her while working.

One day an emissary walked upon the set and asked the hair-dresser to leave and go to Mary's dressing room. She protested that it was impossible, as she could not, according to rule, leave the Grand Duchess. The emissary insisted. The hair-dresser approached Lupe. The Grand Duchess must protect her rights. She appealed to the Monarch. Speaking to the director, she said, sweetly, "If you want to take the risk of my hair getting out of place for a scene, it is perfectly all right for her to go to Miss Carlyle."

"Tell Mary to come on the set, as usual!" snapped the Monarch, keeping the class distinctions of his Empire clearly defined, as is the habit of shrewd Monarchs.

There has been much said in Europe about the "new titles." During a recent trip to England I was amused at how an "old title" would speak of "Lady so and so. You know, hers is a *new* title."

All Empires make the same distinction. We all know the difference between an Admiral, who has been in the Navy for a quarter of a generation, and the one who has just received the commission. The old are naturally wary of the new.

Alice Brady was an old title on Broadway but a new one in Hollywood. One day she pranced along the long corridor edging the second-floor dressing rooms of the women on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. A minor official hurried along in her wake. She poked her head into one door after another. Seeing no one in an outer room of a particularly luxurious suite, she bobbed in. "Now, why can't I have one like this? It is lovely! I want—"

The head of a younger star, peeped from the door to the other room, and voiced a protest. But—Alice Brady got the rooms.

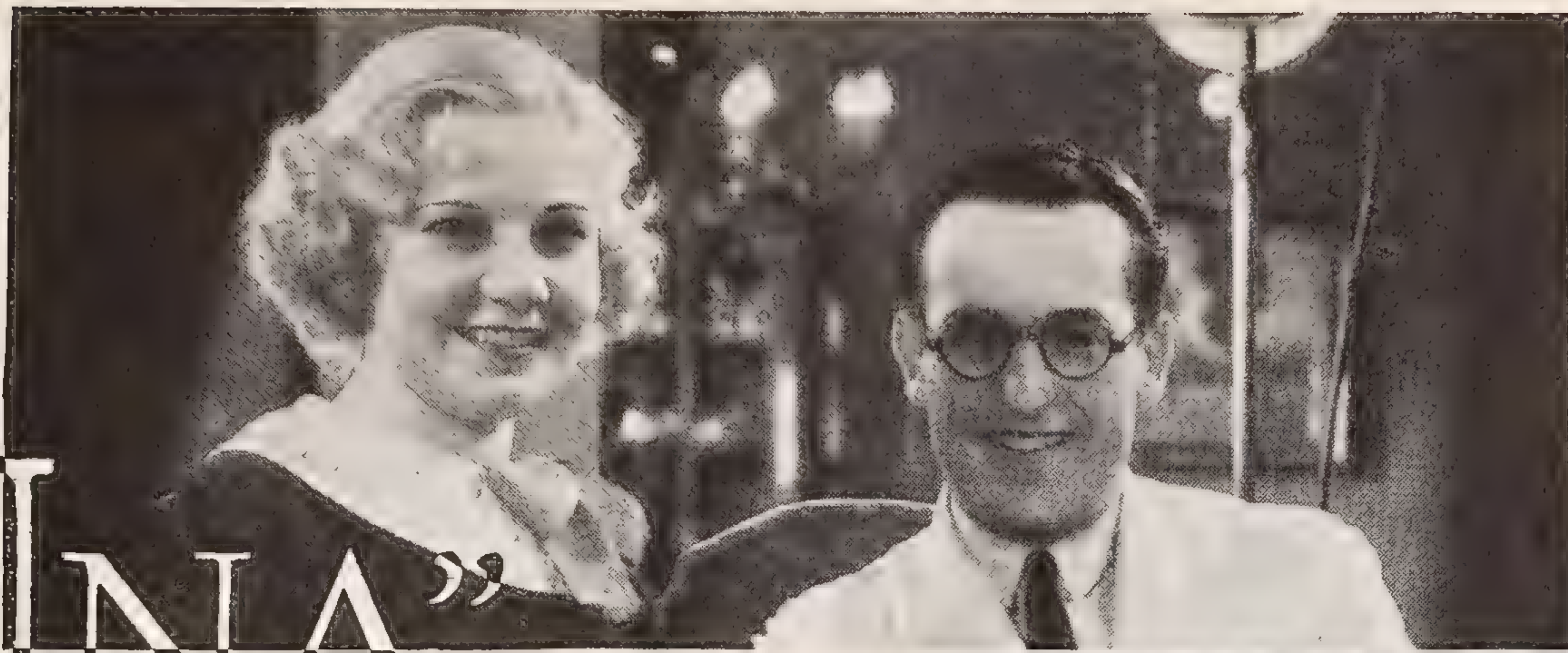
The "Lead Opposite A Star" is really a higher title than "Featured Player." I called Jeanette MacDonald "Grand Duchess" because she was really raised from rank of featured player to "Lead Opposite A Star" when she first played with Chevalier. I suppose the most bitter fight of a person in this "lesser" position is for *camera* space. The classic story of Reginald Denny playing opposite Laura La Plante in a production directed by Bill Seiter, Laura's husband, may be thrown in here for "comedy relief" and an excellent, although a bit exaggerated example of such situations.

After the picture had been shooting for about two weeks, Denny, leading man, appeared on the set with only the back of his neck in make-up.

"What's the idea?" growled the Monarch.

[Continued on page 72]

"UNA"



Harold Lloyd and Una Merkel ready to shoot the first scenes of "The Cat-paw."

Una Merkel, the Most Gifted Young Comedienne on the Screen, Gets the Top Spot with Harold Lloyd.

By Patricia Keats



AT SIXTEEN Una Merkel was the Ophelia of the Subway. She lived with her mother and father way uptown on Riverside Drive, New York, and she went to dramatic school way downtown in the West Forties, and she had already decided to be the world's greatest Ophelia (and second greatest Lady Macbeth), so every day she'd rehearse Hamlet's crazy girl friend from the 125th subway station down to Times Square—much to the amusement and distress of her fellow passengers. For Una would always start out reading the lines quietly to herself, but so wrapped up in her Art would she become, that soon her little voice would be singing Ophelia's batty songs above the roar of the subway.

There was one day in particular. Una's father had an office in the Earl Carroll theatre building and he and Earl were buddies. Through the theatrical "grapevine" Earl learned that somebody was about to revive "Hamlet" for a limited engagement on Broadway, so he tipped off Arno Merkel and Arno hurriedly phoned to Una. Una grabbed her new hat and her "Tragedies of Shakespeare" and beat it for the subway. At last her big moment—at last she could play Ophelia—but gosh, did she really know the lines? "And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That sucked the honey of his music vows," said Una right out loud. Six Italian laborers put down their tabloids and stared. Two fussy old ladies, muttering "Indecent," moved to the next car.

"Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me," declaimed Una entirely unconscious of the commotion she was creating. "To have seen what I have seen, see what I see." The man next to her tapped his forehead and smiled at the men across the aisle. One of the fussy ladies had found a cop in the next car and when Una got up to leave the train a sad looking man in a blue uniform took her by the arm. "It's all right, lady," he said, "it's all right. Just you come with me."

Una took one look at the law and ran like Rintintin. No cop was going to keep her from playing Ophelia.

"Here I am," cried Una dashing into her

father's office. "Where do I go? Who's producing it? Who's going to play Hamlet?"

There was a funereal silence. Earl Carroll looked moodily out of the window. Arno Merkel swallowed hastily. "John Barrymore," he said, just like you'd say, "This is the end, Bang."

"Oh," said Una, and wept. When she thinks about it now Una is sorry she didn't try out for the part anyway—Mr. Barrymore wouldn't have bitten her head off—but in those days on Broadway the Barrymore name was something to strike awe and terror to the heart of a young actress.

Except for the bewildered subway passengers, New York never had an opportunity to enjoy Una's performance of the goofy Ophelia. She was "discovered" soon afterwards by John Golden and appeared in a number of plays he produced, culminating with her famous portrayal of the little southern girl in Jed Harris' "Coquette," starring Helen Hayes. This play brought about the famous Helen Hayes-Una Merkel friendship, and also a movie contract. John Considine brought Una to Hollywood under his banner and she appeared in "Abraham Lincoln" and "Eyes of the World," playing sweet, sympathetic parts—and then all of a sudden, just like that, she became a comedienne, and it was farewell forever to Ophelia and Lady Macbeth. Her first comedy rôle was in "Don't bet on Women," and she was such a sensation in the picture when it was previewed that ever since then Una has been more in demand for comedy rôles than any young actress in Hollywood.

All the critics will tell you that the Merkel gal has certainly done her part towards saving dull and dreary pictures from utter boredom. Though two-thirds asleep, and snoring peacefully after hearing the leading man tell the leading woman for fully thirty minutes that he has no right to love her because her husband is his best pal and

[Continued on page 62]

In "Private Lives," with Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer, Una was delightful.



"Reunion in Vienna" had a magnificent cast, including Diana Wynyard and Frank Morgan, but no one finer than Una.



"The Day of Reckoning" had Richard Dix and Madge Evans, but Una Merkel stole the picture.

"ANYTHING FOR

WHEN you see a movie actor
Who's behaving rather cracked, or
Doing things that hint he's off his
coco;

It's no sign that he's gone batty,
Off his nut, nor yet high-hatty;
It's his way of crashing headlines—
—JUST ACT LOCO!

—and so, now that you've caught the general idea, let's snoop into the quaintly-called-private lives of movieland's great and would-be-great, and see how nutty they can be just to get themselves talked about.

Look, for instance, at what Jack Oakie did just a few nights ago. He was one of those present at a party Producer Darryl Zanuck gave. Oakie, as usual, made wisecracks at everybody. But for some reason, they didn't laugh enough at his japes and jests to satisfy Jack. "All right, frozen-faces," he muttered, "all right. I'll show youse guys!" And to the telephone he went, calling up Central Casting Bureau.

"Send me at once," he ordered, "four male extra men, in evening clothes." Central Casting functions swiftly, and before an hour was up, four immaculate, evening-clothed actors appeared at the Zanuck party and reported to Oakie. "All right, you guys. Now you follow me around, wherever I go. And every time I wisecrack or tell a joke, you laugh, see? I'll snap my fingers as a signal, in case you don't see the joke."

And so, for the rest of the evening, Jack's four extras followed him, laughed uproariously at every inane wheeze Oakie pulled. And when the party was over, Jack gravely paid them each their \$7.50.

That stunt, as you can arithmetize, cost Jack thirty dollars. It was worth it in publicity and "be-talked-about" returns. That's why they do stunts at the big premières—

Such as W. C. Fields' arrival at the Chinese theater at the opening night of Mae West's "I'm No Angel."

While the thousands of sidewalk-standers jammed every inch of space about the theater, craning their

necks for the expected arrival of Mae herself, there arose a great clatter. Horses' hooves beat a tattoo—then came a heavy rumbling of wheels. And into the blaze of arc lights and studio spotlights dashed an old-fashioned four-horse brewery truck, laden with kegs and kegs of beer. And atop them, in solitary magnificence, rode W. C. Fields. It was easy to distinguish him from the rest of the load. He wore evening clothes, and the kegs didn't. Gravely he dismounted, and strode into the theater. And the next day he got plenty of publicity and talk for stealing the show from Mae with his brewery truck.

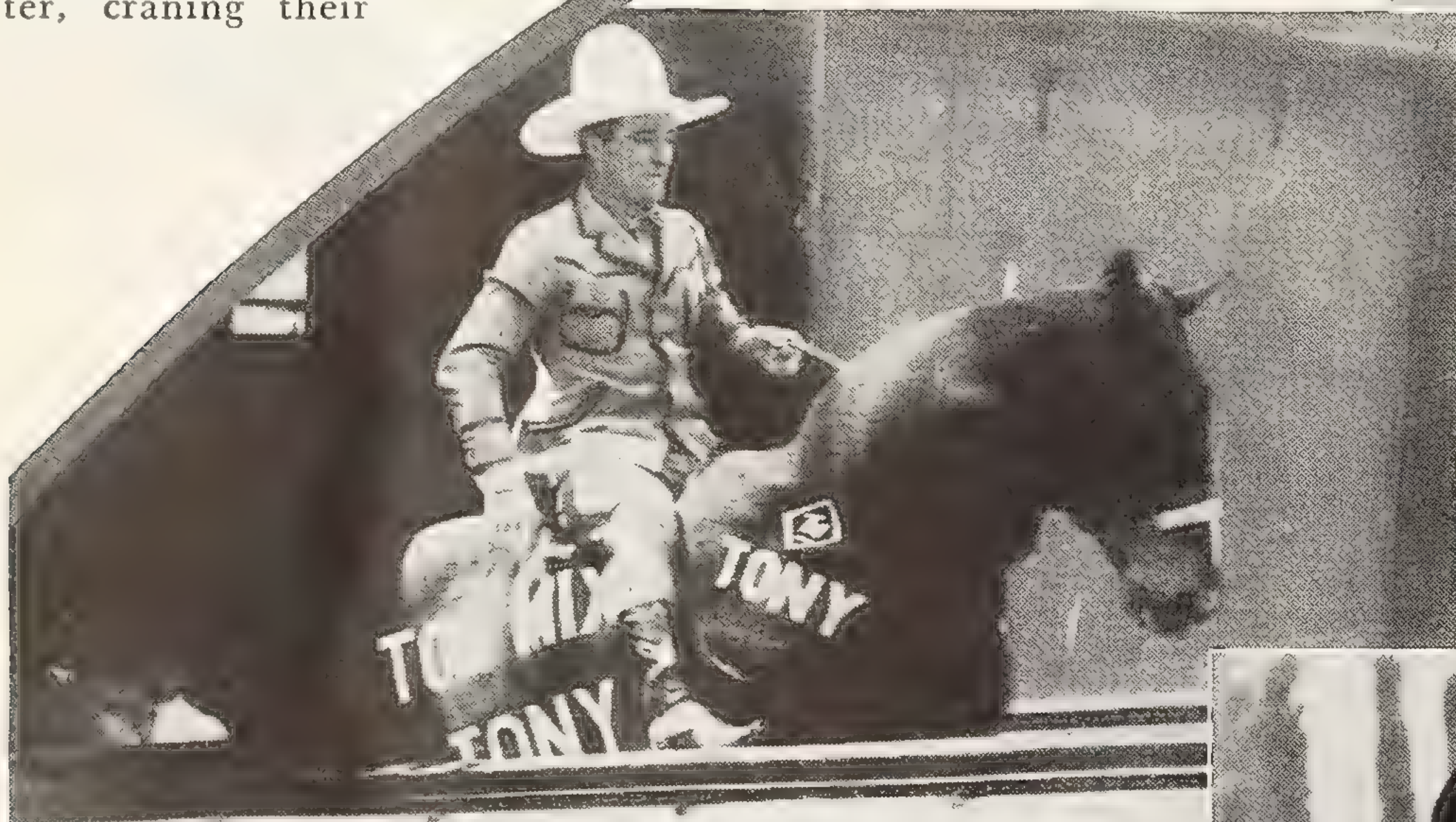
Premières are favorite spots for gags. Buster Keaton, the same night, drove up on a battered motorcycle, and in the sidecar rode his new wife. Just as grave as his frozen face, Keaton got off, helped his wife out, stalked into the show as grandly as though he'd arrived in a \$14,000 Rolls Royce. And at the "King Kong" première, Lowell Sherman, the nattiest dresser in Hollywood, appeared in the most ancient Model-T Ford that could be bought on a second-hand-auto lot. He stepped out, gave the car to the doorman who was at the curb, and forgot it. The car probably had cost him \$4.98—it was that sort of car. But he got \$498.00 worth of publicity out of it.

Fifi D'Orsay is one of moviedom's most avid publicity-chasers. Her whole screen career is a nightmare of stunts. It was she who originated the gag of having a miniature parachute made, which she strapped onto her

Publicity Pays—
So Why Not
Act Crazy?



(Below) Tom Mix rode Tony up the liner's passenger gang plank.



George Raft, in center, with Sammy Finn and Mack Grey (The Killer). Bodyguards — guarding him against being forgotten by the papers.



A LAUGH"

By Harry Lang

pet dog every time she went travelling via air. Today, the parachute-on-pet stunt is a favorite among others; Fifi has discarded it. Fifi drops a gag as soon as others imitate it.

Another time, Fifi got in wrong with her studio by a fake "shanghaiing." She'd gone to the Los Angeles harbor, during production of a picture, to see a friend off to South America. She failed to return to the studio. Instead, there came a radiogram from the boat the next day: "WAS TRAPPED IN CABIN AND COULD NOT GET OFF BOAT STOP AM ON WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA STOP FIFI." The studio bigshots tore hair; tried to get the

Bette Davis, when her husband was away, went to a premiere escorted by six men.

navy to send a boat to take Fifi off, bring her back. Two days later, Fifi appeared at the studio, insisted she knew nothing about the radio, said she'd been at Arrowhead with a cold, and blamed her press-agent for the fake radio and boat report. To make it stand up, the press-agent was fired, but

Fifi hired another one—a girl, this time, named Kathryn White.

Then Fifi went on a national vodevil tour. In Indianapolis, she decided she needed front-page space. That afternoon there was a near-riot at the civic center. Fifi, in a one-piece bathing suit (a very little piece, by the way), had gone swimming in Indianapolis' municipal fountain. Came policemen, came police cars with sirens howling. Fifi was arrested, arraigned on charges running the gamut from indecent exposure to giving a public show without a license. But, after it was all over, Fifi wired Press-Agent K. White: "DEAR KATHRYN I DO NOT WANT TO JUMP IN ANY MORE FOUNTAINS BECAUSE IT NEARLY GAVE ME PEEMONIA LOVE FIFI."

Animals—outlandish animals—are another means to publicity and notoriety. The story of Gary Cooper's baby chimpanzee, which he brought back from his African trip is old stuff. But even before Gary did that trick, John Barrymore had achieved much, much talk with "Clementine." It was before John's marriage, when he was living in one of the bungalows at the swank Ambassador Hotel. Clementine was a monkey. A jealous monkey. Clementine loved Barrymore, and whenever lady visitors were present, Clementine raised hell. In fact, if Clementine wasn't locked in her own room at such times, Clementine bit pieces out of the lady guests' ankles. Now and then Clementine would get out, and there'd be a merry time and endless publicity before she was corraled and brought back. John and Clementine lived happily

together for quite a while, until it got to be an old story, and wasn't worth much

publicity value any more. Then Clementine faded out of the picture, and now John's married and has some lovely children instead.

Probably the goofiest animal stunt of recent months involves Gary Cooper again—albeit innocently. Gary had just taken over that ranch on which he is now honeymooning with Mrs. Gary Sandra Shaw Cooper. He took the ranch, they say, to get away from the social whirl, but the social whirl, in the person of the Countess Dorothy Frasso, then much linked-in-gossip with Gary, pursued him. One night Gary was paid a surprise visit by the Countess and other people she had organized. And, at the head of the visiting caravan, rode the Countess herself—*astride a camel!!!* It was a good gag, and got reams of publicity for the Countess and, incidentally, Gary. But, afterward, the Countess didn't sit so comfortably for a while, and admitted that camels didn't ride as easily as horses, and vowed she'd not do it again.

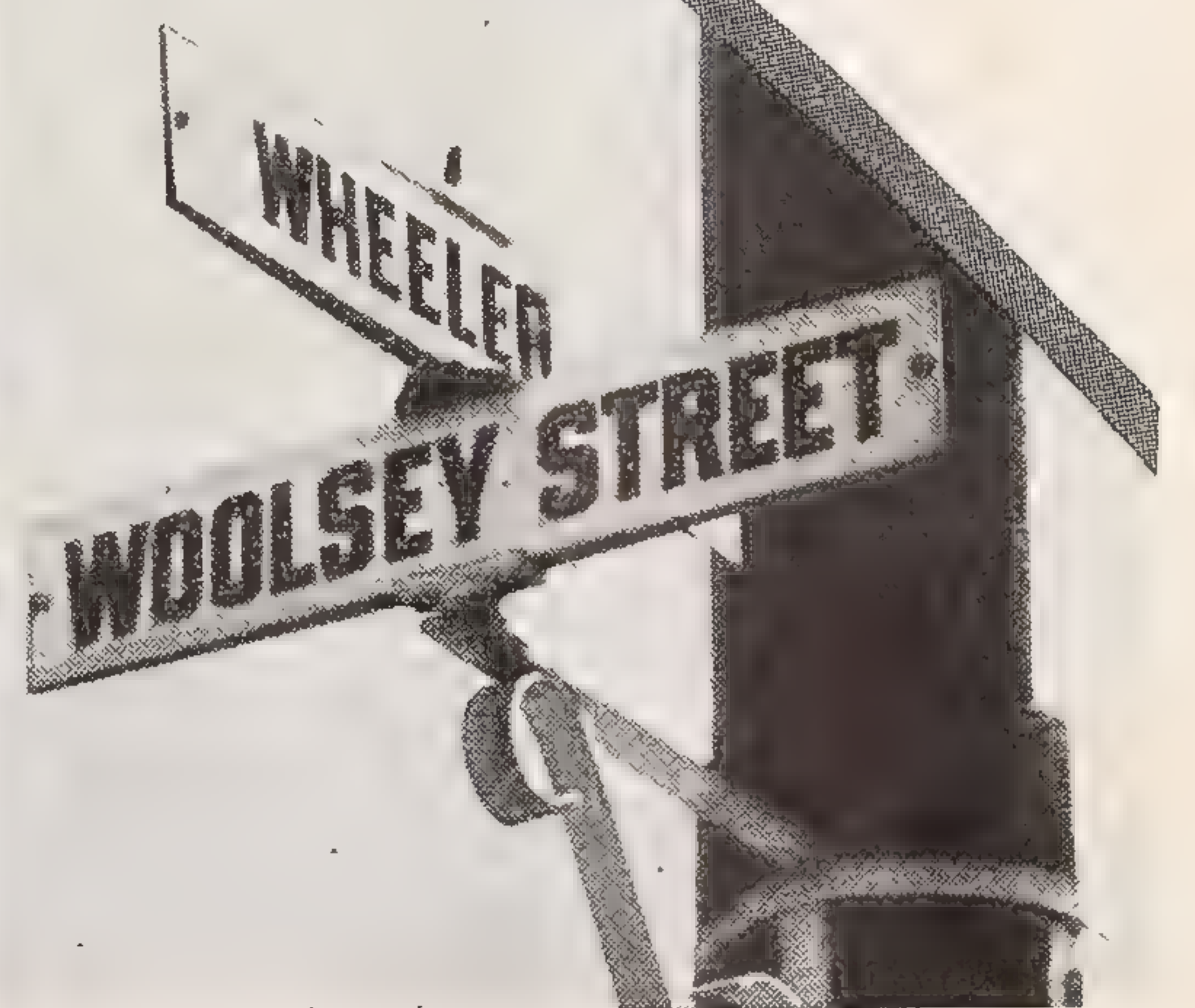
Even such a recluse as Nils Asther sometimes goes in for a bizarre trick that's sure to get him plenty of printed words. There was the time a pretty girl fan-magazine writer went to his home for an interview. During the conversation, as they sat before a log fire on one of those cool California evenings, the talk ran to "What I Like," and somehow, they got to talking about rain. The girl, a rabid sun-loather, said what she missed most in California was the noise of rain beating on roofs and window panes. Nils agreed that rain on the roof and the windows, when you're sitting before a nice fireplace full of logs, was lovely, and excused himself for a moment. Five minutes after he'd returned and resumed the interview came the sound of a heavy rain-storm, thundering on the roof of the one-story bungalow he occupied, and washing in drumming torrents down a great window that took up much of one side of the living room.

"What a coincidence," squealed the girl interviewer. "We just talked [Continued on page 62]



Wheeler and Woolsey in a flying boat to pushing for publicity.

The pup has a parachute, and Fifi D'Orsay landed safely on the front pages of the country.



The two comics got Oakland, Calif., to re-name two streets so that one lamp post read Wheeler and Woolsey.

The LAST of the

THERE was a time when our spoiled beauties and our handsome wayward laddies gave way to tantrums. Bang went the hand mirror. *Zowie* went the property vase—Bam! Bam!!

Today a higher degree of artistic talent is required in pictures, and it has gradually eliminated the temperamental lady and gentleman. John Barrymore and Connie Bennett are supposed to be the outstanding examples of the present time, but, in reality, they do not compare with the old-timers.

Pola Negri was enraged when Paramount called upon her to play a role in "Hollywood," one of the first of the so-called all star productions. She was even more incensed when Gloria Swanson got out of the cast, because a clause in her contract called for four pictures a year and "Hollywood" would have been the fifth.

So Pola made things hot for the staff. Finally she chose the proper moment to *faint*. The stage was set for a large banquet scene and hundreds of extras were on hand. A delay would cost thousands of dollars. Jimmy Cruze, the director, whose nerves were on edge through her constant razzing, decided he would fix her.

He got a quart of ice water and threw it into her face. It ruined her makeup and ran all over her dress. Pola came to instantly, and for five minutes she hurled epithets in five languages at Cruze and individual Paramount executives.

House Peters used to drive to and from the studio and location in lonely grandeur. That is, with the exception of a uniformed driver, to whom he never spoke except to give orders.

One day Peters sent an assistant director to his limousine to fetch some parcels. While gathering them into his arms the man bent forward. His cap fell off onto the floor of the car. He delivered the parcels, but forgot to return for his headpiece.

It was afterward learned from the driver that Peters discovered the offending cap on the trip homeward, asked whose it was, and then with a motion of disgust threw it out on the roadside.

Louise Huff and Jack Pickford were on location in the Santa Cruze mountains. They were in the middle of an intense scene, when Louise stopped.

"If I cannot have music, I will not be able to go on," she declared. Mickey Neilan, the director, tried to mollify her. He explained that for economical reasons the firm had not sent the musicians on location. But she was adamant and refused to continue the scene.

Finally he offered to whistle any tune she requested. He whistled for

**I WON'T! I
WON'T! I'M
GOING BACK
TO NEW YORK**

**GET
OUT!**

Margaret Sullavan made a great success in "Only Yesterday," in spite of being goaded to frenzy. When she was ordered to make one scene over for the fifty-fourth time she quit.

John Barrymore is the master of every nuance, every shading of his art, and he **WILL NOT** be disturbed when he is "getting the feel" of a character.

TEMPERAMENTS!

The Good Old Days
of Tantrums Are
Gone Forever.

By Bert Allen

the rest of the day and she was satisfied.

Mae Murray had a front office complex. She would arrive at the studio bright and early, send for her director and go over the scenes to be shot that day. They were never right. Often her reason was that someone else was getting too much of a break. She demanded changes, or else she would go to the front office immediately. Christy Cabanne, who directed her in many pictures, generally jollied Mae out of that intention, but it was a constant strain nevertheless.

During the making of "The Merry

**I WILL
NOT BE
BOTHERED
!!**

Widow," Mae and the equally temperamental Eric Von Stroheim often fell out. Then the sparks would fly! Von Stroheim was strong for atmosphere, even to the point of absorbing a character at times. Mae was strictly an individualist.

A ball scene was being filmed. Hundreds of extras in gay uniforms and beautiful gowns danced before the cameras. Stroheim was giving all a play to create Viennese color. But Mae flew into a tantrum and demanded that the camera follow her and her partner, so that all the other couples form only background.

An [Continued on page 67]

**OH! I AM GOING
TO FAINT**



Pola Negri in a scene from her new picture "Fanaticism," made in France. There once was a time when Pola got her own way in Hollywood—or else!

There has been too much publicity given to Constance Bennett's temper, for, as a matter of fact, Connie is considerate and fair.

"That's My Business"

*"An Artist Deals in Illusions,"
Says Paul Muni.*

By Lenore Samuels

I SUPPOSE you will think I am exaggerating when I say that I dread interviews. When I first came to Hollywood I decided never to submit to one. They frighten me. I would pick up a fan magazine and read about the love life or divorce or intimate thoughts and hobbies of our favorite movie stars, and say to myself 'now what would these readers find interesting about me? There's nothing to write about. I have been married thirteen years and am still very much in love with my wife. Consequently my domestic life is all that it should be.'

While he talked, Paul Muni walked up and down the spacious living-room of his suite at the Hotel Delmonico, his brow wrinkled, his eyes as deeply puzzled as a schoolboy's. I smiled and said nothing. One does not interrupt Mr. Muni when he is thinking. And he thinks much. In fact, always before he speaks. He is not one of those nimble-tongued, wise-cracking people whom we have come to expect and accept from Hollywood's golden strand. He takes the art of living seriously. He cannot help it. It was bred in him that day thirty odd years ago in Lemburg, Austria, when he was born "between stops" to a couple whose only home was the one-night stands of a travelling theatrical troupe.

"As for my career," he continued along the same vein, "it is purely a matter of business to me. I am simply one of those who have chosen acting as a profession—just as a man chooses architecture, engineering or writing—and have tried to make it pay. I consider myself a business man who has stuck to one trade, built as firm a foundation as it was possible, and am still working hard not only to maintain that stronghold, but to surpass it insofar as I can. And I haven't any hobbies to speak of, save my work. Now," turning to me with a whimsical smile, "there's nothing particularly glamorous about that. Is there? And you insist upon glamour, do you not?"

Before I could summon an answer, Mrs. Muni emerged from an adjoining room of the suite and was heading quickly for the outside door. Mr. Muni spied her and called her back to be introduced. "She's broadminded," he informed me smilingly, "she's going to leave us alone."

Mrs. Muni and I, being sisters under the skin, bowed to each other in quick and complete understanding. We both knew that it would be easier for a man as shy as Paul to be alone with the person "interviewing" him, if we might be so bold as to use that term in connection with a conversation with Paul Muni. One really has only to suggest the vaguest of thoughts in order to lead him into the most fascinating of discourses on almost any subject—intellectual, material or spiritual.

With Mrs. Muni gone, the telephones in both rooms started to ring simultaneously. Muni smiled deprecatingly, as he begged the operator not to disturb him for at least an hour. He was inwardly amused at his obvious popularity.

"When an actor plays on the legitimate stage in New York," he theorized as we lighted cigarettes and settled down to a quiet talk, "there is work every night and two matinees. But, when a performance is finished he goes home and the public proceeds to forget all about him. If he happens to go to a restaurant or a nightclub for supper, his presence there is hardly noticed. And what he does during his leisure on the following day is not a matter of either conjecture or excitement.

"But, when the heights of Hollywood are dared, it is quite



Now that the gangster films are all over, we know that Paul Muni's performance in "Scarface" was never equalled. "Hi, Nellie," a comedy, is his latest.

different. There are constant conferences with the producers about future stories. And there are constant conferences with the publicity department. It isn't enough that you acquit yourself as well as you know how in a given rôle. Before the picture is released the public, according to the press department, wants to know your most intimate reactions to the character you created, what you are doing now that you are at leisure for the moment, and anecdotes of incidents that occurred when the picture was in the process of construction. In fact, they want to know anything and everything that you might care to tell about yourself and your domestic arrangements."

He paused for a second. "Is that why you agreed to give interviews," I broke in. "After all, Garbo will have nothing to do with us . . ."

"Ah, Garbo! She doesn't have to. She has attained the heights and no longer has to look down to see what the people below are saying and thinking about her. Garbo has genius. And genius does not need to exploit itself."

"Do you agree that genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains? I think it was Shaw who said that."

"No, I disagree thoroughly. Once, several years ago, I heard Yehudi Menuhin play the violin. He was about ten or eleven then. While I listened I was conscious of being transported to another, an unknown world. All the practice of a lifetime could not have produced that magnificent outpouring of a child's soul. Yet practice is necessary to perfect oneself technically. But a technically perfect performance is not genius. Superb talent, yes. But not genius. And so it is with Garbo. She has, perhaps, taken infinite pains to perfect her art, but without that intangible life-force that is so intrinsically hers, she would not have held her public as she has. It is what I call genius."

His analysis seemed to be wrung out of him, just as his best work is wrung out of him, with an effort, as I listened spellbound in the quiet room with not a disturbing sound to break the stillness. Then I asked him if Garbo was a favorite of his, knowing that one can recognize certain forms of genius without exactly admiring them.

[Continued on page 70]

The PLAYERS IN THE NEW PICTURES



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. ELIZABETH BERGNER

THE very great charm of Elizabeth Bergner gives the character of "Catherine the Great" a plaintive, gentle, appealing quality—and all done with her voice. Young Doug. is the Czar whose throne Catherine usurps all the while she's supposed to love him. Hm-m! This is an English picture about Russia, with Fairbanks, Jr., (American) and Miss Bergner (German).





William A. Fraker

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

THESE bus pictures are reviving the old ideals of motion in pictures. "It Happened One Night" is Claudette's adventure in love. Clark Gable plays opposite her for the first time, and gives her an idea of how they make love at M-G-M. Claudette, herself, was borrowed by Columbia, from Paramount, of course.



WALLACE BEERY

Hurrell

VILLA never looked as real as Wally does in this story of the famous Mexican bandit. "Viva Villa" is unpronounceable and probably will be changed, but that doesn't matter, for millions of Beery's friends are waiting to see the Champ, whatever they name the picture. The rôle suits him exactly, but then, what rôle does not?





FRANCES DEE



ABOVE is a picture taken of the new little Dee girl when, in "Rich Man's Folly," she supported George Bancroft and fascinated everyone who saw her. At the left is Mrs. Joel McCrea, the finished actress, in "Coming Out Party," her latest Fox picture, opposite Gene Raymond. Frances' life has bloomed beautifully in these few years. Her great hit was in "The Silver Cord." Los Angeles never turned out a finer girl.



GEORGE ARLISS

LORETTA YOUNG

ROBERT YOUNG

THESE Youngs are no relation, but in "The House of Rothschild" they show that love-making is more beautiful when silks and satins, broadcloth and swords are in the picture. George Arliss will make the money kings believable and powerful. It is a Twentieth Century Picture. And what a way to learn history!

JUNE KNIGHT

MARY CARLISLE

"**T**HE Love Life of a Crooner" is Russ Columbo's Universal picture. June Knight, in shorts, is all set to start a love life at a moment's notice. Careful, June, you know those colds on the chest, this weather! Mary Carlisle is the girl you always think of in connection with such words as "exuberant youth" and "bursting bud of adolescence." Mary was born to be, shall we say, plump. But she lives on romance and dreams and keeps within her M-G-M contract weight while filling out the new bathing suit nicely.



Freulich

JUNE KNIGHT

Clarence Sinclair Bull



MARY CARLISLE



Ernest A. Bachrach

COLLEEN MOORE

HER next picture is "Success Story" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (that boy is everywhere) and R-K-O believes Colleen will be as surprising as she was in "The Power and the Glory," which firmly re-established her on the screen.



'WONDER



The "Mammy Singer" himself, Dick Powell and Dolores Del Rio in a dressing room scene in "Wonder Bar."



Al Jolson as he is screened in the film from his successful stage play. His career has reached great heights. "Mammy" has been kind, "Rainbows" have been "Round his Shoulder," but, on the other hand, there have been depressing moments.

AL JOLSON

IT IS another "Wonder Bar" scene. Busby Berkeley they are all

WONDER BAR

Directed by
LLOYD BACON



Kay Francis brings her "big name" to "Wonder Bar," and that means a lot at ANY box office.



Bert Longworth

DOLORES DEL RIO

RICARDO CORTEZ

DICK POWELL

KAY FRANCIS

and, some will say, the best of all. Dolson to sing, and Dick Powell, too. And some girl numbers (one in which the great dance of Dolores Del Rio

and Ricardo Cortez is supposed to place Cortez' name above Valentino's. The scenes are laid in a cabaret and the chorines are *right there*. Many tales of strife have emanated from the set, so it is sure to be a good picture.



William A. Fraker

ELISSA LANDI

IT'S pussywillow time and Elissa, our most poetic star, feels the urge of Springtime. "Sisters Under the Skin" is her next for Columbia.



Ot

LEW AYRES

ANOTHER literary light of Hollywood is Lew Ayres—or is that a bachelor's laundry list? Lew, after moving over to Fox, was borrowed back by Universal.

My Make-Up Secret

To Enhance the Charm of Beauty

As Told to Florence Vondelle by
BETTE DAVIS
 Starring in Warner Bros.
 "FASHIONS OF 1934"



Powder "The color tone of face powder is most important, for it should harmonize with and enliven the beauty of the skin. For my colorings...blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin...I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that I know will appear faultless under any close-up test."

"The charm of beauty lies in the appeal of color...for color is the exciting thing about beauty. Color is the brilliance that attracts...that creates unforgettable charm."

This is how Bette Davis describes that elusive something called charm...and here is her secret for capturing it.

"Make-up holds the secret. And in Hollywood, this means color harmony make-up...powder, rouge and lip-

Rouge "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone...and then soften the edges by blending with the fingertips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft, natural, lifelike coloring."

Lipstick "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day...three good reasons why I use it."

stick in harmonized color tones...created by Max Factor to enhance the colorful appeal of youthful beauty."

Like Hollywood's stars, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Film-land's genius of make-up. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

NOW FREE...Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart! Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 17-4-75		
COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	<i>If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.</i>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	
		NAME _____
		STREET _____
		CITY _____
		STATE _____



CONSTANCE
CUMMINGS

RALPH BELLAMY

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS and Ralph Bellamy in one of those moments that are great for the furniture stores. However, the picture is "Transient Love," so perhaps the romance goes flat—flat unfurnished.

Robert W. Coburn



ROSEMARY AMES

JOHN BOLES

JOHN has become an actor who is always seen in successes. "I Believed In You" the title of his next. The young lady is new player, Rosemary Ames, and she is already considered, by Fox, as sure-fire at money in the bank.

It's a breach of fashion . . .
if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L.I., says: "Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair

grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—a *genuine Eugene permanent wave*, preferred the world over.

Eugene Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Sydney.

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permanent waves



Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)



Russell Ball

KATHERINE DEMILLE

She is the adopted daughter of the great director. Her big break is with Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa."



RICHARD ARLEN

Dick is in "She Made Her Bed," which was called "Baby in the Ice Box." Dick's youngster is the baby.



William A. Fraker

WALTER CONNELLY

The movies love the Irish and Walter is one of the reasons. His next is "Once to Every Woman."



Hurrell

GRACE MOORE

Grace is a real Metropolitan Opera Prima Donna, but you'll see and hear her in "Don't Fall in Love."

JOAN CRAWFORD
in "DANCING LADY"
with Franchot Tone
an M-G-M picture

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!



NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAf, N. B. C. network.

Fashionable!



ETHEL MERMAN

WHEN it is hostess hour a classic frock of green satin, girdled with braid, is selected by Ethel Merman, famous blues singer and Paramount player.

ARLENE JUDGE (at right)

THIS evening dress, designed for Arlene Judge by Hattie Carnegie, illustrates the close affinity between frocks and accessories. The dress is black crêpe, trimmed with pleated ruffles of red and white organdie. The gloves, too, are white organdy, with trimming of the red.

Brown Brothers



Announcing SILVER SCREEN'S NEW CONTEST

*An Opportunity For Every
Reader of Silver Screen to
Compete For a Cash Prize.*

IN THE May issue of SILVER SCREEN, we will publish the exact dimensions of Joan Crawford. These dimensions will enable you to form an opinion as to how much *Joan Weighs*.

SILVER SCREEN is offering a cash prize to anyone who will estimate Joan Crawford's correct weight. You must comply with the conditions that will be printed in the May issue, which will be on the newsstands the sixth of April.

You have enjoyed watching Joan Crawford, with her lithe, lovely dancer's figure, go through the graceful movements of "Dancing Lady." SILVER SCREEN is offering you an opportunity to capitalize your powers of observation.

No estimates will be accepted for this contest until the May issue is on the newsstands on April sixth. So do not send in any replies until you have secured the May issue, and then, without cost, you will be able to enter this fascinating contest.

As Joan Crawford's weight has often been printed, perhaps you wonder how it is that SILVER SCREEN can offer a prize for this correct figure. The explanation will be found in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN.

The prizes will be awarded for Joan Crawford's net weight, if certain conditions are fulfilled.

*Take Advantage of This Opportunity to
Win a Money Prize. Be Sure to Secure
the May Number for the Details of This
Unusual but Not Difficult Contest.*



Joan Crawford is the most popular, the most beautifully formed and the dancingest girl on the screen.

DO NOT MISS THE MAY SILVER SCREEN

FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received Will
be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

Address: (Your Favorite Star)

c/o Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Feb 1st 1934

Dear Mrs Mac Kinnon
I've just finished
reading your charming
letter, and I deeply
appreciate the interest
you've shown in my
desire to change my
name.

Such letters many times
influence the studio
and may help me
win my point after
all—who knows?

Yours truly,
Joan Blondell



Joan Blondell's
original reply to
her fan letter
from Mrs. Mac-
Kinnon.

January 1st 1934

Isabel Walkley—
I greatly appreciate
your interest in me and I am
glad to say that I have completely
regained my normal weight of
one hundred and ninety pounds.
Today we finished "Men
in White" and I am
leaving tomorrow for my
vacation in New York.
With many thanks,
Sincerely,
Clark Gable



Clark Gable an-
swers a fan's so-
licitous inquiry.

Helen Hayes—from Broadway, where "Mary of Scot-
land" reigns supreme—writes to Elaine Osterlund.

The Fan Letter to Joan Blondell

Miss Joan Blondell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Miss Blondell:—

This is my first fan letter, al-
though I have been a devoted
movie follower for several years.

I am very much interested in
your desire to change your name
to "Barnes" and wish to commend
you for it. Never fear, you will
not lose your identity by doing so.
You will merely set a very praise-
worthy precedent for other Holly-
wood married couples to follow.

I sincerely hope that your wise
and unselfish wish will be grant-
ed, and may this year be one of
happiness and success for you.

Yours truly,
Florence L. MacKinnon
Montreal, Canada

Joan Blondell's Answer—

Dear Mrs. MacKinnon—

I've just finished reading your charming
letter, and I deeply appreciate the interest
you've shown in my desire to change my
name.

Such letters many times influence the
studio and may help me win my point
after all—who knows?

Again may I thank you, and
please accept my wishes for your
health and happiness.

Sincerely,
Joan Blondell

The Fan Letter to Clark Gable

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:—

I hope that Clark Gable is entirely
recovered from his illness. In his photo-
graph that was in Silver Screen he
seemed to be thinner.

Are you getting your weight back,
Clark?

Sincerely,
Isabel Walkley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clark Gable's Answer—

Dear Isabel Walkley—

I greatly appreciate your
interest in me and I am
glad to say that I have
completely regained my
normal weight of one hun-
dred and ninety pounds.

Today we finished "Men
in White" and I am leav-
ing tomorrow for my first
vacation in New York.

With many thanks and
best wishes always,

Sincerely,
Clark Gable



The Fan Letter to Helen Hayes

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:—

Let's have Helen Hayes in a comedy!
She was superb in her many tragic rôles,
but she has triumphed as a comedienne on
the stage and I am convinced that she
would be equally successful on the screen.
Wouldn't she be delightful as Alice in
"Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire?"

Elaine Osterlund
Deerwood, Minn.

Helen Hayes' Answer—

Dear Elaine Osterlund—

Your letter makes us unanimous on the
subject of my playing comedy. I have been
trying for three years to persuade Holly-
wood that I am funny.

Thank you for joining forces with me.
Good luck to us!

Helen Hayes

The Fan Letter to Colleen Moore

Miss Colleen Moore,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Colleen Moore:—

I have a big baby girl, who is five and
one-half months old, weighs sixteen pounds,
has light hair and big brown eyes, whom I
have named after you. She is a rather
spunky baby for her age and sucks her two
right fingers, which makes an impression on
her face as if she were whistling. She sits
alone and is sitting right beside me as I
am writing this letter to you, so if this
writing seems impossible to you please ex-
cuse. I would have written lots sooner to
tell you about her, but she has had a con-
stant cold since she was born, which was
August 3, 1933, and I have had my hands
full. Once her cold got so bad it almost
turned into pneumonia and believe me I
was plenty scared. Her full name is Col-
leen Cathryn Schultz.

Feb 6, 1934



Dear Elaine Osterlund—
Your letter makes
us unanimous on the
subject of my playing
comedy. I have been
trying for three years
to persuade Hollywood
that I am funny.
Thank you for joining
forces with me.
Good luck to us.
Helen Hayes

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

The reason I named her after you is this. Before I was married my husband and I were regular movie fans, especially whenever you played. So one night we went to see you, or rather the picture you were playing in, and my husband made the remark that whenever we were married and had a baby girl he surely was going to name it after you, because he liked your pictures and most of all your acting. He said he thought you so spunky and had such a sweet look in your eyes. I also agreed only I said that I thought you were one of the best actresses because you were more darling than spunky when you played in Irish pictures. Only please play in more pictures so I can go to see you more often.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Anthony Schultz
Cumberland, Md.

Colleen Moore's Answer—

Dear Mrs. Schultz—

Thank you for your letter about Baby Colleen. I do appreciate the kind thoughts that inspired your naming your dear little girl for me. Frankly I believe it is the sincerest compliment that can be offered any woman whether in public or private life.

May little Colleen Cathryn Schultz grow up to be a charming healthy girl.

Sincerely,

Colleen Moore

The Fan Letter to
Richard Cromwell

Mr. Richard Cromwell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Pal Dick Cromwell:—

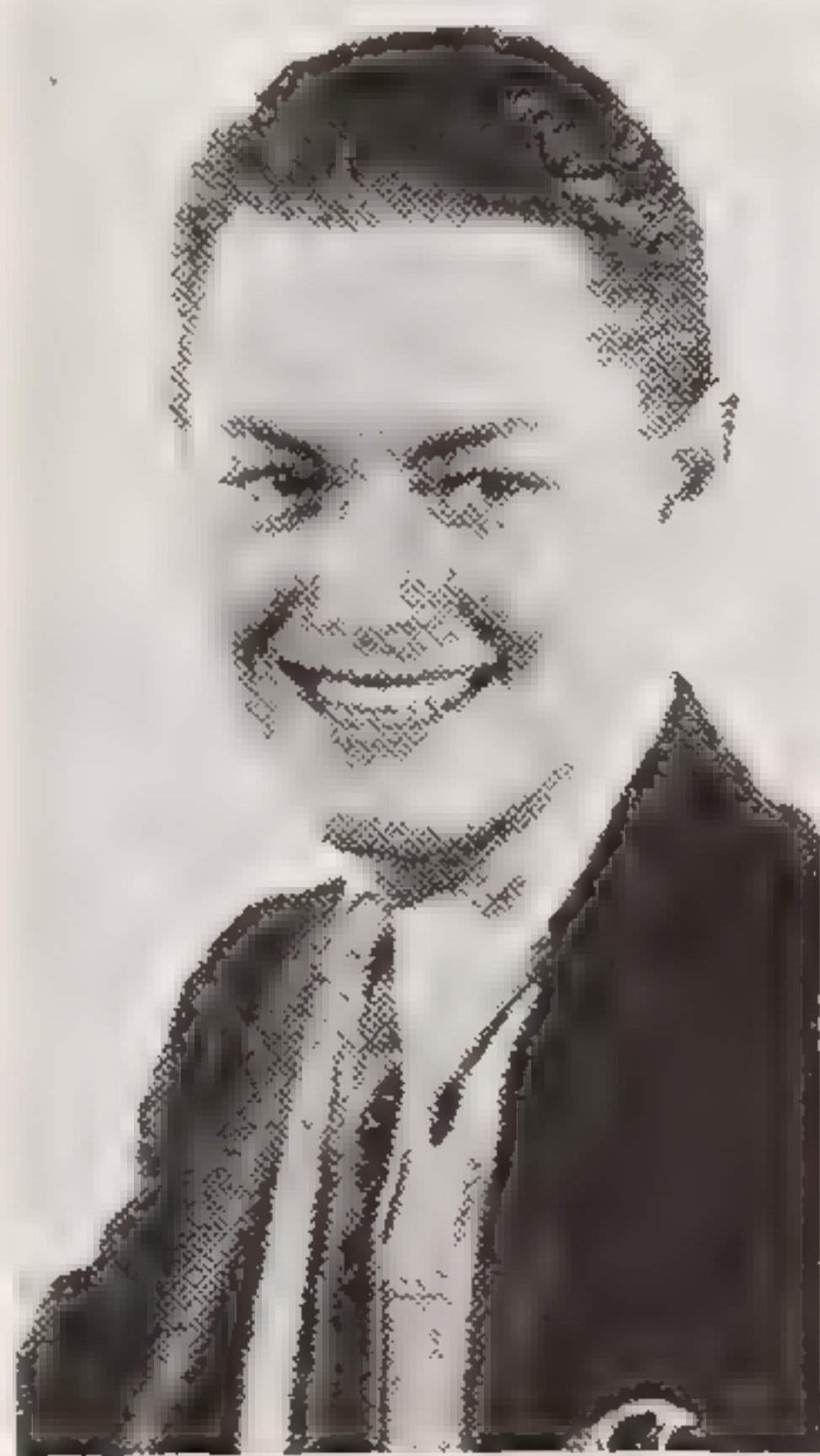
Just what kind of a fellow are you anyhow? The more interviews I read, the more puzzling the situation becomes. I'm positively dizzy!

Are you a shy guy with a too-tender heart and a bawling tendency? As from interview number one: "Blushes mount to Dick's PINK cheeks . . . tears flood his blue eyes . . . bewildered with the wonder of his sudden rise to fame . . ."

Or are you a man of the world . . . frank . . . startling? As from interview number two: "He gets into more bizarre affairs than any of the much touted men-about-town of our village . . ."

Interviews number three and four differ slightly. Number three states: "A wistful, somewhat bewildered, little boy look on his face—grave and very young . . ." While number four follows: "Never let anybody tell you again that he is a shy, bewildered country lad who goes around with the home town girls and is terrified of sophisticated, glamorous women . . ."

Please, straighten me out Mr. Cromwell. You've been a favorite for several years and I'd really like to know about your char-



Dick Cromwell
clears up a doubt or
two of Miss Downs'.

Dear Virginia Downs,
I am afraid that I am as guilty of a leer as a blush (or their equivalent) and vice versa — I am both sophisticated and naïve. There are times when I must seem very young, dull, stupid, innocent and bewildered. I am. The same persons, however, have thought me alarmingly poised, intent and fairly intelligent. I am. A great deal depends on the time, the place and the place.

I act as I feel except for social functions which leave me completely and consequently am likely to act my way —

Thanks for your good wishes
very sincerely
Dick Cromwell

acter!

Once again . . . are you a shrinking violet or a cave man?

Good luck to you anyhow from a sincere fan—

Hoopla!

Virginia Downs
Fairmont, W. Va.

Richard Cromwell's Answer—

Dear Virginia Downs—

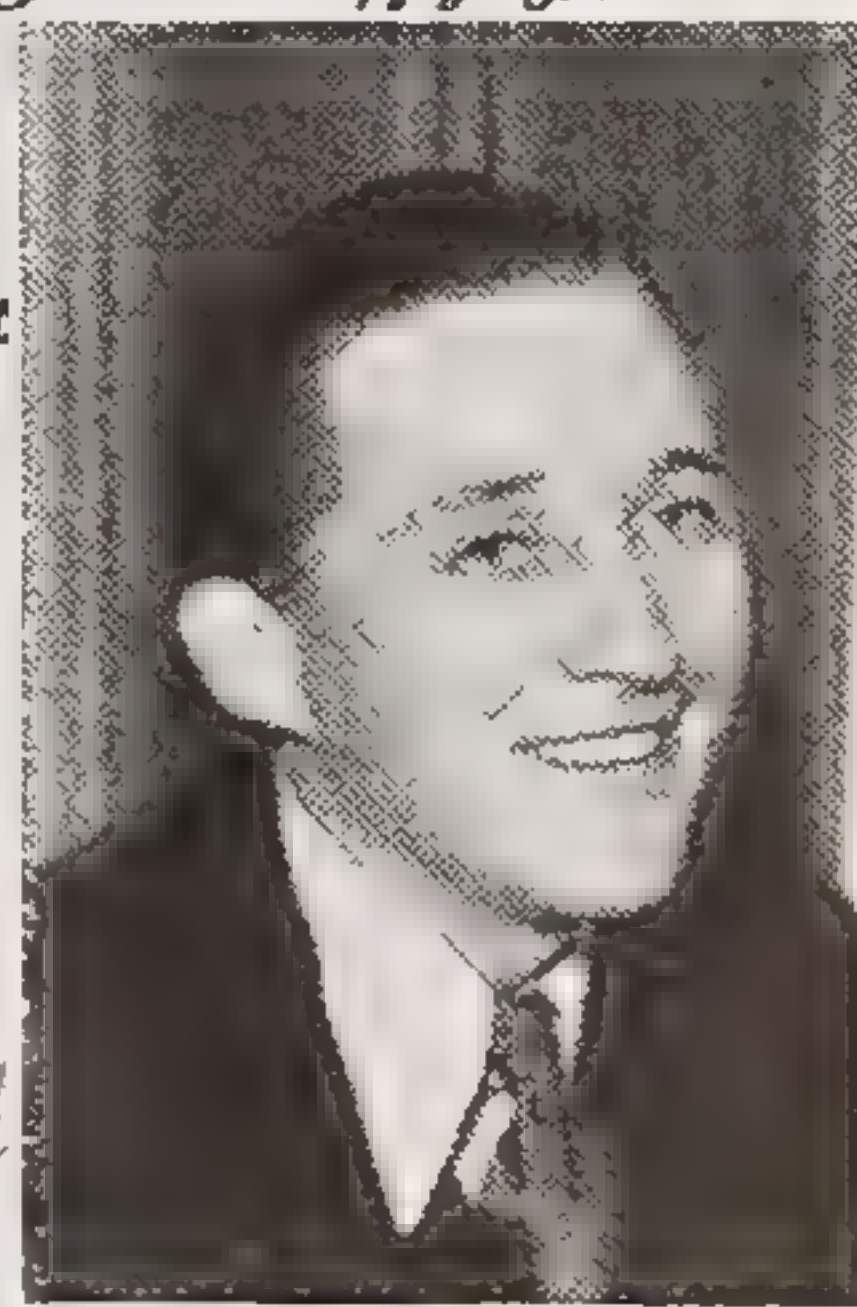
I am afraid that I am as guilty of a leer as a blush (or their equivalent) and vice versa — I am both sophisticated and naïve. There are times when I must seem very young, dull, stupid, innocent and bewildered. I am. The same persons, however, have thought me alarmingly frank, poised, intent and fairly intelligent. I am. A great



Bing Crosby
New York
Hollywood

February the eighth,
Winterbury, Pa.

Dear Miss Melidoni—
I've been trying to get to New York for more than a year, but they have kept me at the grindstone here in Hollywood. However, it's great to know that there is someone in the east who would like to see me back again. I hope to make the Cross Country jump before very long.



I'll be seeing you all soon on Broadway.
Sincerely,
Bing Crosby

340 ST PIERRE ROAD, DEL-AIR

Dear Mrs. Schultz
in your
or private life

My little Colleen
Cathryn Schultz grow up to be
a charming healthy girl

Sincerely,

Colleen Moore

Colleen Moore writes
to Mrs. Schultz.

Bing Crosby
dates up Miss
Melidoni.

deal depends on the time, the person and the place.

I act as I feel except for social functions which leave me completely "jittery" and consequently am likely to act almost any way.

Thanks for your good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Dick Cromwell

The Fan Letter to Bing Crosby

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I know Bing Crosby is a busy man and has a lovely home in California that he'd hate to leave. But isn't he ever coming to New York? For the sake of his New York fans I think he can lose his home and California sunshine for awhile.

What do you say, Bing?

Your New York Admirer,

Anne Melidoni
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bing Crosby's Answer—

Dear Miss Melidoni—

I've been trying to get to New York for a vacation for more than a year, but they have kept me at the grindstone here in Hollywood.

However, it's great to know that there is someone in the east who would like to see me back again. I hope to make the Cross Country jump before very long.

I'll be seeing you all soon on Broadway.

Sincerely,

Bing Crosby



Robert Young and Jean Parker in "Louisiana," a story of the bayous and marshes. It is an M-G-M picture.

WELL, well, well. The little boy had to see New York. He had to get some cold weather. He had to—oh, what's the use. I saw New York all right, all right. I saw it at its worst and New York's worst is pretty bad. Rain, sleet and snow. I arrived in the midst of a blizzard and the coldest snap they've had in twenty-some-odd years. I caught a cold. I caught the flu. I caught hell from an editor. I caught—well, let me tell you California looked pretty good as I stepped off the the train. This morning as I start out to cover the studios, with my hair slicked down and my face and neck all nice and shiny where my nurse washed it, I find myself looking forward to the day's work as a pleasure instead of an Herculean task.

At Paramount

AFTER being on salary for six weeks without doing even a boo-boo-boo to earn it, Bing Crosby has finally started work in "We're Not Dressing," and in the cast with him is Carole Lombard. I thought from the title it was going to be a nudist picture and as I notice a "Positively No Visitors" sign on the stage door I'm sure of it. But alas and alack, that title is a snare and a delusion.

I sneak on to the set expecting to be thrown off bodily but, no! Norman Taurog, who is directing, apparently didn't even know the sign was out and everybody is strictly decent—at least as far as attire goes.

The set is the deck of the yacht, "Doris D," and very cleverly it's done, too. The deck is slanted so people walking will get that old sea-going gait. Only the fore part of the yacht is shown but from the size of the crew it must be a whopper. There are about a dozen sailors in "whites" and maybe a half dozen more, in dungarees and sweaters, and that, my friends (in case you don't know) is quite a crew for any man's yacht.

"Hi, Dick," says Norman coming up. "How's it?"

"Well," I think, "if he doesn't know I'm not supposed to be here it isn't up to me to tell him." "Hi, Norm," I reply. "Everything's under control."

"Tchk! tchk!" says Norm. "When I was your age *nothing* was under control."

"Lucky you," sez me, "to be able to remember that far back."

Norm, who is about my own age, gives me a withering glance and then decides to let by-gones be forgotten. "If you want to

A scene from "Melody in Spring." Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland with the new girl you hear so much about, Ann Sothorn, who played on the stage as Harriet Lake.



go crawfishing," he volunteers, "I'll send this yacht down to you for a week or so."

"Whose yacht is it?" I parry scintillatingly.

"Doris Duke's," he says, and turns his back on me. "Come on, gang, let's get this over with."

"This" is a song Bing is singing. I dunno the name of it but, as nearly as I remember, it goes something like this ———

STUDIO

NEWS

S. R. Mook Visits the Sound Stages



"I'll sing about the birds and trees,
The pretty flowers, the little bees
But I positively, flatly refuse to
sing about
Storm-y wea-ther, since my man
and I ain't together.
I'll sing about a shady nook,
A quiet spot, a babbling brook,
But I absolutely, finally refuse to
sing about
Who's afraid of the big, bad
wolf," etc., etc.

One sailor has an accordion and another has a banjo on which they're supposed to be accompanying Bing, but the noise actually comes from a twenty piece orchestra off to one side. If it really was Miss Duke's yacht it would be sitting on top of the ocean, but as the yacht is only a figment of the Paramount prop department's imagination, the orchestra is sitting on the floor of Stage 8.

"Say, Bing," Norm suggests. "This song is nothing to write home about the way it stands. Let's kid it."

"You mean, make it a little 'swishy?'" Bing asks doubtfully.

"Make it anything," Norm answers agreeably. "Just kid it."

And kid it he does. Wait'll you hear and see this number. Norman is the man who really discovered Bing when he was singing in the Cocoanut Grove, and kept after him until he went to New York to go on the air. They ought to turn out a swell picture together.

Suddenly, in the distance, I hear a woman shrieking. There is something vaguely familiar about the tones as she screams, "It's a lie. I don't believe a word of it!"

I look for some heavy drama as I know this line is not in the script. It turns out to be only la Lombard arriving on the set and, as she's working in the picture, that's the only way she has of making an "entrance."

"Hello, you—," she says, and what *she* called *me*! "Did you see any shows in New York that would be any good for me?"

"Yeah," I retort. "Mary of Scotland would be swell for you. She's guillotined in the last act."



Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees making "All Men Are Enemies" for Fox. Hugh is a boy from England and Helen is from the top shelf.

OVER on what is known as the "Assembly Stage," the Ildenhorn Railway Station has been faithfully reproduced. That is, I guess it's been faithfully reproduced. I've never been to Ildenhorn, myself. Ildenhorn, I gather, is somewhere in the Swiss Alps. The Ildenhorn-to-Paris stands panting on the track. Maybe you've seen a dream walking but I'll bet you've never seen a train pant. This one does. The script says so. The colorful Swiss natives are lolling about the station or scurrying to and fro about their business. They are in sharp contrast to the three Blodgets (Americans, all!), known to cinema addicts as Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Ann Sothorn. They stand beside their compartment while numerous pieces of luggage are being unpacked. Charlie has on his *pince nez* (hot diggety dog! Do I know my *pince nez* or do I not?) and is methodically checking off each item in a little book.

Miss Boland is in a black coat suit *trimmed*, my dears, in silver fox and Miss Sothorn is traveling in a black and white checked suit. Over her arm she carries a mink coat.

"Look," she says, pointing to the snow-covered mountains. "Isn't that lovely?"

Mary, following her glance, takes in some fleecy white clouds overhead. She looks at them a moment. "Oh, that reminds me," turning to Charlie, "don't let's forget my little green case. It's got my cold cream in it." Clouds remind her of cold cream. They're both white. But that's Mary. A *card* if there ever was one.

"I won't forget it," Charlie assures her. "You two go off and get a cab while I look after the luggage."

"Very well," Mary agrees. Off she trots with Ann, the camera following them and Charlie acting away for dear life, just out of sheer love of acting.

But, dear me, you're probably wondering what this is all about. If you *must* know, Charlie (married to Mary, father of Ann) is a wealthy manufacturer of dog biscuits. He owns the most prominent (that's what the synopsis calls it—I'd call it the most popular) radio hour in America. He also has a penchant for collecting trifles, including knobs from bed posts that have been owned by famous people.

Lanny Ross wants to get on that radio hour, but Charlie will have none of him. Lanny is a persistent lad, so he follows them and is just about to meet them again in this Swiss railroad station.

Relations are still a little strained between Director Norman McLeod and me since I burst on to the closed set of "Alice" and then failed to take him to dinner, but he did condescend to ask if I'd seen any good shows in New York. [Continued on page 74]

By Ben
Maddox

“ALL FIGURED OUT”

Gene Raymond Plans
Out His Life—Particularly, When Not
to Fall in Love.

Gene Raymond must have liked Lilian Harvey, for, after he finished “I Am Suzanne,” he rushed off to Europe to see how the girls compared with the cute little sample.

GENE RAYMOND swung into the cafe and greeted me with that magnetic smile that agitates fans and makes friends of his fellow-men. Blue-eyed and blond, he has the broad shoulders and tapering waist that expensive tailors have to create for most actors. You’d best describe him as a Norse God gone cinematic.

Remember “Cradle Snatchers?” Well, when Gene was eighteen he originated the rôle of the handsome but dumb Swedish gigolo in that uproarious comedy. Every night it was his duty to fascinate the silly, matronly heroine. One of the biggest laughs occurred when she asked him (after they’d been necking in the garden)—“And do you start in at the bottom and work up, or at the top and work down?”

Then maybe you were fortunate enough to see him in “Young Sinners.” It ran almost two years on the stage, and what a gay blade he was in that. Always Casanova-ing. In fact, his “play” papa had to hire a hard-boiled trainer to kidnap him from his hey-hey pals and reform him.

In the talkies, also, Gene has usually favored wine, women and song more than a wise youth should.

“Yet,” he assured me as we checked on his life to date, “personally I have never had the time to fool around. Everything I’ve done has been planned ahead. And when you have an objective, and aim steadily towards it, you aren’t going to do things which obviously sidetrack you.

“I have always wanted to be a successful actor. Because I get a tremendous thrill from ‘making believe,’ I suppose. Luckily for me, my mother realized I had the theatrical streak in me and started me off right.”

Gene, who is of French ancestry, was born in New York City of non-professional stock. When he was five years old he made his acting debut in a stock company’s presentation of “Rip Van Winkle.” That initial taste of drama convinced his mother she’d been correct in her analysis of her son. So, when he finished the fourth grade in school, she entered him in a dramatic tutoring academy. He studied there until he was sixteen and in regular Broadway demand.

“I planned my career as sensibly as possible,” Gene divulges.

“When I was twelve I began to go in for athletics systematically, figuring an actor must be able to do all sorts of stunts. I trained at a regular German turnverein (gymnasium to you) and I learned every acrobatic and physical development exercise I could. My teacher, incidentally, was a sixty-five-year-old man!”

That his forethought paid is evidenced by “Zoo in Budapest.” His fans were astonished at his agile leaping around in Fairbanks’ fashion, little suspecting that he could. You’re in for a further surprise when he gets a chance to fence on the screen.

“I revel in Sabatini’s stories and I believe they’d be as popular now as they were in the silents. I’d like to portray a dashing young adventurer of romantic times, as Novarro used to do. And I’ll be able to cross swords with the villain, too!”

When he was seventeen he took up fencing because he planned on needing it in pictures some day. He practiced so diligently during a Chicago play run that he became the champion of a prominent athletic club there, and gave exhibition matches with his instructor.

Gene’s crazy over horses, horses, horses. He’s not been cast in any Zane Greys yet, but if he should—well, he’d be off in a cloud of dust!

His first real Broadway hit came at fourteen. He and Marguerite Churchill were awarded the boy and girl parts in “Why Not?” It ran two years. (Most of his plays did!) At sixteen he made a great splash in “The Potters,” and that, too, managed a two-year run. Actually Gene hasn’t had the struggles of the average actor. He’s never been broke. Perhaps because he isn’t the garden-variety juvenile. He has invariably tended to business, and concentration plus talent have rewarded him.

Gene’s progress has been sensational. He appeared with Genevieve Tobin and Frank Morgan in “Take My Advice,” and practically stole their honors. A good part in a revival of “Sherlock Holmes,” and next he landed the two-year engagement in “Cradle Snatchers.” After it, he co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in “Mirrors.” Top billing on Broadway, while still under twenty-one, is achievement! Four more plays, then “Young Sinners.” Two years in it—and you foresee the sequel? Correct—Hollywood!

Gene had never been abroad because he worked too steadily. But for the past two months he forsook Hollywood for a deserved vacation. He visited his mother in her lovely home on Long Island, and squeezed in a short trip to London.

And that brings us to the question of his love-life. What’s he done about women? *Avoided them!* Deliberately and with finesse.

Oh, I don’t mean that he doesn’t date ‘em. He’s a remarkably fine dancer and grand company. But when they begin to want to talk the future over, Gene suddenly is reminded of an early call the following morning. You get it? They don’t get him!

“Of course I intend to fall in love,” he said to me over dessert and coffee. “I’ve even planned that! I don’t see any hope for a happy marriage while I’m working in pictures, though. And I’m not shying just because most other actors fail at it.

“Take my own case. When I’m [Continued on page 64]

Here's *CLAUDETTE COLBERT* talking to *YOU!*

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.

GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.

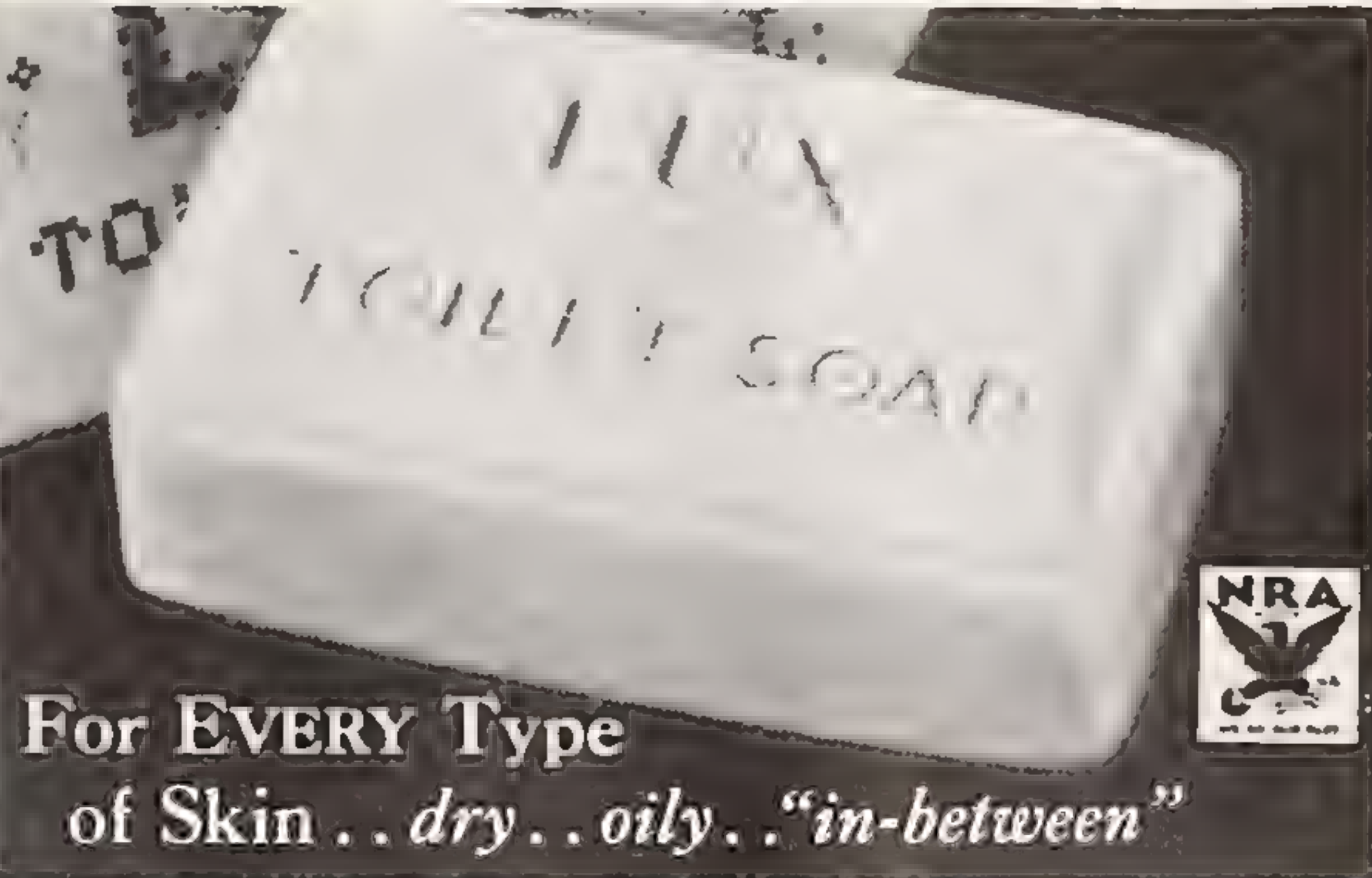
Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about *her* beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how *easy* it is to have a truly fascinating complexion!

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care . . . used regularly . . . keeps their skin radiantly lovely . . . soft and smooth.

Try it! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"



For EVERY Type
of Skin . . . dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



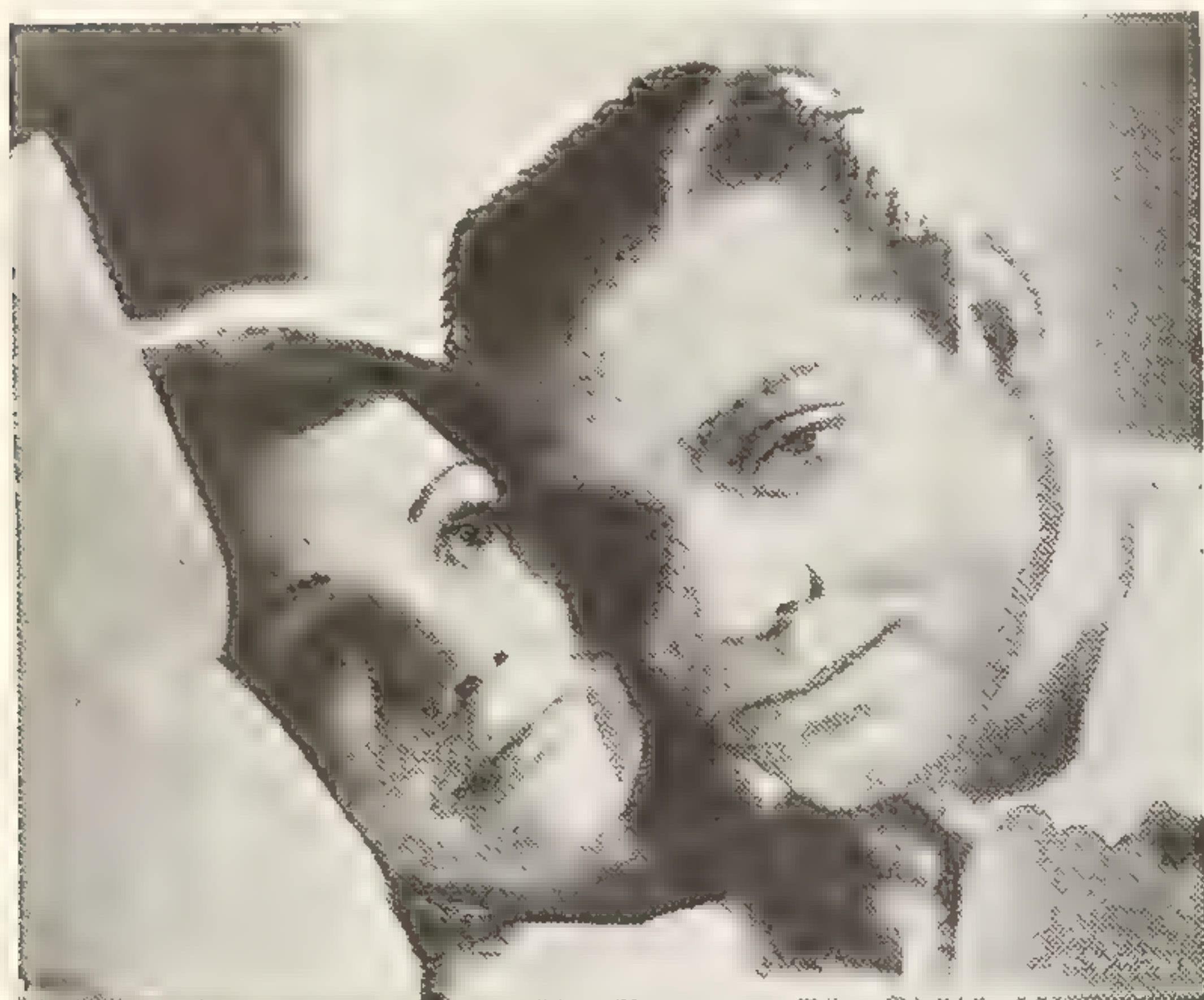
REVIEWS

Opinions, Frankly Expressed,
of Pictures Actually Seen.

MEN IN WHITE

Rating: HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY
FINE—M-G-M

THIS picture will thrill you—not by its speed and breath-taking stunts—but by its simplicity and sincerity, and by three of the greatest performances you have seen on the screen in many a month. As you've already guessed, it's a hospital story, but not "just another hospital story." It's different, it does something to your heart and your mind. And when you have seen Jean Hersholt play a gruff, humanity



Elizabeth Allan and Clark Gable in
"Men in White."

loving scientist, and Clark Gable play a young interne, torn between his desire for wealth and a soft life, and his ambition to work and starve with a leading scientist, and when you have seen Elizabeth Allen play a fragile young nurse who dies from an illegal operation—you have seen three performances so exquisitely beautiful that they will haunt your memory for a long time.

Myrna Loy has a thankless part, but does it very well. She is the rich society girl, in love with Gable, who does her best to lure him away from his hospital duties. Otto Kruger and Henry B. Walthall stand out effectively in "bits." Life has its sober moments, and this is one of them, but it won't bore you.

NANA

Rating: THE STAR IS GOOD, ANYHOW—
United Artists

ANNA STEN brought her beauty to America—Sam Goldwyn opened up the safety deposit vault—the press agent put on the greatest publicity drive ever known—Radio City Music Hall furnished six thousand people—and "Nana" was launched!

The picture is enjoyable principally because of the star. She is ably supported, and there is not a flaw to be found with the artistry of the picture. Not so much can be said, however, for the theme of Zola's famous story. If Anna Sten had been given a sympathetic rôle, in a story that was appealing and plausible, she would today be one of the greatest stars on the screen. As it is, through someone's doubtful judgment, voluptuous Anna Sten is still among the unknown quantities. Whether the movie public will accept her, rave over her, pack theatres to

see her as they do for Garbo, another importation, is still a matter to be decided, but as far as this reviewer is concerned, nothing shall prevent him from seeing this absolutely lovely creature in her next picture.

The character of Nana is familiar to many, and although this play differs from the book somewhat, the whole idea is that here we have a girl, very beautiful but incapable of feeling the slightest loyalty for the man who rescued her from the streets of Paris. Nana is faithless to her true love also, and, at the last moment, shoots herself in order that Lionel Atwill and Phil Holmes may regain their brotherly love. It is one of those dud climaxes without action, and certainly not a happy ending. The part of the theatre manager is played by Richard Bennett—one of his



Richard Bennett and Anna Sten in
"Nana."

finest characterizations. Phil Holmes is excellent and Mae Clarke is almost as good as the star.

Go to see Anna Sten by all means. You have never seen such perfection of the peasant type of beauty.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE

Rating: IT'S OKAY WITH ME—Columbia

LILTING tunes, songs you'll remember—and a girl you'll never forget. Boyoboy, that's "Let's Fall in Love." The girl is Ann Sothern (who used to be Harriet Lake on Broadway) and she was "discovered" by the Columbia producers after they had tested nearly every available girl in Hollywood for the rôle. You'll go nuts about Ann Sothern.



Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothern and
Gregory Ratoff in "Let's Fall in
Love."

The story centers around Hollywood. A temperamental movie star (excellently played by Tala Birell), walks off the set and the harassed director and producer are left high and dry. (When I tell you that Eddie Lowe plays the director, and Gregory Ratoff the producer, you'll know it's going to be some fun.)

The vacated rôle calls for a Swedish star—and there isn't a Swede in Hollywood who'll do. Eddie meets a girl in a circus concession and, struck by her beauty and charm, decides to give her a Swedish accent and foist her upon the producer and Hollywood as a famous Swedish society girl. It all works out swell until Miriam Jordan, Eddie's jealous fiancée, exposes the girl as a cheat and an imposter. But Eddie's head over heels in love with her—so nothing matters. Everything's excellent, even the song numbers.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Rating: AND FINDING SPENCER TRACY
AND JACK OAKIE—Twentieth Century
FOLKS, meet the newest and most sensational team of 1934, Messieurs Tracy and Oakie. They work so swell together,



Constance Cummings and Spencer
Tracy in "Looking for Trouble."

and are so naturally funny, that we'll just have to order more of that team for future pictures. They certainly walk off with a high score in this picture—which is all about the adventures of one of the telephone company's "trouble shooters"—the poor dope who has to go out in rain, sleet, winds and storms and fix the phone wires so you can talk to Hazel out in Flatbush.

Spencer Tracy is the head trouble shooter, who has been everywhere and seen everything and is ready to settle down, and Constance Cummings is his girl friend who hasn't been anywhere and isn't ready to settle down. In order to avoid settling down she goes out with Morgan Conway (something new and intriguing in menaces) and gets into so much trouble that it takes Spencer, his pal Oakie, the entire Los Angeles police force, the Long Beach earthquake, and the death of Judith Wood to clear her. Whee-ew.

This is one of the best comedies of the month, with all concerned turning in grand performances—but especially Arline Judge (as Oakie's girl friend) and the team of Tracy and Oakie.

[Continued on page 60]

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



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Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

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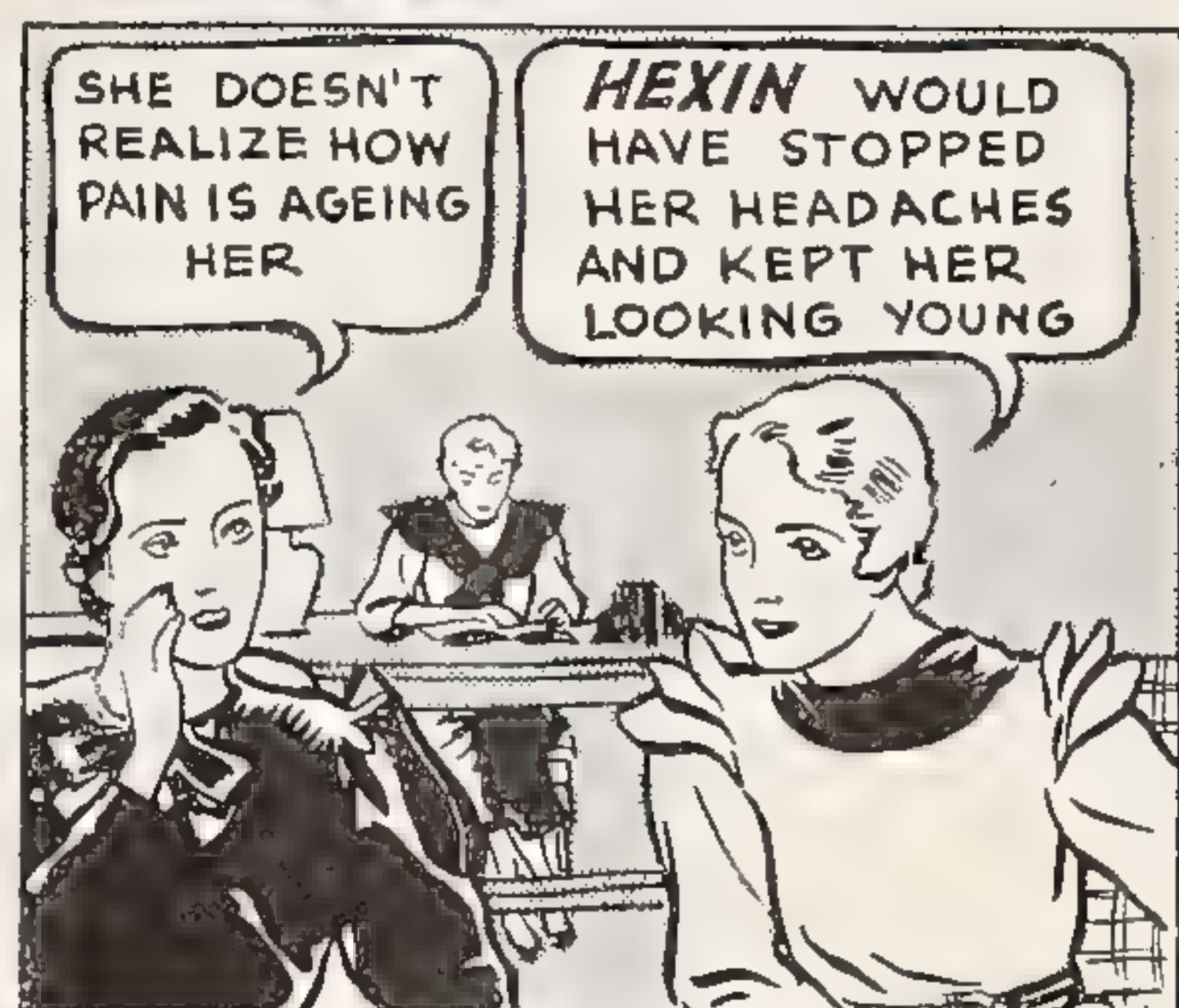
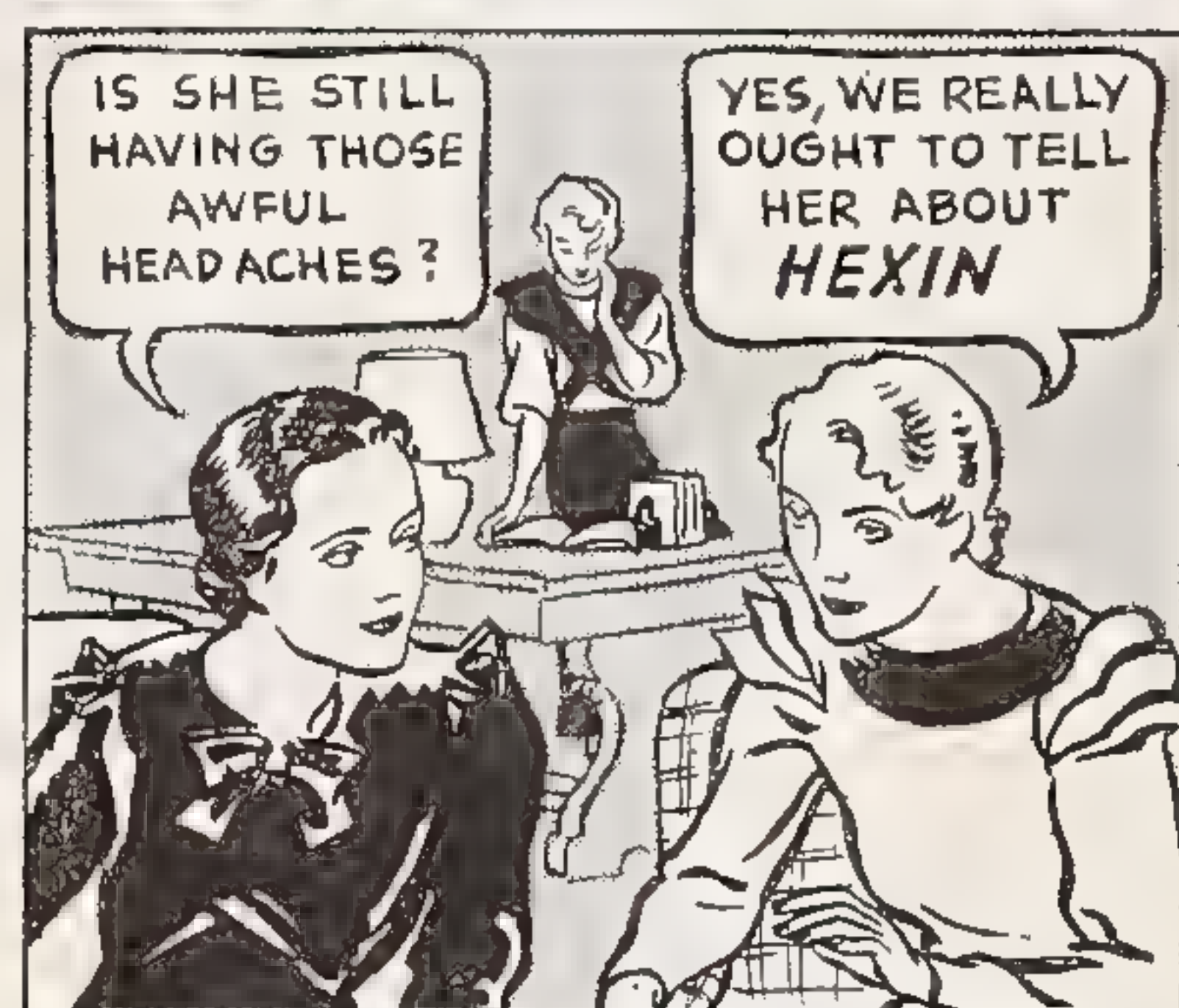
HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test **FREE** by mailing the coupon NOW.



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

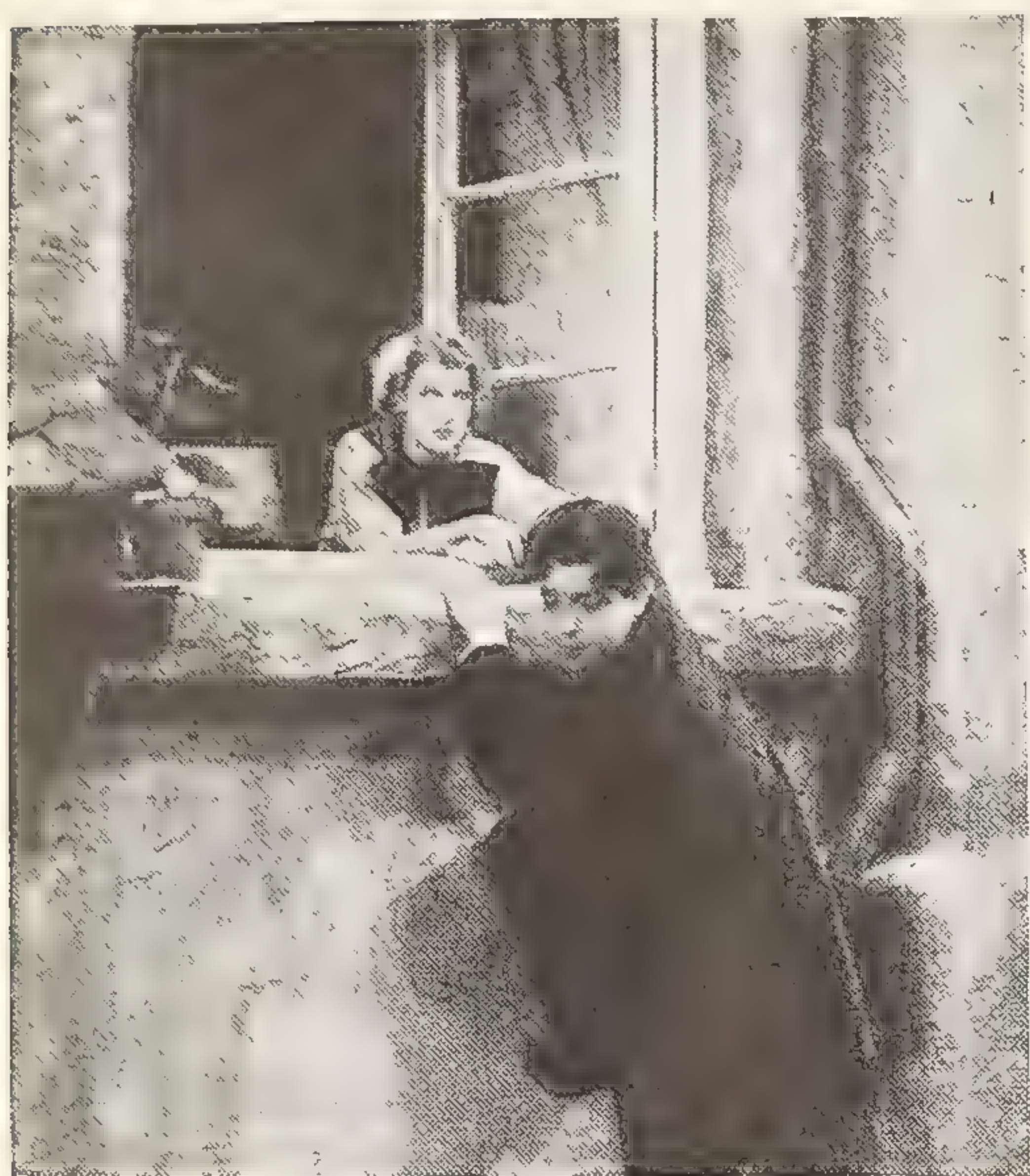
HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Rating: "MUSIC HATH CHARMS"—M-G-M

AND here we go discovering Jeanette MacDonald all over again. She's been away in Europe so long that we had almost forgotten how beautiful she is—and how she can sing. In fact we can even go so far as to say that she is the only woman on the screen who can sing and look beautiful in a close-up at the same time.

Jeanette plays a young American songwriter, who is just about on her last sou over in Brussels when she meets Ramon Novarro, a starving young Bohemian composer. They starve and sing together and have a grand time until Frank Morgan, a sophisticated publisher, with an eye for a shapely leg, enters the picture. He publishes Jeanette's song, "The Night Was Made for Love," and persuades poor Ramon that he is ruining her career and to take the nearest exit. Jeanette pouts and Ramon suffers—but there's a very amusing and happy ending with Jeanette appearing suddenly to play the heroine in Ramon's operetta.



Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in "Cat and the Fiddle."

Charlie Butterworth, with a penchant for the harp, is very funny as Ramon's friend. Sterling Holloway has one brief scene which is the funniest thing you've ever seen. Ramon sings several lovely songs—but, after all, it is Jeanette's picture.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Rating: BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN.
GOOD—Columbia

WHOEVER had the bright idea to team Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in a comedy directed by Frank Capra ought to get a new contract with another naught at the end of the salary. So much natural, wholesome, side-splitting fun hasn't come out of a Hollywood workshop since sex was discovered. Claudette and Clark just romp all over the place, as natural and gay as two kids with a jar of blackberry jam, and at the end of each sequence you're sure you've had your money's worth. But no—it gets funnier and funnier, and Claudette and Clark get more harum scarum, and by the time of the final fade-out you're too weak from laughing to go home, and have to see it all over again. There's a scene in which Clark instructs Claudette in the gentle art of hitch hiking, which takes the prize for comedy at its best.

The story's about a pampered, spoiled society girl who falls in love with a New York dilettante and fortune-hunter. She escapes from her father's yacht and takes a bus at Miami, headed for New York and her lover. But on the bus she meets a re-



Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

cently fired newspaper reporter—and things begin to happen. At first she's only a "scoop" to the reporter, who appoints himself to see that she eludes her father's detectives and gets to New York, and he is only an annoying young man who gets "in her hair" to her—but hardly have they left their first auto camp before they're hopelessly in love. Walter Connelly, as the banker father, is grand, and so is Roscoe Karns in a small part. But it's Clark and Claudette's picture, and how they seem to enjoy it! For an all-around perfect comedy don't miss this.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

Rating: A LAUGH AND A TEAR, AND VERY WELL DONE—M-G-M

WITH the ever-popular Lionel Barrymore as the star, this picture takes an average American family and shows their comedies, tragedies and reactions for forty-eight hours. Fay Bainter, famous Broadway stage star for years, plays the very charming mother of four children, whom she hesitates to leave alone for dinner while she signs a screen contract on her first novel.

The camera jumps from one member of the family to another—each with his or her own engrossing problem. Lionel is worried to the point of suicide over an embezzlement in which he is innocently involved. Mae Clarke, the older daughter, is making up her mind to marry the wrong man. Mary Carlisle, the younger daughter, is playing with fire because she longs for love in theatrical phrases. Tom Brown, the son, feels that his whole life depends upon his getting into a ritzy fraternity.

Of course a picture like this has to be episodic but, thanks to the direction and the smooth performances of all the play-



Fay Bainter and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven."

ers, there is nothing patchworky about it. Una Merkel makes every moment of her small part count. And there's that adorable Dickie Moore. You'll be very interested in Mr. Barrymore's family.

JOE PALOOKA

Rating: ANOTHER CAGNEY WINS HIS SPURS—AND SOCKS—Twentieth Century

JOE PALOOKA (Robert Armstrong) wins the championship and loses his wife and son in the same evening. Years later his wife, Marjorie Rambeau, has raised the son (who turns out to be Stu Erwin) to be anything but a prizefighter—but the lad's got it in his blood. In the course of his rise to the championship Stu manages to lose his girl friend, Mary Carlisle, acquire a swelled head and Lupe Velez, who flits from champ to champ and back again with a facility that must surprise even Johnny Weissmuller.

In the end Stu loses the championship and Lupe, but recovers his father, Mary Carlisle, his mother's love, and a normal headsize. Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother and almost his spittin' image) plays Stu's rival in the ring and turns in a swell performance. At least Bill confines his socks to men. Jimmy Durante is here, there, and everywhere. There are some good robust laughs in this. It's all done to music.

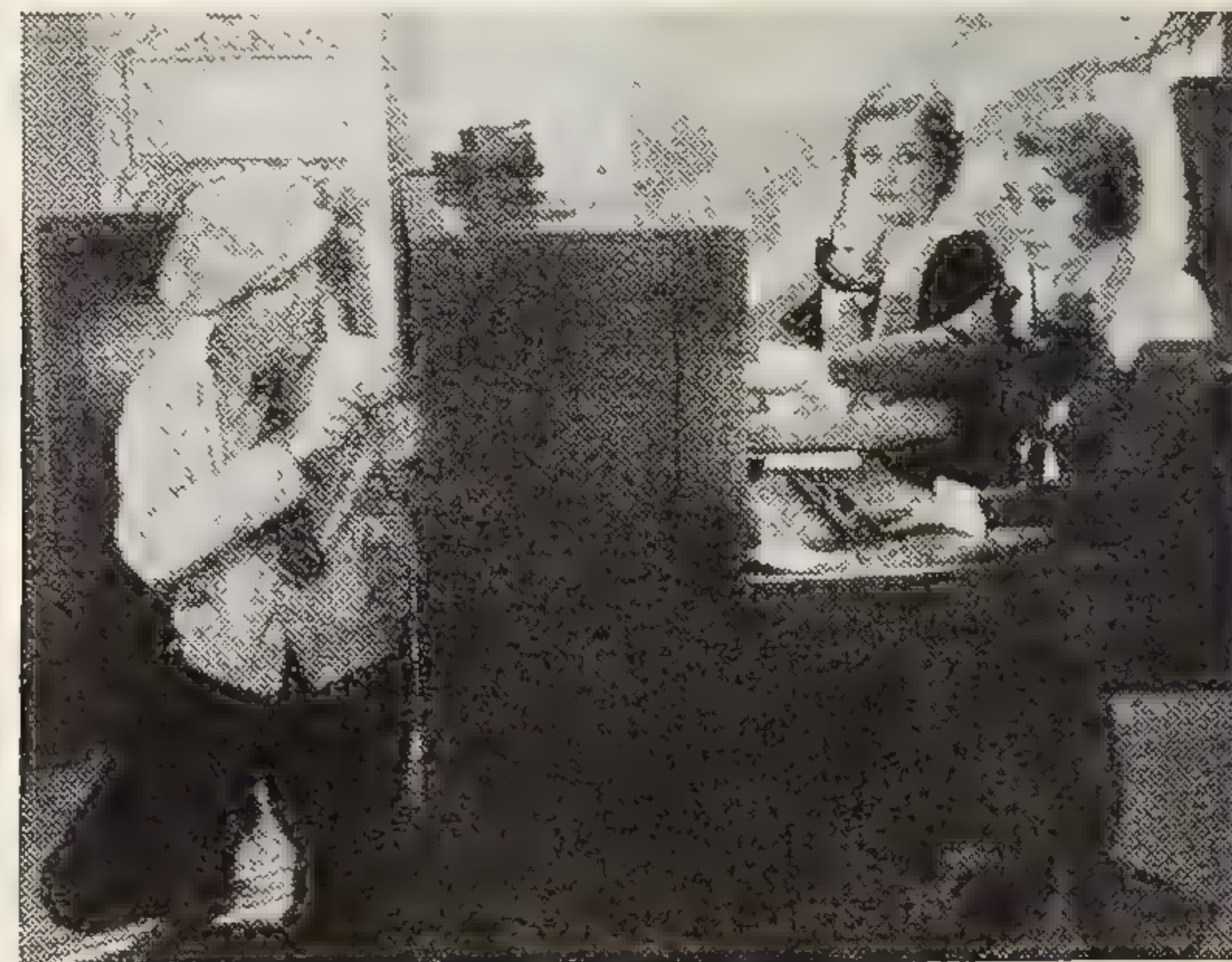


Lupe Velez and Stuart Erwin in "Joe Palooka."

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

Rating: RINGS THE BELL—Warner's

IT SEEMS that Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins are repair men for the telephone company and Joan Blondell, more beautiful than ever before, is a switchboard operator. The persistent Pat is in love with Joan and when trouble comes and she is accused of being a member of a gang of crooks, the trouble shooter, Pat O'Brien, by means of his knowledge of the telephone system, is able to listen in and locate the address of the crooks. Eugene Pallette, his boss, routs out the emergency crew and the excitement is so great that the audience fairly yelled when these avengers swept down around the hideout. It is not a gangster picture, but a very funny comedy.



Pat O'Brien, Renee Whitney and Joan Blondell in "I've Got Your Number."

"HI, NELLIE"

Rating: Not So HIGH—Warner's

YOU can't shoot a man for trying. Paul Muni, in "Scarface," was magnificent, in "I'm A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" he brought to life the screen's finest protest and did a most constructive service for the public, but when he went in for comedy in "Hi, Nellie"—well, they just didn't laugh. However, the picture gives up the idea of comedy, after a while, and becomes quite a dramatic story of a newspaper managing editor demoted to write a column of advice to lovers. This leads him to a clew concerning a murder, and the old newspaper instinct carries him back into his chair of authority. These scenes also carried Muni back to his high position as a dramatic actor. Glenda Farrell has a real screen personality that is winning her a large following. Ned Sparks, the dolorous, stole the picture.

GOOD DAME

Rating: "IF THE GOOD WERE ONLY CLEVER"—Paramount

HERE'S a story of a virginal chorine (Good Dame to you, and perhaps, Good Night!) who remains virginal despite Jack La Rue, carnivals, cops and whatnots until she gets her man (Fredric March). In the course of landing him she pulls buttons off his vest in order to sew them on again (sweet?), scorches one shirt and rips another just to keep him from going out with Noel Francis, and acts as his



Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney in "Good Dame."

"shill" to keep him from being dishonest alone. Whimsies run riot all over the place just like mosquitoes in Jersey. And just as annoying. Sylvia Sidney and Freddie March would have been a lot better off without those whimsies.

SIX OF A KIND

Rating: GOSH, WHAT FUN!—Paramount

SIX of the highest salaried, most famous comedians in the world—just count 'em: W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles—all turned loose in one picture. Little man, what now? Either the most dismal flop of all times, or else one of the funniest pictures. Whoops, it's the latter, and what fun. It's sheer insanity from the opening scene on.

Don't dare miss seeing W. C. Fields do the famous pool table act, which he used to do nightly for hysterical New Yorkers in the Ziegfeld "Follies"—not to mention his famous story of how he was named "Honest John." And you'll never forgive yourself if you miss seeing George Burns and Gracie Allen join a honeymoon couple touring across the continent "to save expenses." Poor honeymooners. What Gracie does to them.



4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

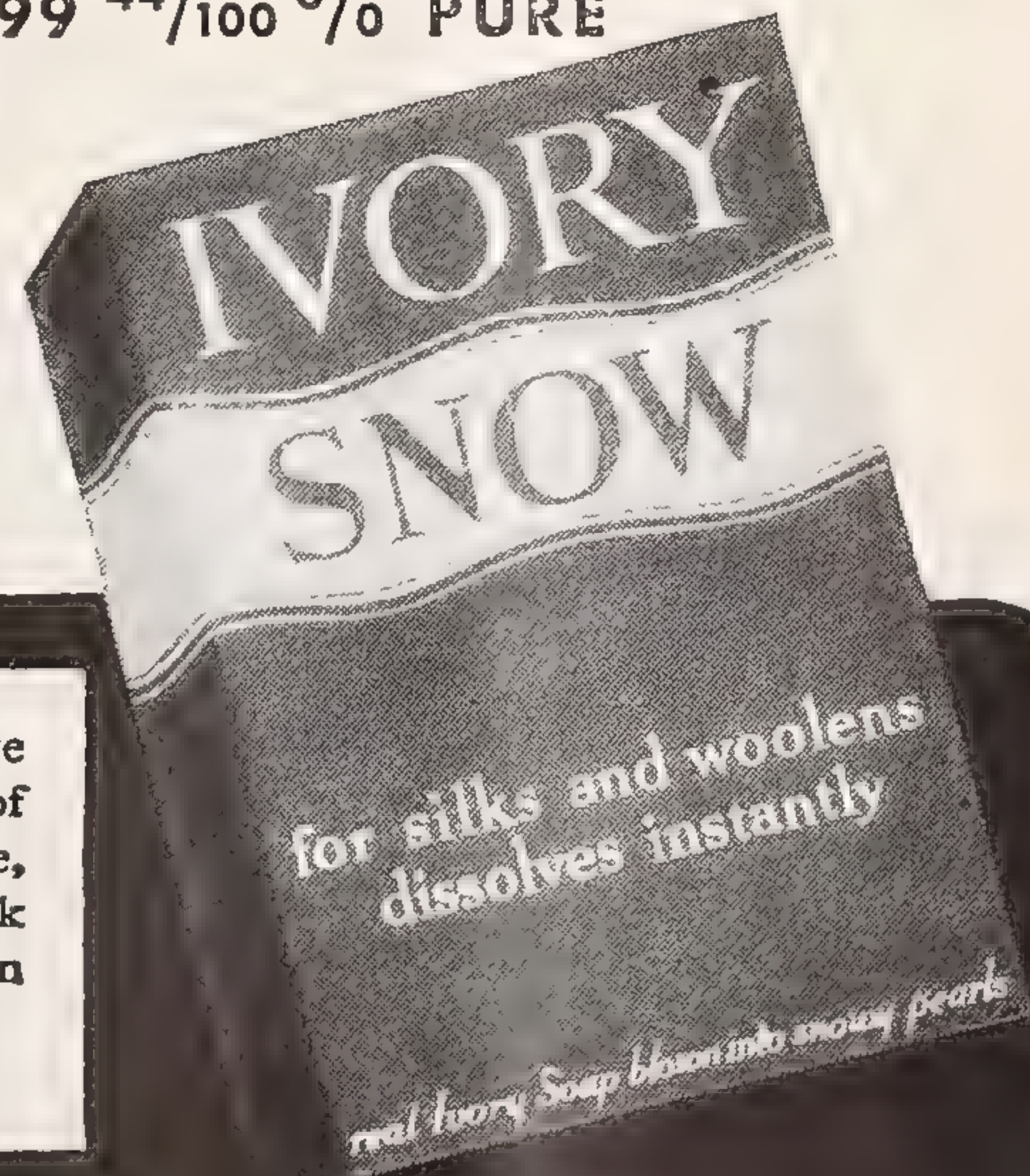
1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. Use pure, mild soap. "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is fluffy... melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds,

or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too... keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY · INSTANT · DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

likeness. Next thing that happened, the picture, behind bars, was on display in a Hollywood photographer's show window, with a card proclaiming "JAMES CRUZE IN PRISON FOR DEBT." Forthwith, Cruze filed suit in the California Superior Court for \$100,000 damages against Decker, for libel, slander and such things. It got columns of newspaper space, along with pictures of Cruze, Decker, the portrait, and the crowds in front of the photographer's shop. The space-value of the publicity alone ran into thousands of dollars at the regular newspaper advertising rates. And all it cost Cruze was the seven dollars he had to pay as fee for filing suit. The suit, of course, was dismissed in a few days, when Cruze formally reported it had been "settled out of court." The "settlement" consisted of a joint gloat by Cruze and Decker over the cheap publicity. And the reason I can tell you of this so much in detail is because, at the time, I was the newspaper reporter who helped them engineer the whole hoax . . . !

And still, if I had space, I'd tell of how Wheeler and Woolsey and Wally Beery went to lunch at the Brown Derby, dressed in skirts as a protest against Dietrich's wearing pants; I'd speculate on the odd coincidence of Garbo and Director Reuben Mamoulian getting columns of news space on their "secret" joint trip to the Grand Cañon, where they registered as "Mary Smith" and "John Brown"—names which would surely interest people enough to make them dig into the real identity of the two. And was it a coincidence that the stunt was on the eve of the premiere of "Queen Christina," wherein Garbo stars, and which Mamoulian directed? A coincidence?—ah, don't be silly . . . !

Even Charles Laughton, when interviewed, outclowns the Marxes—he leaps on desk-tops and jigs; hops in and out of windows; says silly things, befuddles the poor interviewer no end—but gets a reputation for being eccentric. There's the time sedate old Alison Skipworth, having guests from England, tied dozens of oranges onto a bare orange tree in her front yard, because she "wanted her country-folk to see how oranges grow in Hollywood." There's George Raft's famous bodyguards, Sammy Finn and Mack Grey, the latter of whom they've dubbed "the killer" at the studio—because they say he's the prototype of what you think the modern gangster looks like. There's Tom Mix, with his amazing white suit which he wears everywhere, his automobile with the saddle on the hood and the hand-tooled leather upholstery, and his horse, "Tony," which he even rode up the passenger gangplank of an Atlantic liner once, rather than treat Tony like any other horseflesh and have him "swung" aboard with a derrick. At least, that's the reason he gave—rather than say it was for the newspaper space and the pictures that the stunt gained for him.

And there are scores of other stunts, but, after all, there's got to be room for something else in this magazine besides the well-calculated insanity of Hollywood's denizens. And so I won't take up space with such things as Mary Brian's beaux, the gardenias Crawford wears; Hepburn's torn overalls. Maybe, as Ethel Waters says: "That's show business."

After all the hounding by newspaper reporters, following her little automobile trip into Arizona with her director, Greta Garbo decided once more to try to throw annoying people off the scent. So she's back in Brentwood again, in a very yellow house, and only a block away from Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone and Clark Gable, and three blocks from Claudette Colbert and Zasu Pitts. Not that Greta ever expects to borrow a cup of sugar.

TRY THESE Hollywood Hair Styles

But don't let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



To correct OILY hair:

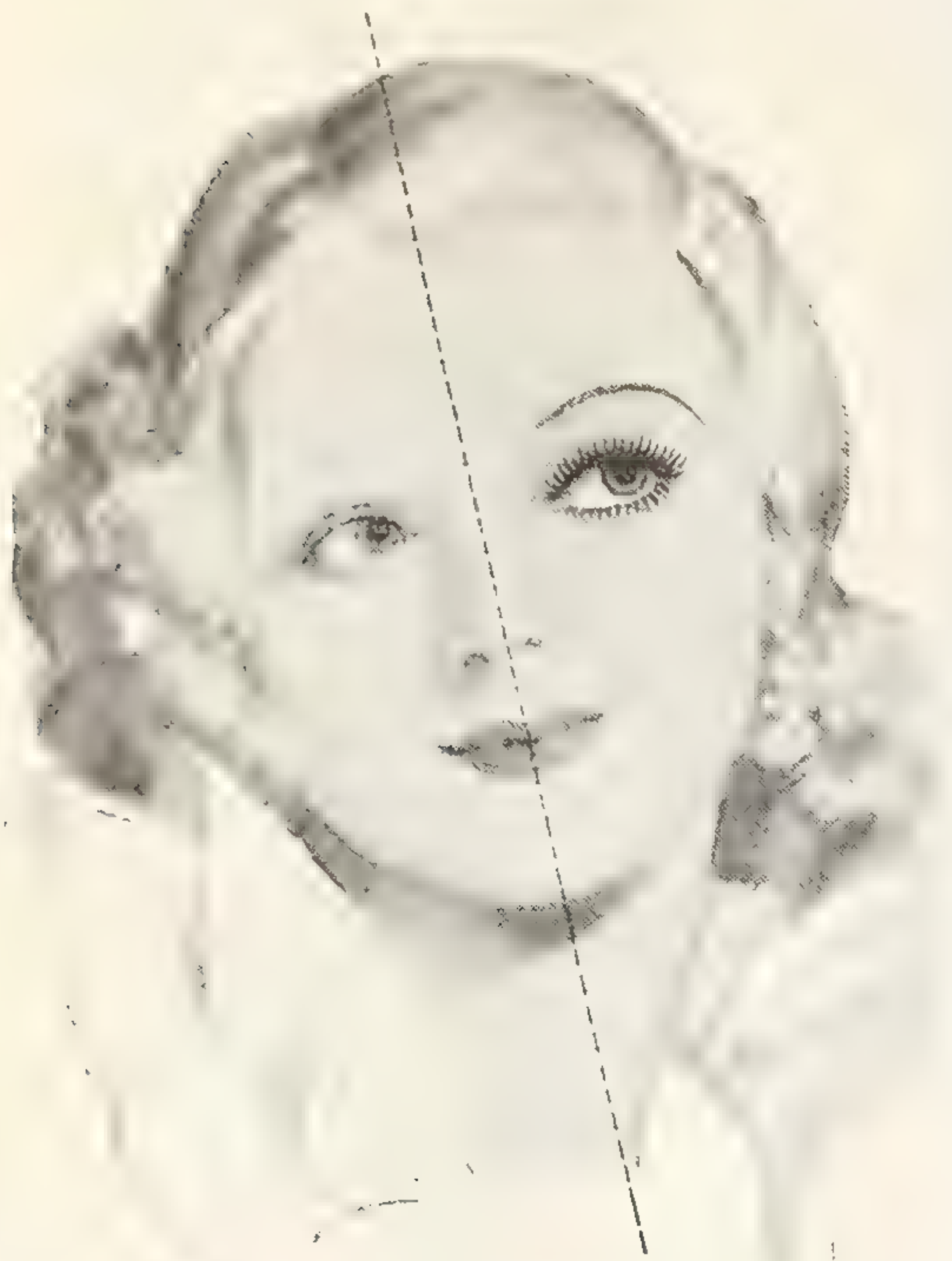
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference
Maybelline DOES make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.



Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect



Mascara

Constance Bennett [Continued from page 22]

But what I was trying to point out is this: the public might invest money in stocks but they do not control the market. There are a few men, some of whom constitute themselves 'Bulls' and some 'Bears,' and they are the ones who send stocks up or down. All the public can do is to follow like sheep, and hope they guess right. But, in this business, it's altogether different. The public holds the whip hand.

"Producers can try until they are blue in the face to foist their pretty little doll-faced ingenues, their sophisticates and their sirens—their Arrow collar men and jungle lovers on John Public, but if John Public doesn't like those ingenues, sophisticates, sirens and jungle lovers, all the producers in Hollywood can't make stars of them. All they can do is to develop the people in whom the public do evince an interest."

That was pretty strong, but Constance never hedges. She is as definite in her ideas and her expression of them as she is in her business dealings. She was by no means through with the subject yet.

"I used to think in the days of silent pictures that films really constituted a form of art. Of course, some of the pictures were pretty bad—but they were useful. So many people can never get away from the place where they were born, and those pictures enabled them to see what foreign lands were like. They had pretty definite ideas of how courts were conducted, and I mean royal courts, not civil ones. They got ideas of the customs and how people dressed in foreign lands.

"To be sure, they could have read books and got the same knowledge but we never do the things we mean to and, sometimes, something you have actually *seen* makes much more of an impression on you than something you have merely read. You see it as it actually is, and your imagination doesn't run away with you the way it does when you try to picture a place to yourself. Besides, if you read about those things it's like learning a lesson, whereas if you go to see a story filmed, and the scenery merely forms the background, you remember it as some place where something happened to someone in whom you are interested.

"Now, with sound, the value of the newsreels and travelogues is augmented. You not only see a football game, you hear it. You not only see pictures of foreign places, you have them explained at the same time.

"I must confess, since talking pictures arrived I can't quite look on them as art to the same degree, but I think the reason for that is because we have had so many more cycles than we used to have.

"When the novelty of talking pictures had worn off, the producers were scurrying around like frightened rabbits trying to find something with which to intrigue the public's interest. When one of them made a good picture, instead of the other com-

panies trying to find something different that could be made equally well, they all tried to outdo the first company in making more and better pictures of the same type.

"People talk about the fickleness of the public. I don't think they're fickle. I think they are intensely loyal. Look at the way fans stick by their favorites despite poor pictures—and we all turn out bad films occasionally. I think they've stayed away from the theatres not only because of the depression, but because they were satiated with too many films of the same quality.

"Look at all the cycles we've had in the last few years: Westerns, musicals, sophisticated dramas like 'This Thing Called Love,' 'Holiday' and 'Paris Bound.' Then there was the cycle of plays dealing with backstage life, underworld dramas, another dealing with the inner workings of studios like 'What Price Hollywood,' another in which newspaper columnists were exploited and still another in which the entire action took place in one *locale*. Most people credit 'Grand Hotel' with starting the last named, but it wasn't—it was 'Transatlantic.'"

"You were speaking," I interrupted, "of all actresses making bad pictures occasionally. What excuse is there for that?"

"Ah," she murmured gleefully. "I was hoping you would ask that. So many times the blame is laid on an actress for appearing in poor plays. Well, in the majority of cases the actress has absolutely nothing to say about the vehicles in which she appears. She is under contract to a studio and all she can do is play the parts they assign her. If she balks, stories immediately go the rounds that she is becoming temperamental.

"A few actresses, of which number I am fortunate enough to be one, have some say about their stories but even we do not have unlimited power to select our scenarios. I *am* permitted to select the unit with which I want to work and I select men in whose judgment I have confidence. When we are ready to go into production we have conferences. I might hold out for one story, but if the majority of them feel it is not a good story for me I would be silly to insist upon it. I ask to have them assigned to my unit because I respect their opinions. When I find myself in the minority, it is simply a matter of common sense for me to defer to those opinions.

"Sometimes it would have been better had I stuck to my own judgment, but equally as often I've avoided mistakes by giving in."

The telephone interrupted us to call her back to the set and I left with a greater feeling of admiration than ever for Constance's sense of fairness and level-headedness. But, greater than these, was a feeling of relief at hearing from her own lips that she won't be leaving the screen. Not for a long time, anyhow.

All Figured Out [Continued from page 56]

working, and I've done eight productions this past year, I am up at 6:30 in the morning, eat breakfast, read the headlines in the papers, and I'm off to the studio. I generally get home around 7:30 in the evening, eat dinner, turn on the radio for a bit of music while I study the script for the next day, and pop into bed. "What sort of husband would I make on that schedule?"

He does admit that he grows lonely some nights when the moon is low and the California weather especially balmy. But he contends that he plans to satisfy his acting ambitions, retire at his screen peak, and

then settle down to domesticity.

I often run into Gene at previews. He plans them, too! "I go only to those shows I think are worth-while. One can pick up pointers by observing our best actors.

As we left the studio cafe, Gene to return for the final sequence on his latest fillum, and I to hasten home to record this impression of Hollywood's *planningest* young hero, I heard the pert cashier discreetly burst into song. When Gene passed her, she scanned him appraisingly. And I caught her crooning, *sotto voce*:

"Love got me, it might get you."

It's That Man Again

[Continued from page 23]

is so beloved—he has never forgotten. Whether he is rich at the moment or poor, he never forgets that, for most of us, life is not a matter of caviar and Rolls-Royces. You can no more imagine him acting high-hat, than you can imagine him sprouting wings. So far as Eddie is concerned, he has just been lucky. He works hard, yes—and gets a lot of money for it. But he never forgets that there are lots of men who work just as hard and get nothing for it, or next to nothing. That is why, even when he is being funny, he is so humble. He never says, "I'm better than you." His attitude says, "You're better than I. All I'm good for, all I hope for, is to make you laugh, make you happier for a precious minute of your life. I'm just your clown."

He never asks you to laugh at anybody else. He asks you to laugh at *him*.

And when he isn't clowning, those big eyes of his are sad. Always. He has not forgotten.

He has not forgotten Grandma Esther. The only mother he ever knew, a bent little old Jewish woman with her worn-out shawl over her head. What could a little old woman like that do to earn a living for her boy? Sometimes she earned a dollar commission for placing an immigrant girl in some rich family as a servant. Oftener there was no food in the house. How easy it would have been for the ragged little Eddie, with his stomach crawling from hunger, to swipe fruit from the corner push-cart. But Grandma Esther taught him to admire hard, honest work. To despise crooks and loafers. Grandma Esther, denying herself food so that he could eat, taught him kindness, unselfishness, gentleness, idealism; taught him to have faith in his fellows, to believe in goodness and justice and righteousness.

Eddie has never forgotten Grandma. Her gentle spirit has walked with him all his life, guiding him. No living man can say that Eddie has ever done anything cruel, or mean, or crooked. No living man can say that he has ever cracked a nasty joke . . . That, too, is why we like Eddie Cantor. We know that he is honest, that he is square and clean and decent . . . I heard Eddie talk about his grandmother once over the radio. Before he was half way through with what he had to say he was crying.

Nope—even when we see Eddie in one of those undressed girl shows like "Roman Scandals," where he does a lot of eye-rolling and whooping, as the pretty girls come marching past him in their filmy draperies, he sort of takes the naughtiness out of it. He makes the naughtiness innocent. Because we know he's really thinking of Momma at home—the grey-haired, comfortably-stout wife who means everything in the world to him. And we know that, when Eddie himself looks at those pretty movie girls, he is thinking that they're a lot of sweet, cute kids like his own big family of daughters at home. Somehow Eddie's wicked leer doesn't ring true. He doesn't fool us. We know he's a family man. And so we chuckle all the more.

And that's why we like Eddie, perhaps, most of all. Because he's the man who lives in the house right next door to us. Because he's like us. One of us. And knows it. And is glad of it. And never wants to be anything better.

Eddie loves us.

And so we love him.

Much comment has been occasioned by Marlene Dietrich's passion for white flowers. Her home and dressing room are always filled with them.



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

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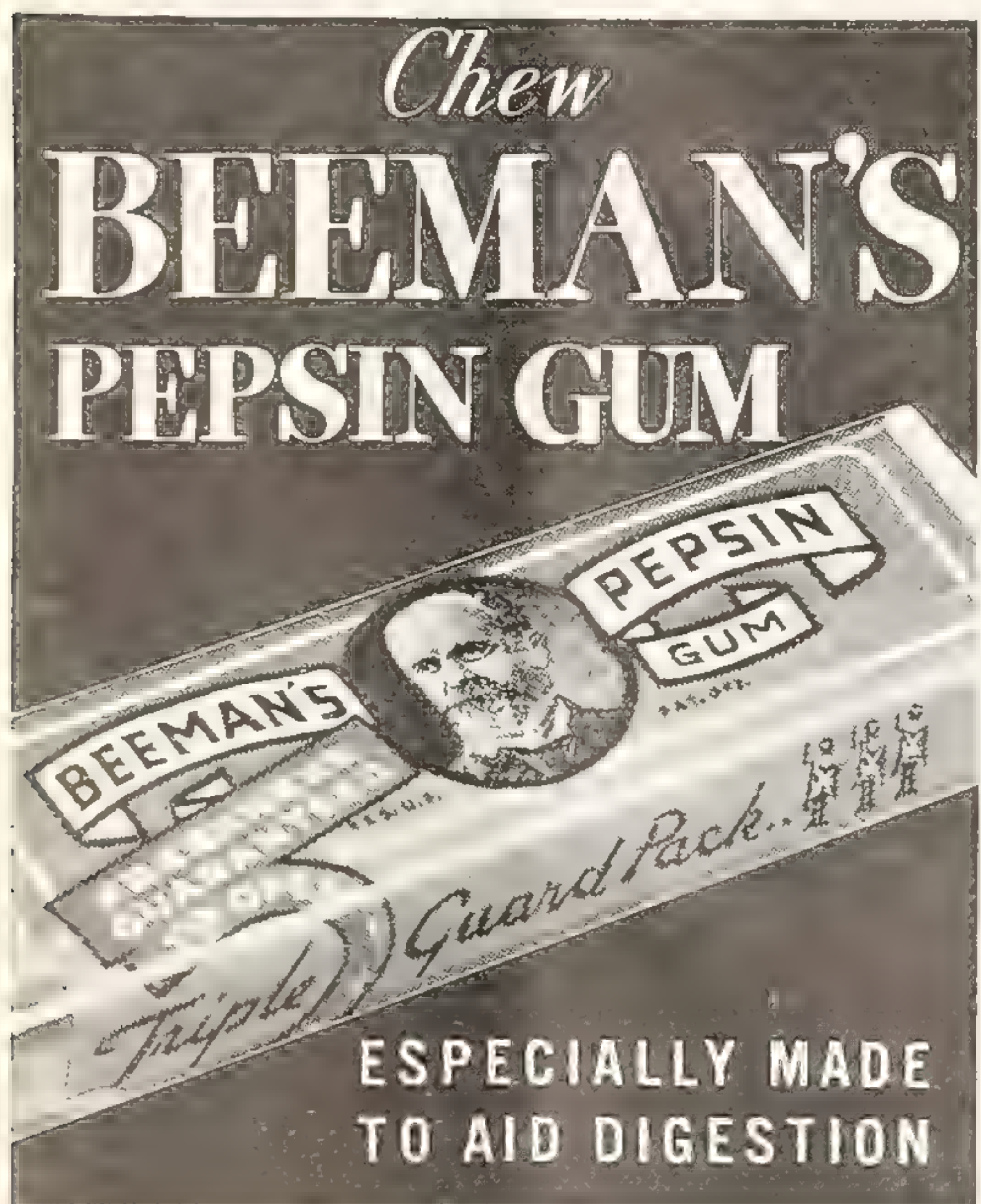
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the limit!*

VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT!
All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow — especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unfailingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young and their beautiful daughter, Carol Anne.

That Funny Divorce

[Continued from page 19]

that Carole Lombard is about the sincerest, swellest, all-around grand person I have met in Hollywood—and I meet very easily. She continues to go with Bill Powell because he has the best sense of humor of any man she knows, and is the most entertaining—and it's probably a case of vice versa, for Carole, herself, has a divine sense of humor, which even includes laughing at herself. I always say show me a movie star who can laugh at herself and I'll—I'll—well, I'll drop in to see her every chance I get. It's such a relief to find a down to earth person like Carole, who doesn't go into an act for you when you come to interview her but gives you credit for being a normal, sane person. One does become a bit bored and wearied with these intense, dramatic stars who speak in sacred whispers of their Art, of their supreme renunciations for their Career (the only patter of little feet they hear is Fido tracking up Billy Haines' white rug again), of their purity of Idealism, and of their emotional love for Beauty and Simplicity. Nuts!

Carole has the right slant on a career. She's just as ambitious and eager to succeed as the intense ones—but she sees no reason to get all wrought up over it. Unlike most movie stars she knows darned well if she retired on Wednesday, there'd be a new star in her dressing room by Saturday and she'd be completely forgotten by Monday. She's not the least bit conceited, praises be, and her grand philosophy of life is, enjoy it while you can, and as much as you can, so long as you don't hurt anyone else. This having moods, and acts, and temperaments, and jealousies just isn't in her line. Too bad—but she can't be bothered.

That famous sense of humor—which both Bill and Carole possess to such a startling degree—was really the cause of their divorce. In a comedy team there's got to be a straight man who feeds the guy who pulls the gags—but, alas, neither Bill nor Carole could play straight. So when Carole saw

she was interfering with Bill's sense of humor, she knew it was time to do something about it to save both herself and him. They'd be bickering soon, and snapping at each other maybe, and, worst of all, they'd probably stop laughing at each other's jokes. So, to save his sense of humor, Carole went to Reno. And now they're very happy because they only see each other at their best.

Carole is just about to have one of her ambitions fulfilled. For a long time she has wanted to play the temperamental movie star in "Twentieth Century" when Columbia starts filming it soon—so when she gets through the Bing Crosby picture she's working on now, she's going in for histrionics in a big way, and be just the kind of movie star on the screen that she isn't in real life. Carole's idea of a swell laugh is to look at old pictures of herself, when she was careening around with the Mack Sennett bathing girls in famous pie-throwing comedies, or when she was the little gal that got chased by the Bad Men in the old Westerns. Her favorite Western was "Hearts and Spurs." Carole has been in Hollywood ever since she was a kid, and when some of the stars start being grand around her, she simply says, "Pipe down, Ella, I knew you when—"

Carole's pride and joy, when it comes to ze hearty laugh, is her secretary, Madeleine Fields. Carole claims that her house is so crowded with Madeleine's friends these days that she doesn't have any room for her own. But the height of something or other was reached recently when Carole said, "Madeleine, take a letter please." "Aw nuts," said her secretary, "I'm too tired."

Can't you just see some of the Glamorous Ones having a stroke if their poor frightened secretaries ever answered them like that? But the chances are Carole raised Madeleine's salary. So, dear fan, if you're waiting for Miss Lombard to answer that nice letter you wrote her, don't get too impatient. Miss Madeleine Fields may be in the mood to take a letter any day now.

The Last of The Temperaments!

[Continued from page 33]

argument ensued and it was a notable verbal battle. Mae went to the front office. So did Von Stroheim. A compromise was finally effected.

Elsie Ferguson revelled in temperament. She always insisted on take after take until the whole staff was on the verge of nervous prostration.

On one historic occasion, she cried out: "My spark, I have lost my spark!"

With one motion, as if by a given signal, the electricians turned out all the lights in tribute to that *spark*.

As Marie Dressler says: "Temperament was often used to express a little brief authority."

As an instance of this sort of thing, we recall that when Theda Bara was famous as a vampire, she employed a man to walk in front of her as she serpentine from set to set. He pounded a distaff on the floor, and called out in stentorian tones: "Make way for BARA, make way for BARA."

As we stated in the opening paragraph, Temperament is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, but it still crops out now and again.

One day last year, Tala Birell looked over some *rushes*. Certain of her favorite scenes were cut out. As it happened, reasonably so. Tearfully she rushed from the projection room to her bungalow. She went on a crying spree and no one was admitted for the rest of the day.

She would only deal with one member of the publicity department, to the exclusion of all others. It is said that when members of the press came to interview her, she would exclaim:

"Who is *that* person?" and then demand that they leave.

While working on the Universal lot, Helen Twelvetrees refused to report to the gallery for portrait poses. Finally the company had to send her a legal notice. It recalled a clause in her contract to the effect that she agreed to pose for *stills*. And so she reported!

Universal brought Margaret Sullavan, a Broadway leading woman, to Hollywood to play the lead in "Only Yesterday." Tales of her temperamental outbursts leaked out. Finally she packed her clothes and drove to the station to return to New York. A committee from Universal intercepted her. She agreed, after much argument, to be a good girl and resume work on the picture, but her explanation for leaving was: "I made fifty-four takes for one scene and no one can work that hard." We do not know who was to blame, the star or the studio heads, but be that as it may, to shoot scenes over and over again fifty-four times is enough to drive anyone into a fit of temperament.

Elissa Landi walked off the Fox lot and took a trip to Europe. So they released her. They say that the regal Elissa was of the fainting variety, and would pass out at crucial moments of production. However, on her return to the film capital, she was immediately engaged by Universal, on a picture by picture contract, and the members of that organization cannot sing her praises too highly. They declare she is absolutely *untemperamental* and a fine trouper. Who can tell but what she was absolutely right in her differences with the Fox company, and is very smart in seeking new fields to conquer.

Miriam Hopkins, a fine artist, has her moments, but always her great sense of humor wins the day. Her tempests are

AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE

HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG



NEXT DAY —

Sue gets the "lowdown"

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS



A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBOUY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



NEXT WEEK

OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT

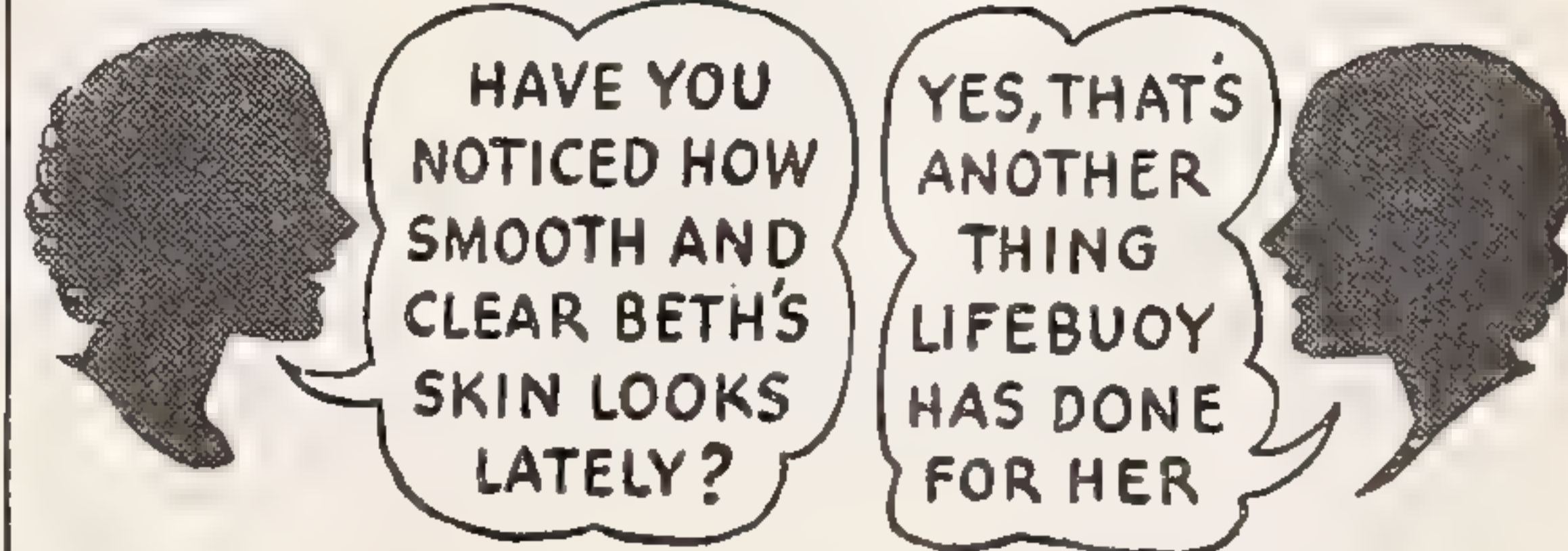
NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE



"B.O." GONE —
appreciated at last!

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!



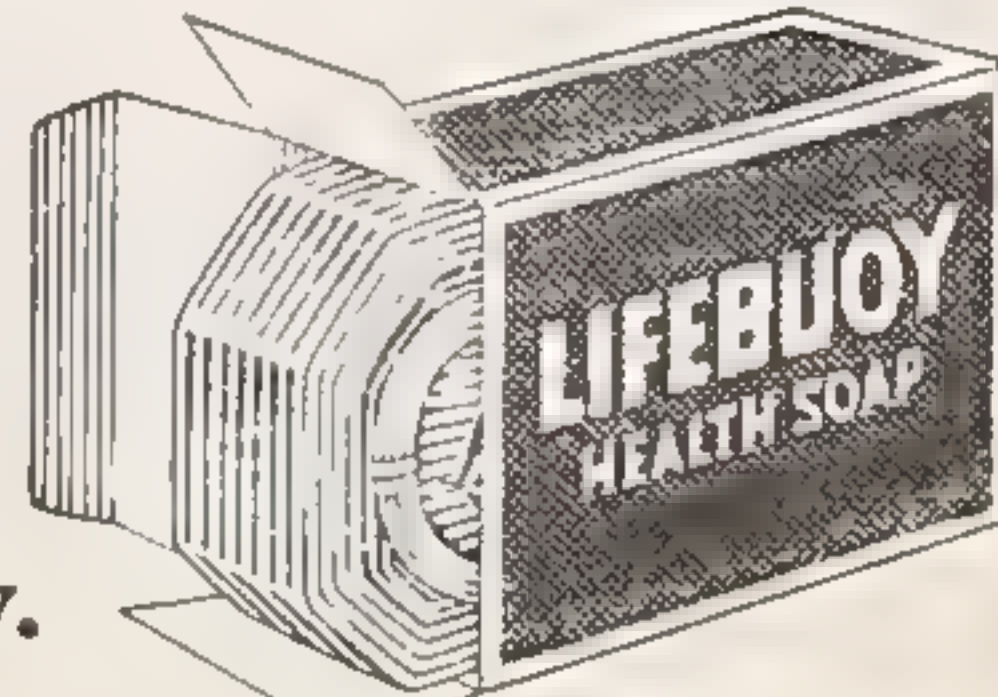
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?

YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBOUY HAS DONE FOR HER

YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion — fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Easy to offend — play safe!

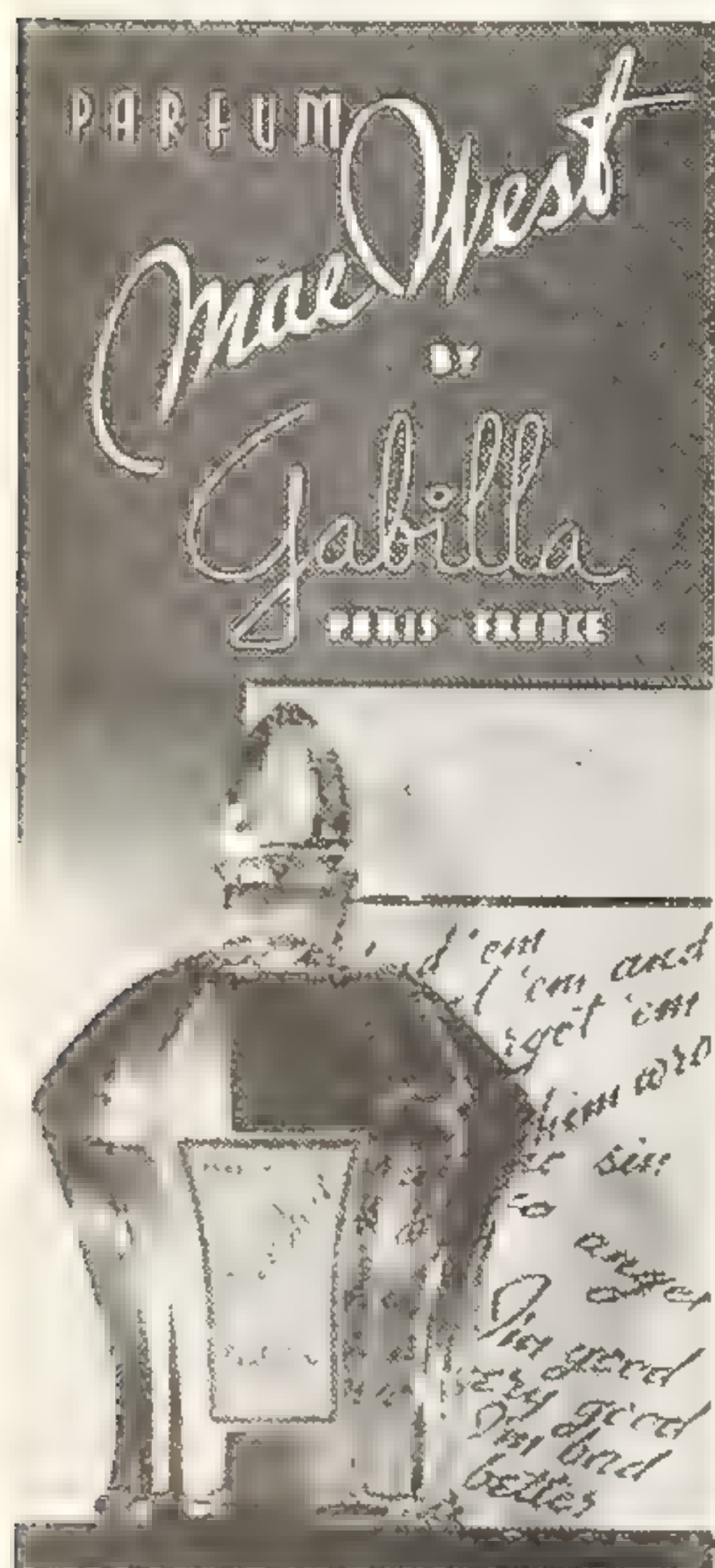
Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



Here's the Perfume
Mae West uses for
that "come up'n see
me sometime" lure



NOW YOU can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. • Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum Mae West—exquisite bottles at 65c—\$1.00 to \$25.00.



If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—\$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order



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19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C. () 65c. size
Enclosed find money for () 1.00 size

Name S-2

Address

City State

NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement
—this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

few and far between and of the teapot variety.

One day Miriam was carrying on a bit. So Ernst Lubitch called up a sanitarium. A short while afterwards an ambulance, with two attendants, drew up to the door of the stage on the Paramount lot. The doors being open, in between takes, everyone saw the wagon.

Ernst, his eyes twinkling, took Miriam by the arm as the attendants stepped forward. His inference was clear. He might just as well have said: "Here you are, Miriam, you seemed crazy, so I sent for the buggy wagon."

Miriam's eyes also twinkled, and then she broke into a hearty laugh. Our informant tells us the joke cost Lubitch a pretty piece of change, but he can well afford it, and Miriam was herself again.

La Bow recently, while working in "Hoopla," insisted on music, very much in the Louise Huff manner. Having gained her point, she was happy. "I'm a very moody person," she explained, "and I am very responsive to music. I need it to get into the mood I am to portray."

For several years two stellar names have spelled temperament—John Barrymore and Connie Bennett. But to their everlasting credit, let it be said, their defenders are legion. Their henchmen cry out to the high heavens that Don John and La Belle Bennett never show temperament until sore pressed, and at such times have that divine right.

John and Billie Burke were rehearsing a poignant scene for "Bill of Divorcement." They stopped for a rest, John retiring to a corner to concentrate on the reading of the exacting lines.

A member of the publicity department approached.

"Mr. Barrymore," he said, "here is a magazine article that must go out tonight to meet a deadline. Will you please read and okay?"

Barrymore snapped out of his reverie. "You ignoramus you—you—! How dare you interrupt me at such a time!" The famous Barrymore temperament was out of control. Word bombs burst in the air.

The publicity man stood aghast, rooted to the spot. The staff listened to the verbal cyclone with mixed emotions. Finally the P.A. recovered himself and left the set with as much dignity as he could muster.

Half an hour later his telephone rang. His secretary answered.

"Mr. Barrymore asks you to see him on the set," she told the offended one.

"Tell him I am busy, can't come," he grumbled.

Three more calls came, making the same request and answered in the same manner, until—

"Mr. Barrymore asks Mr. — to please see him immediately as it is important."

So the P.A. sauntered up to Barrymore with fire in his eyes.

Barrymore ignored his irate expression. He reached out and took his hand.

"Old man," he said, with that charm, which is the royal family's greatest asset, "I apologize—I was wrong, but you see that scene is important and I was just getting the feel of it."

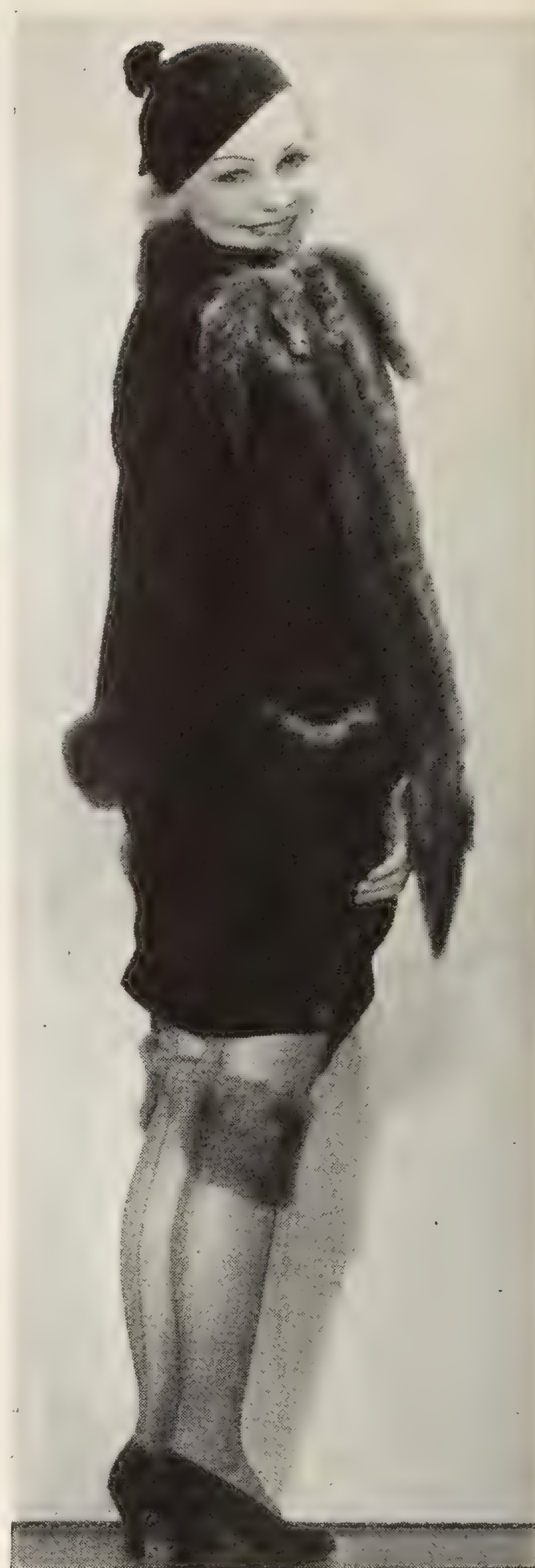
A few minutes later both men were huddled over the article. Friends—and all was well with the world.

"He was right and I was wrong," is the P.A.'s reading of the incident. "I should have waited until a more propitious moment to show him the article."

We think the boy is right. Unless you are of the rarely gifted you cannot judge Barrymore according to your lights.

An R-K-O official just as vehemently defends the so-called temperament of Connie Bennett.

"She is a shrewd business woman and has one of the best story minds in pic-



Muriel Evans and her knee muffs, which prevent the winds from reaching the Evans above.

tures," he declares. "She always listens to reason, but if she is sure of herself, she stands by her guns. She loves to argue, but it irks her when people Yes her and then go off and do exactly opposite to what they have promised. Furthermore, she has never held up production. She only blows up when there is a reason, just as anyone else would."

An advertising man asked Connie to give him a testimonial for a certain make of silk stockings. Very sweetly she told him that she did not go in for that sort of thing. He departed. The next day he came back and made the same request. Kindly, she regretted that her decision was final. But when he came around again two days later and argued with her, she blew up.

She has given orders that she will not see interviewers while working or rehearsing on the stage. But despite that order a newspaper man demanded an interview. He had to meet a certain deadline. As he was a powerful member of the press, it was finally decided to take him to Miss Bennett.

Connie tempestuously expressed herself. She had a deadline to meet and meant to meet it, regardless of *his* deadline. There were thunder and lightning for a few minutes. The newspaper man departed, probably with a story of the Bennett temperament.

When Pathe was combined with R-K-O, the latter firm was unable to find a proper story for Connie until after three weeks had passed. During the wait, she cancelled her contract and a new one was drawn up for her at her own request. She saved R-K-O thirty thousand dollars, ten thousand per week.

While making "Rockabye," she spent eight hours shooting scenes in an exterior swimming tank. The day was damp and murky. Had she been so inclined, she had the right to refuse to make the scenes until the weather cleared up. But Connie trumps when there is work to be done.

Recently she was making a sequence with a man and a child. The man turned quickly with the child in his arms, and the boy's foot swung and hit her in the eye. She was hurt badly, but did not complain. She finished the scene and then went to her dressing room where cold compresses were put on. Later she returned to the set and continued work where she had left off.

We have all heard how, on a certain occasion, she held up production to increase the size of a set six feet or so. She claimed more room was needed to suit the action. The story leaked out and she was criticized. Perhaps, after all, she was right!

A few weeks ago three milliners had no end of trouble fitting a hat on Katharine Hepburn's head. They even stuck pins into her scalp while trying on the obstinate headpiece.

But, Katharine laughed despite her wounds over their futile attempts. Good-naturedly she took the offending millinery away from them, made the necessary alterations herself, and all was well.

If this had happened to one of our earlier cinema queens there would have been a *scene*. Most certainly the milliners would have lost their jobs.

When you consider the terrific strain under which our satellites work, there are times when their bursts of temperament should be condoned. Enough nervous energy is consumed to stoke a ship. After all, we are inclined to believe they are entitled to explode at times by divine right.

When George Burns was asked how he and Gracie Allen got famous on the radio, George said: "Well, at first Gracie was a dumb dame, but other performers got to copying her, so we put our heads together, and now she's just plain nuts."

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



Eagle Brand

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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WE DO OUR PART

BORDEN'S
1857
ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow

[Continued from page 25]

"I want something that will give me warmth," she said. "I have no idea of what the picture will be. We are looking for the story now. But every rôle I have had, until now, has been brittle, a little hard, a little bit *one color*, if you know what I mean. I love to do comedy. But I want something which will give me roundness, human-ness, something that will let me be a real woman. Something that will give me the emotions, the reactions, of an honest-to-goodness woman to work with! I know what those reactions are. I am ready for a rôle like that."

Well, of course she is ready for a rôle

like that! She has fire and depth and intelligence. Added to those important factors is the fact that she has lived through more in her short life than most women do in an entire life time. "Nothing can ever frighten me again," she says. "I know... now."

Her tragic experience with Paul Bern deepened and matured her where it would have defeated a weaker woman. Jean looks about seventeen... almost adolescent. Yet there is a dignity about her, sometimes an expression, which betrays how much she has experienced, how intensely she has lived.

Important people—people with talent to

give to the world—must live like that. No matter how dramatic a scene Jean may be given to play in a picture, she will have had just as dramatic scenes in her own life, and her interpretation of that scene will be the more powerful because of the things she has experienced. If there is a new womanliness, a new sweetness, a new depth, in the Jean you see on the screen today... it is because life has tempered her.

The metal does not enjoy the fire... but the steel which emerges from the furnace is fine... and it gives off a singing sound when you touch it.

Jean Harlow is "like that."

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Tell me and I will tell you an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. Simple directions tell you how. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

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J. W. KOBİ CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. D
Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____

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Color of my hair: _____

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

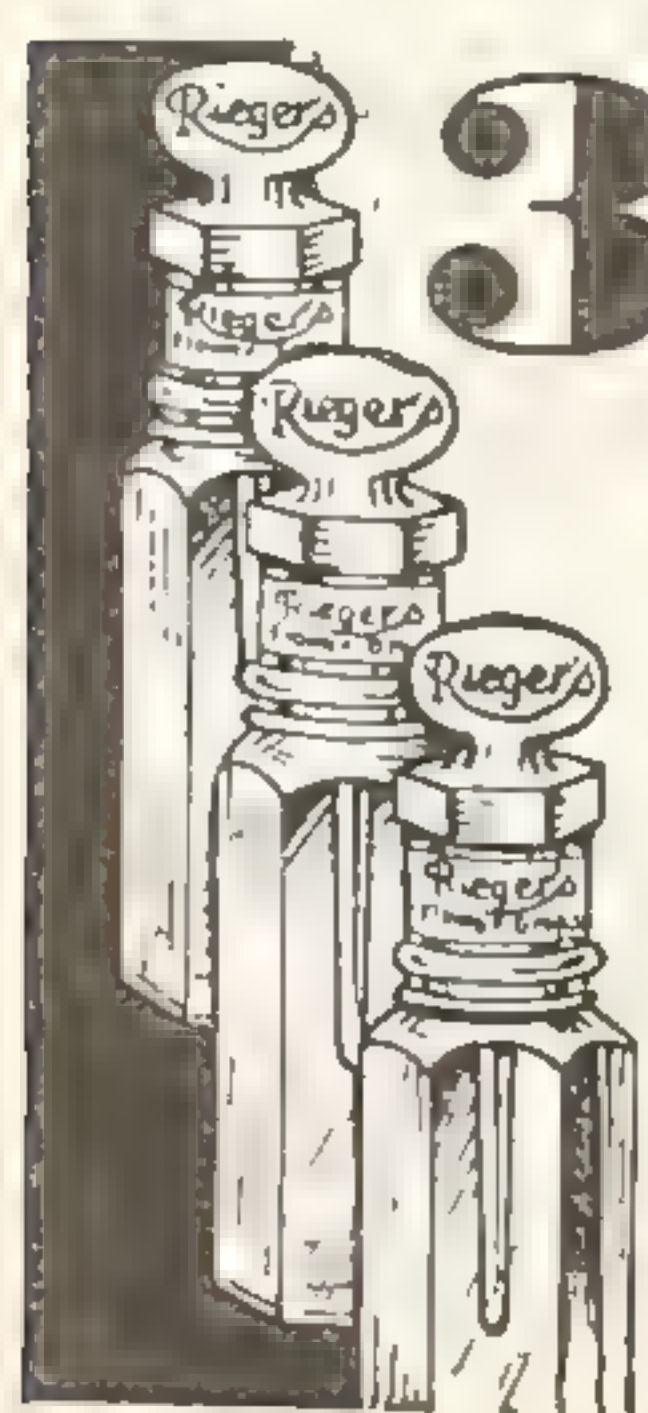
FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar Thermometer—samples **NR** and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk DK-91, St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.



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"That's My Business"—Paul Muni

[Continued from page 34]

"I do admire her. I feel that she is a person to be reckoned with. But I cannot truthfully say that I like her." He hesitated a moment as if groping in the dark for the best explanation. "Perhaps it is because I, like her, am introspective, what psycho-analysts call neurotic. Our kinship in this respect would forbid us from ever being what might be called friendly, in the true sense of the word."

Somehow or other our conversation touched upon the screen version of "Counselor at Law," and I expressed my disappointment at not seeing him in the part he had made famous on the stage.

Muni smiled. "I thought you'd get to that. Everybody does eventually. And everybody seems to be sorry for me because the rôle was assigned to John Barrymore. Well, they needn't be. When I decided not to play the rôle for Universal several producers in Hollywood wanted to buy the play from Mr. Laemmle if I would play the part for them.

"But that was not the point at all. It didn't matter who produced the picture. It was simply that I was tired of the rôle—I had played it for almost two years on the stage in New York—and I felt that it had worn me out emotionally and that there was nothing further that I could give to it. My interpretation on the screen might have been wooden, uninspired because of too long usage. Also, I felt that if I played the part—that of an East Side lawyer—on the screen it would type me for all times, inasmuch as it was the rôle of my legitimate career that stood out above all others.

"There was another reason, too. A more personal one. That was the unspoken determination of Elmer Rice, the playwright, to take it for granted that I could be sold down the river to the movies along with his play. The old slave idea, you see, just didn't click with me. Thank heavens the picture is made and released and a success. Now I can breathe freely once more. I assure you, it gave me many a sleepless night.

"I have a perfect horror of being 'typed,' " he continued. "When I was not asked to do another 'Scarface' or another 'Fugitive' I felt that I had actually skirted a dangerous abyss. In 'The World Changes' I was called upon to play four of the principal periods in the life of any man—and yet that didn't satisfy me. I feel that acting is more than just sprinkling grey in the hair or wearing a white wig to denote the change in a man's character during the passage of time. That's why I was so eager to do 'Hi, Nellie' after 'The World Changes.' The rôle is a complete right-about-face. As the wise-cracking newspaper editor, who gets demoted to an advice to the lovelorn column, I was supposed to be ironically gay and nonchalant. None of my other rôles resembled it even remotely. Tragedy has been my forte always. That is why I jumped at the chance of doing a comedy. I want to be known as an actor, not a type. My next rôle must be something else again."

"I have heard that you have helped many a Hollywood actress, with whom you have been cast, over the hurdles. Ann Dvorak, for instance . . ."

Mr. Muni looked embarrassed. "You

mean in 'Scarface'? I did help her a little, for she was so eager to learn. And my stage experience qualified me to instruct her as to the correct timing and playing of certain sequences. She was very apt, and needed little coaching. Film players, you see, have not had the wider, more thorough training that the legitimate stage affords. They have sometimes been allowed to work automatically, like puppets. Of course the talkies are gradually changing all that, but it takes time. Sometimes I marvel, considering the jumbled way in which a film is produced, backwards and forwards—the last scene first and the first scene last, how a smooth and often perfect story emerges at the end. It is a miracle.

"When I did 'The World Changes,' Mary Astor, who was cast as my wife, came to me very humbly and asked if I would help her play her scenes with the correct shading of emotion. She told me frankly that she was nervous when she realized all the stage experience I had had. And that she, after all her years of playing leads on the screen, felt like a novice. Her very attitude was indicative of her strength of character and her great desire to bring out the best that was in her."

I remarked that I had seen "The World Changes" and had thought, without knowing this incident, that Mary Astor's performance had gleamed forth as a rare acting gem. But when I tried to compliment him because of it, he brushed the matter aside shyly. "Miss Astor had all the requisites for a fine, dramatic actress, all that she needed to learn was how to put them to the best usage. And I could aid her there, because of my years of hard training."

Several manuscripts were lying on a table close at hand. As I glanced at them, Mr. Muni remarked: "I was contemplating doing a play here this winter, but there was nothing suitable in that pile over there. So Mrs. Muni and I decided to slip away for a little vacation abroad instead. We're both tremendously interested in the new Russian theatre and cinema. It will be nice to see at close range how they are progressing, and what they promise for the future."

This brought us eventually, as it brings everybody these days, to Katharine Hepburn and "The Lake." I mentioned that some of the critics had viewed her performance as something of a catastrophe. Mr. Muni disagreed. He felt that the poor criticisms of her stage work would help, not hinder her. Complete success might have done her more harm than good. "It is easier," he murmured, "to climb above one's wavering foothold than it is to maintain a completely balanced footing on the same level of perfection time after time."

The telephone rang. All too soon my hour was up. A titled Russian lady who had joined the ranks of interviewers was announced. I had to assure the shy Mr. Muni, before I left, that she was a simple and charming person to talk with. When I emerged on Park Avenue the jangle of automobiles and hurly burly of traffic completely escaped me. For an hour's tete-a-tete with Paul Muni is more beneficial than a rest cure—and the effects, in my own case at least, more invigorating than an Elizabeth Arden facial.

Madeleine Carroll was worried over her English accent until we told her that Charles Laughton was Aces in America.

"What Happens Then?"

[Continued from page 21]

about these things, claims that all champion athletes are actors. Cliff Montgomery is as good-looking as most leading men, and he probably has acting ability. He is used to crowds, he knows drama. He has every chance to make good.

If Hollywood will let him. But Hollywood is a very funny place and it's hard to tell.

If I knew Mr. Montgomery a lot better than I do, I'd say something like this to him; I'd say, "Look here, my boy. There are three or four things you have to watch out for in Hollywood. Three or four things that happen to handsome young lads who make the front page and then get invited into pictures.

"In the first place, don't let 'em rush you. You didn't become a football star in five minutes. You played out in the backyard and on the sandlots when you were a kid. Then you played in high school for four years and then you played four more years in college—and it was in your last game for Columbia that you shone brightest. You had natural ability, but you had to learn the game, you had to learn to block and tackle and pass and kick.

"Well, it's the same in pictures. Even if you have the looks and a lot of acting ability, you can't be a star in five minutes. There are a lot of things to learn about cameras and make-up and ease and dramatic effects and speaking lines—things that it has taken good actors years to learn. Don't let them rush you up there too fast, even if it's very tempting to see your name on the 24 sheets. Even if they want to "cash in" on that name while it's still fresh in the public memory, because you know as well as I do that next year there will be more All-Americans.

"They rushed Johnny Mack Brown. He got his chance out of a Rose Bowl game with Washington. And the first thing you know he was playing leads. Now Johnny was very handsome. And he had a lot of fire. But he didn't know one thing about the art and the technique of acting. So he wasn't very good. Everybody adored Johnny in Hollywood. But—we know out there that the greatest names won't put you over permanently with the public. The chance at great parts won't put you over. You've got to know how, just as you've got to know how on the football field. Natural ability alone isn't enough.

"So, in time, Johnny sort of faded out.

"Take Johnny Weismuller. Of course he was a natural for "Tarzan." It just was Johnny. But unless they keep on writing Tarzan for him, it won't be so good. And Max Baer is the same. He couldn't play anything but a fighter of some kind.

"So if you're wise, you'll take it easy and be glad to do some smaller parts and learn your new game as you learned the older ones.

"Of course, having been a gridiron hero, you're used to flattery and adulation—and girls.

"But you will find a different brand in Hollywood.

"Of course you don't think you'll 'go Hollywood.' I never met anyone who did. Yet it happens to some of the very nicest boys and girls who come out here. It happens very unexpectedly.

"Probably the girls won't thank me for this, but it's the truth. There are a lot of awfully nice girls in Hollywood. As nice as you've ever met in all your life. Then again, there are some who aren't so nice. But the point is, there are too many girls—and there are never enough good-looking, unattached young men to go round. And you can't work hard all day in front of the

AND 2 MONTHS AGO
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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.



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professional
models

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says
Mary Brian



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camera and the microphone and stay up all night at parties, any more than you can do it and play football.

"But the worst danger in Hollywood is—believing your press agent. It's taking yourself too seriously. It's getting the swell-head, if I may use a homely old expression. It's trying to keep up the pace that people who are older and earn a lot more money are setting all around you.

"A good many years ago a great motion picture star named Wally Reid, who was the idol of the audiences everywhere, said to me, 'The man who puts grease paint on his face has a tough row to hoe the rest of his life, because while all women were born to be actresses, no man was born to be an actor.'

"Of course there are some mighty fine

men who are actors. But, as Wally said, it is a tough row. If you can keep your head, and learn your game, and not go Hollywood, you'll make a lot of money and have a fine life and a fine profession. But if you believe the girls and the press agents, if you think you're a movie star because you beat Stanford in the rain, if you buy too many clothes and too many racy automobiles, in a couple of years you'll be back looking for a steady job, a sadder and wiser man."

It will be terribly interesting to see what happens to young Mr. Montgomery in Hollywood. Would it have been better if it had kept on raining that New Year's Day?

Or will we, the public, so interested in his welfare, all be glad it didn't.



The newlyweds of Hollywood, still radiating triumphant bliss. It is Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who recently married, and Sandra Shaw with the head of the family, Gary Cooper.

Fighting for Their Rights [Continued from page 28]

"It's the only part of me that the camera ever catches," Denny answered, smiling directly at Crown Princess La Plante.

In our list, the Cameraman is mentioned ahead of the Featured Player. This is the one place where social ratings differ from professional. The Cameraman, as Master of the Lights, is of extremely high rank in that the entire Empire falls when he fails. Although he cannot hold the kingdom together alone, the kingdom can never stand without him.

Naturally, he is an absolute subject of the Monarch. But his battles are numerous, too. Not only must he remember to light the better side of John Barrymore's profile and fatten slightly, by shadows, the slender neck of Constance Bennett, etc., but he must protect his work from injuring a production, at all costs.

Hollywood faces a financial crisis. Facts are not to be denied. Expenses are being limited in each department. On a current picture, a cameraman told a director, "There is no use in finishing this picture unless I can have more lights."

"No," said the Monarch.

The cameraman did not shrug and decide "well, it's his funeral as well as mine;" he broke the laws of rank and went to the production manager. "Can't help you out. We've used up every penny of the budget," he was told. He went to the business manager. "Sorry. No more money." In

desperation—knowing full well that he was overstepping all lines of authority—he reached the head-man. The owner, realizing that the returns on his investment depended upon this man, listened carefully. As this is written, that studio is paying \$2,000 per day to rent lights to photograph the picture correctly. To those of us on the outside, that man is a hero because he dared to fight for his rights. To the three men whose authority he questioned, he is not even popular. But heroes always make enemies—along with admirers.

Naturally, an entire volume could be written on this subject. During a recent, intensive study of Europeans in Europe, I found no class distinctions more sharply drawn than right here, at home, in Hollywood. I found, in fact, that Europeans inherit their ranks while Hollywoodians earn theirs, which makes our little Empire more comparable to the true Feudal system—where man actually battled in armor for rank and position. And yet there was one strange, modern analogy. I discovered that the members of the Guilds, the laborers, were as proud of their positions as the titled folk were of theirs. And that the peasants were joyously, impulsively happy and contented. One peasant told me, in his native language, "I would not change. I am happy now. I do not see many of them as happy."

I have never heard one of our well paid grips or mechanical men or electricians en-

ving a star. A few would like to become directors, but most of them are gloriously content with themselves. They fill many of the cunning, five-room bungalows in Southern California. They go on day by day, singing as they carry their lights and their parallels; their furniture and their "fake" walls from one set to another. Those songs are dimmed only when production is low and work is scarce—as peasants of yore forgot to sing when famine or pestilence overcame them. Laborers in the Motion Picture Empire are the highest paid in the world.

Serfs. The extras. They are like the Members of The Guilds, when they are working. Walk onto any "big set" in Hollywood and watch them playing cards and laughing and singing between scenes. However, there are many ambitious youngsters who hope for a "break" into one of the "upper classes." Taken as a whole, they are a contented lot. And, like the happy peasants of Europe—always excepting the times when food is not plentiful—they spurn those few who try to climb from their own rank through political trickery.

An extra went around boasting that he had written notes to Lupe Velez; that he was a favorite of hers; that she was being kind to him. His story grew until he was saying that he had been to the fights with her. The tale reached her ears. He was pointed out to her on the set. She called him to her and motioning all the others to come closer, she flayed him with her tongue for the falsehoods he had been telling. "I will not have you fired, now. You probably need this money. But the next time that one word comes from you about being with me or writing to me or hearing from me—" A Queen dealing imperiously but fairly with a lesser subject.

And the other serfs cheered the Queen. How they cheered her. They jeered at a fellow member because he had let his "class" down by trying to climb into another.

The other day, a publicity man brought a "story" to Katharine Hepburn for her to okay for publication. It was about her new stand-in girl, the sister of Adalyn Doyle, whom Katharine has just helped to become a feature player at Twentieth Century.

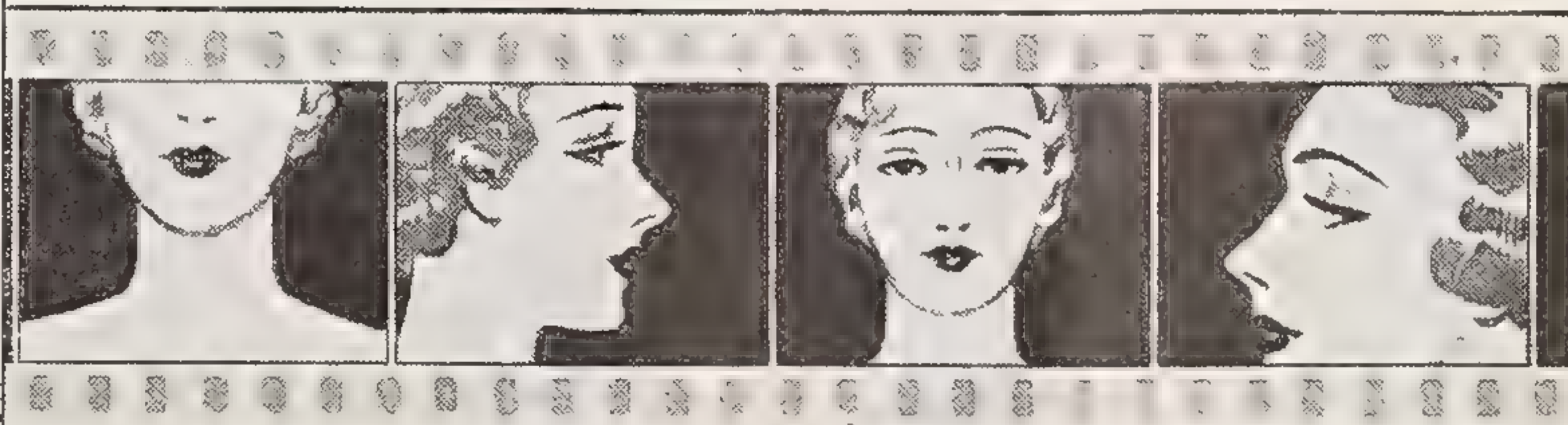
"Don't print it!" Katharine's tones were sharp. "It might hurt her in getting a better job. It was twice as hard to help Adalyn because she had been known as my stand-in. I won't put anything out that might hurt the girl to get a break, just for a little publicity for myself."

I talked with Adalyn Doyle, the girl who has climbed from peasant to lady with the help of Crown Princess Hepburn. She was hanging around the Hepburn set. Her eyes were wistful. "I was so happy here—"

We wondered if she would be as happy with the responsibilities which come with rank and fame and money. And we thought, too, of how true it is that those who act generously and wisely when they have titles—retain those titles the longest. No one can fight more viciously for her rights than Katharine Hepburn. Yet she had not failed to help one of lesser rank upwards when she saw the girl's worth. Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Bob Montgomery, Joan Crawford—the big names flashed through our mind. All warriors who often unsheathe their swords, and yet all leaders kind to the underdog. Each one of them had stories that compared to Katharine's and her stand-in girl. Each one had stories that compared to Katharine's battles with the Monarchs. Perhaps if Pola Negri and Olive Borden had been a little more careful when they battled and with whom they battled, they might still reign. Not even the serfs resent an Empire and class distinction when they are wisely handled by the feudal lords—of any generation.



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Studio News [Continued from page 55]

ON ANOTHER stage, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell (a newcomer) are making "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

This little epic is about a sailor (Foster) who kills a cop (accidentally) and who staggers into Alison Skipworth's saloon on the Barbary Coast seeking shelter. Victor McLaglen is impressed with Foster's straight-forwardness and as he is about to be captured, Vic orders Skippy to hide him. She shoves him through a secret passage, and in the darkness Preston stumbles into the room of Dorothy Dell, whom the synopsis hopefully describes as a beautiful, blonde street walker. As my guide describes her, there's plenty of Dot and not too well put together. At any rate, she hides him, steers the police away from him and then falls in love with him.



Preston Foster stumbles into a room and—look it's Dorothy Dell, the new girl! "The Man Who Broke His Heart" is what Paramount calls it.

Rather than involve her in his difficulties, Preston departs while she's sleeping, leaving a note saying he'll return—some sunny day.

He ships with McLaglen on a tramp steamer, becomes fast friends with Vic and they exchange confidences, never dreaming they're in love with the same girl.

Dell has no time for Vic and, when the steamer docks, she hides from him but sees Preston and eventually meets him, taking him back to her room again.

We pick them up in the love nest. It is a tawdry little attic room with a built-in cot at one end; over it a combination gas and electric light fixture. In a corner is a varnished dresser with a few cheap trinkets on it and a floppy gray hat. Over a chair is thrown the coat to Dell's gray suit. Opposite the dresser is a window and on the down-stage side of the window is a little two-burner gas stove.

Preston, in dirty blue serge trousers and a blue denim shirt is lying on the cot with Dorothy. She has on her gray skirt and a white shirtwaist.

They're planning to skip town and go to Mexico where Preston won't have his past hanging over him.

"We've got to get there first," he says. "Mexico's a long way—"

"The longer the better, darling," she murmurs. "We've got your ship money. That's forty-five. And I've saved seven. That's fifty-two," counting on her fingers.

Pres laughs and seizes her hands, kissing her finger-tips. "It'll take more—about a hundred. But don't worry. I'll get it."

"You'll get it," she says, scrambling out of bed. "If I don't go out and get us something to eat, we'll both of us starve to death."

She stands in the centre of the room,

yawns a little and stretches both hands over her head. Then she glances down at Preston, smiling, happy, thankful he's there. With another little turn she goes to the window as if to draw the shade before she dresses. She pauses there, startled and staring for an instant. Below, in the street stand a couple of cops.

It just goes to prove, the past always catches up with you. You can't kill cops with impunity and get away with it, even though it's all done with the best intentions in the world.

PARAMOUNT having finally found a story acceptable to the particular George Raft, and having located a director and supervisor with whom he'll work in harmony, is losing no time in shooting "The Trumpet Blows."

It's a bedroom again—with bare plaster walls. The bed is a four poster affair with a red damask back and a blue afghan thrown over the foot as a coverlet. There are a couple of archways leading to a sort of bay window. Next to that is a door with blue velvet drapes over it. It looks as though the room might have a dormer ceiling—if it had a ceiling. But the way the action is photographed the ceiling won't show, so it would just be useless extravagance to put on a ceiling when you don't need one.

Adolphe Menjou, in what looks like a toreador's outfit—all black velvet, lace and buttons, is sitting by the door nodding. Raft in a blue suit with a bright, red-striped tie, steals warily into the room, smiling triumphantly. He starts to undress when Menjou rises.

"Out kind of late, aren't you youngster?" Menjou grins.

"Say!" demands George indignantly. "Have I got to be waited up for all my life?" With a slight show of resentment, "Are you still nursing me along, Pancho?"

"No-o-o," Menjou laughs merrily through another yawn as he claps George on the back. "I walked alone many nights after I first saw my loved one."

"Oh, yeh?" George flips, relaxing and laughing relievedly. He crosses the room and resumes his undressing.



George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows." Toot! toot!—here comes a love story.

"The first time I saw Chulita (Frances Drake)," Adolphe nods in tender reminiscence, "I walked for hours." Raft misses this at first, so that Menjou has the next couple of words out before what his brother said, strikes him. "Now that I've settled

things with Senor Ramirez," Menjou continues with a change of mood and in hearty satisfaction—"

"Wh-what?" George stammers dumbly.

"The conditions for your marriage," Adolphe says, a bit startled at Raft's expression.

"No—no!" George interrupts in a sudden frenzy. "Stick to one thing at a time, will you? Wh-what'd you say about Chulita?"

"Oh! *That's* it!" Menjou laughs. "I suppose I shouldn't have let it out so suddenly but she so fills my heart and my head, my brother—" shaking his head at his own foolishness over the girl. "That is my other surprise for you. Chulita," he goes on caressingly. "Maybe we'll have a double wedding, eh?"

Do you suppose it could be possible that Raft and Menjou love this same girl in this picture, just as Foster and Vic McLaglen do in the other one?

At R-K-O

ONLY one picture shooting on this lot—"The Crime Doctor." This picture features Otto Kruger and was to have marked Corinne Griffith's comeback, but something happened and Miss G. retired from the cast. Karen Morley took her place. Miss M. may not have the looks of her predecessor but she's a better actress, so things even themselves up.

Otto is the kingpin of the detective force of a great city. He is so obsessed with detecting that he even becomes suspicious of his wife and puts people to shadowing her. Naturally she resents it and you can't blame her. There are certain places a girl goes where she wants a *little* privacy.

She falls in love with someone else and asks Otto for a divorce. He's none too pleased about that and they jaw back and forth for what seems like hours.

They're in her bedroom and a very elaborate bedroom it is. White walls with cornices over the bed, doors and windows. A yellow satin quilt is exposed to the public gaze. A French period dressing table with crystal candelabra, perfume bottles, etc., stands beside it. Above the dressing table hangs an oil painting of a bird. In one corner of the room is a fireplace with a marble mantelpiece and, facing it, a couple of easy chairs. Over one of them a silver fox is carelessly thrown. A couple of small tables stand on either side of the fireplace with lamps on them. On the opposite side of the bed from the dressing table is a curio cabinet.

Otto is roaming around in pajamas with a brown checkered dressing gown trimmed in a deeper shade of brown, over them. La Morley is striking in an evening dress.

"I'm sorry," Kruger confesses as he starts towards her. "I *am* suspicious and jealous. I suppose I always will be. It's only because I love you so much and for a long time now—Andra, what's wrong between us?"

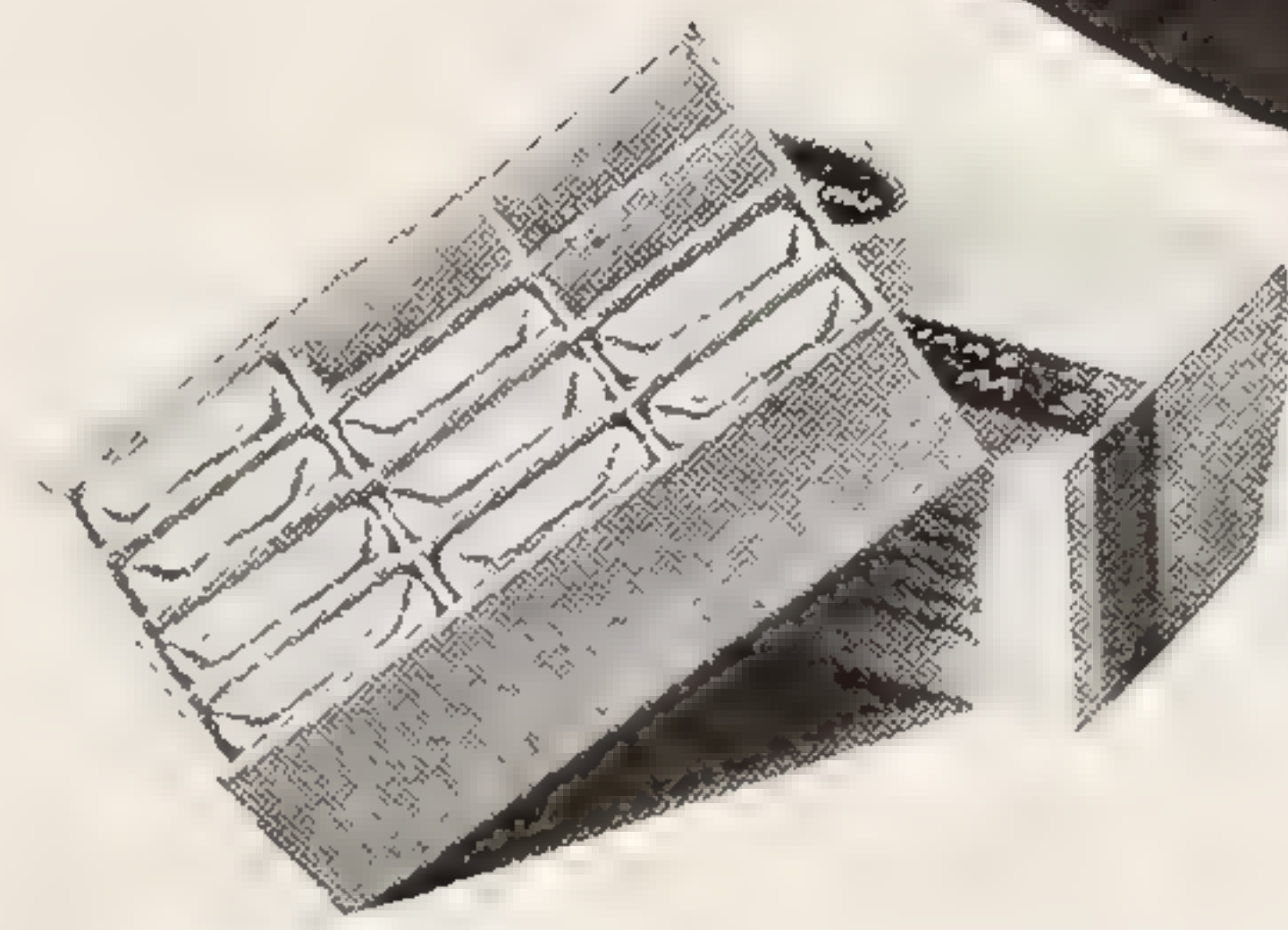
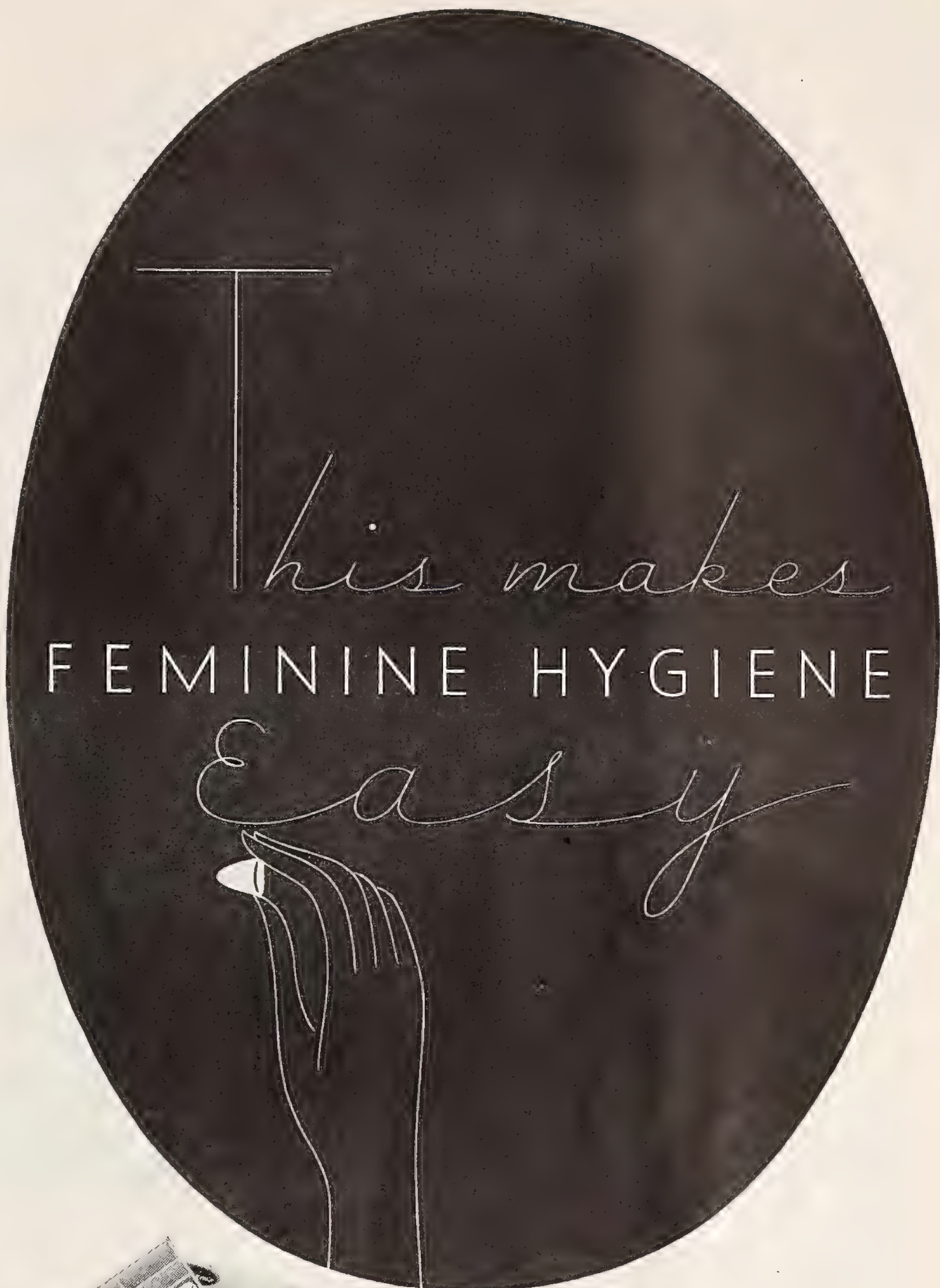
"You know as well as I do," Karen says in a low voice.

"No, I don't," Kruger persists. "I know we've had a lot of quarrels, but that was in the first years of our marriage. We haven't even had any words lately."

"Did you ever realize that it was I who always started the quarrels, Dan?" Karen demands suddenly. "I was always being hurt by your neglect—and crying myself to sleep." She smiles bitterly at the memory. "You used to say, 'So the sob squad's out again!'"

"I haven't been a prize husband, I know," Kruger admits. "I *have* neglected you. I get so absorbed in my business I forget everything. I never blamed you for being hurt. As a matter of fact, I was always a little pleased when my staying away from home made you angry. You were jealous once, too—a few years ago."

"Yes," Karen agrees as she moves away



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from him, smiling bitterly, enigmatically. "I was—a few years ago."

On the Columbia Lot

I NEVER get through marveling how pictures run in cycles. More and more, since I've been doing this department, I've come to realize the similarity in the basic plots of pictures one finds each month in the various studios. The funny part of it is that the plots are different one month from the next.

Leaving R-K-O, where I found a domestic brawl and husband and wife estranged, the wife interested in another man, I arrive at Columbia only to find the same situation under another title—"Sisters Under the Skin" this time.

Frank Morgan is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world. He has been so busy accumulating money, so wrapped up in his business he has had no time to play. On his forty-ninth birthday his music teacher gives him up in despair as hopeless. He begins to realize he has missed much of the fun of life. When the banks try to hijack him on a loan, he resigns from the presidency of his corporation.

We pick him up in the directors' room. The walls, as usual, are a dead white. Three large windows on one side are covered with Venetian blinds. At one end is another window, likewise with a blind over it. There is no furniture in the room except the directors' long table with the chairs grouped about it. Morgan is standing at the head, addressing the men who help him guide the corporation's fortunes.



Frank Morgan trying to explain why his picture is called "Sisters Under the Skin."

"Those three hundred and sixty-five days," Morgan begins, "connecting my last birthday and this, are the connecting links between a man in his prime—a youngster in his forties—and an old man in his dotage—an old man who has reached the half century mark where begins that dreadful, downhill climb—"

"Surely, Mr. Yates," one of the directors interrupts, "you're not serious—"

"I was never more serious in my life," Morgan retorts. "I might have ignored the memorandum from Miss Gower (Clara Blandick, his lifelong secretary), but this morning I learned something else which disconcerted me tremendously. I was informed by a gentleman named Zukowski (Joseph Schildkraut)—my piano teacher—that I'm not capable—and never will be capable—of playing a Beethoven sonata."

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Fancy going through life without being able to play a Beethoven sonata? The camera shoots around the table catching the horrified expressions on the faces of the other men.

"I can read your thoughts, gentlemen," Morgan continues. "You're saying to yourselves, 'This man Yates has suddenly gone mad! His brain is softening as his arteries harden. He's a fit subject for an alienist.' Maybe I am, but I've made up my mind. For thirty years I've been a slave to this company. I've been a prisoner in this

tower for a long time. I believe I deserve a pardon. I'm resigning as President of the Yates Corporation and Chairman of the Board of Directors— And now, gentlemen, you must excuse me. I have a most important engagement."

With which pronunciamiento he walks quickly from the room leaving all of us gasping like fish out of water. Reeling like a drunkard under the shock of this blow, I stagger from the studio. There is no sense my remaining there because it will be a long time before I recover enough to take in anything else.

Over At Fox

BY THE time I reach the Fox studios I've at least got myself under sufficient control to walk without staggering and to breathe without gasping. My friend, Frank Perrett, one of the ablest, most agreeable and most discerning publicists in the business, views me with alarm.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he asks.

"I've just had a horrible shock," I mutter, my teeth beginning to chatter again. "Frank Morgan resigned as president of the Yates Corporation. He can't play a Beethoven sonata."

"You're crazy," Frank announces as though he had just made an important discovery. With that he pours me a drink—but it turns out to be only water. I'm not as crazy as he thinks.

We start with something light to give me a chance to collect myself. "Something light" turns out to be a pulchritudinous blonde named Pat Patterson, an English gal just brought over. Miss Pat is easy on the eyes, and the black silk hip length stockings, the cloth of silver trunks, white vest, silver ruffles at her elbows and the big black and white bow at her neck, her black silk topper do nothing to hide her charms. She sings fairly well and I've nothing against her personally but why they have to keep bringing foreigners over here to work in pictures when there are literally thousands of girls right here in Hollywood even more beautiful, with better voices, and equally well known—for whoever heard of Pat Patterson?—I don't know. Spencer Tracy and John Boles have the leads in this picture—"Bottoms Up"—but neither of them is working today.

They're shooting a little number called "We're Looking for Prosperity." The set is simply the front of a stucco house with a leafless bush on either side of the door. The door is a bright blue with big silver letters, informing all and sundry that this is "The Home of Prosperity." Ferdinand Munier, a portly gentleman reminiscent of John Bunny, is sitting on the steps. Apparently he is too far gone to realize where he is because he keeps weaving as he sits. Pat is off to one side, apparently waiting for a cue to dash on with her chorus but the cue doesn't come while I'm here. Mr. Munier just weaves and weaves and then he weaves some more.

"Let's go somewhere else," I suggest to Frank. "Anything else light around?"

"Very light," says Frank and presently we find ourselves on the set of "Three On a Honeymoon."

The set is swell. It's the swimming pool of a huge ocean liner. The floor looks to be marble, there are a couple of marble benches along the sides for swimmers to sit on and against the sidewalls are some onyx topped tables and chairs where passengers may order refreshments. In the background is the gymnasium and some men can be seen tossing a medicine ball about. In the foreground are a lot of girls—and such girls!—in bathing suits—mostly blue—and a few men in swimming suits. The most novel thing about this set are the lighting fixtures. Against the wall is a square of black Bakelite glass. Fastened to this is an inverted silver bowl held in place

with black brackets. Account of the bowl being inverted, it gives indirect lighting. I'd like some of them in my own home.

"Ready," the director yelps and my choler subsides.

Sally Eilers in a hug-me-tight swim suit takes her place in the pool, and Sally in anything is enough to give anyone high blood pressure, but in a swim suit she's enough to give old men young ideas. Ziegfeld once proclaimed her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and if my indorsement means anything, she has it. John Mack Brown is standing on a diving board, and all the other boys and girls are grouped around the edge of the pool watching. Sally starts floating towards the far end of the pool. As she touches it she turns over, laughs, stands up and yells, "Teacher! I did it!"

Much laughter from the crowd, although I must confess I didn't see anything so funny about *that* remark. Suddenly John dives off the board and comes up right where Sally's standing.

"Chuck!" she screams. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!" In her joy she tries to grab him around the neck and they both go under.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hi, Dick," says John shaking hands. "What you up to?"

"No good," I grin.

"Stick around and I'll join you," John advises.

I glance hopefully at Sally to see if she, too, is in the mood for "no good" but Sally is busy catching the flu. She'll be home in bed with fever tomorrow.

Howard Lally disengages himself from a bunch of the gals and comes over. "If you're busy," he volunteers to Frank, "I'll show Dick around."

"Never mind," says Frank. "I want these sets covered. If I leave him with you you'll both still be here tomorrow or some of the girls will be missing—or something."

Just as we're leaving the set I spy Irene Hervey. Remember me telling you about her a couple of months ago in that picture she made with Otto Kruger called "The Women in His Life"? Well, she's *still* doing all right.

"That was a cute quib you gave me," she smiles.



Nigel Bruce in "Murder in Trinidad."

"COME on," says Frank. "It's getting late."

So we ooze over to another stage and find a dainty little morsel yclept "Murder in Trinidad" in progress.

This one has Victor Jory who, these days, never even has to blink an eyelash to "place" me. "lo, Dick," he grins without a moment's hesitation.

"lo, Vic," I return. "Having fun?"

"Fun, hell," he echoes and goes into a long dissertation about the difference in technique between American actors and British actors and it's a scream. Lack of ability on my part and lack of space on the magazine's prevent my giving it to you in detail, but he could go out on a personal

500 HUMAN TESTS FURNISH STARTLING FACTS

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Pepsodent Antiseptic cut
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Recently an interesting test brought to light new facts about the antiseptic. Scientists found that the antiseptic made a difference as to how long a cold would last. These scientists took a group of people and observed them closely for five months. Here are some of the remarkable facts uncovered.

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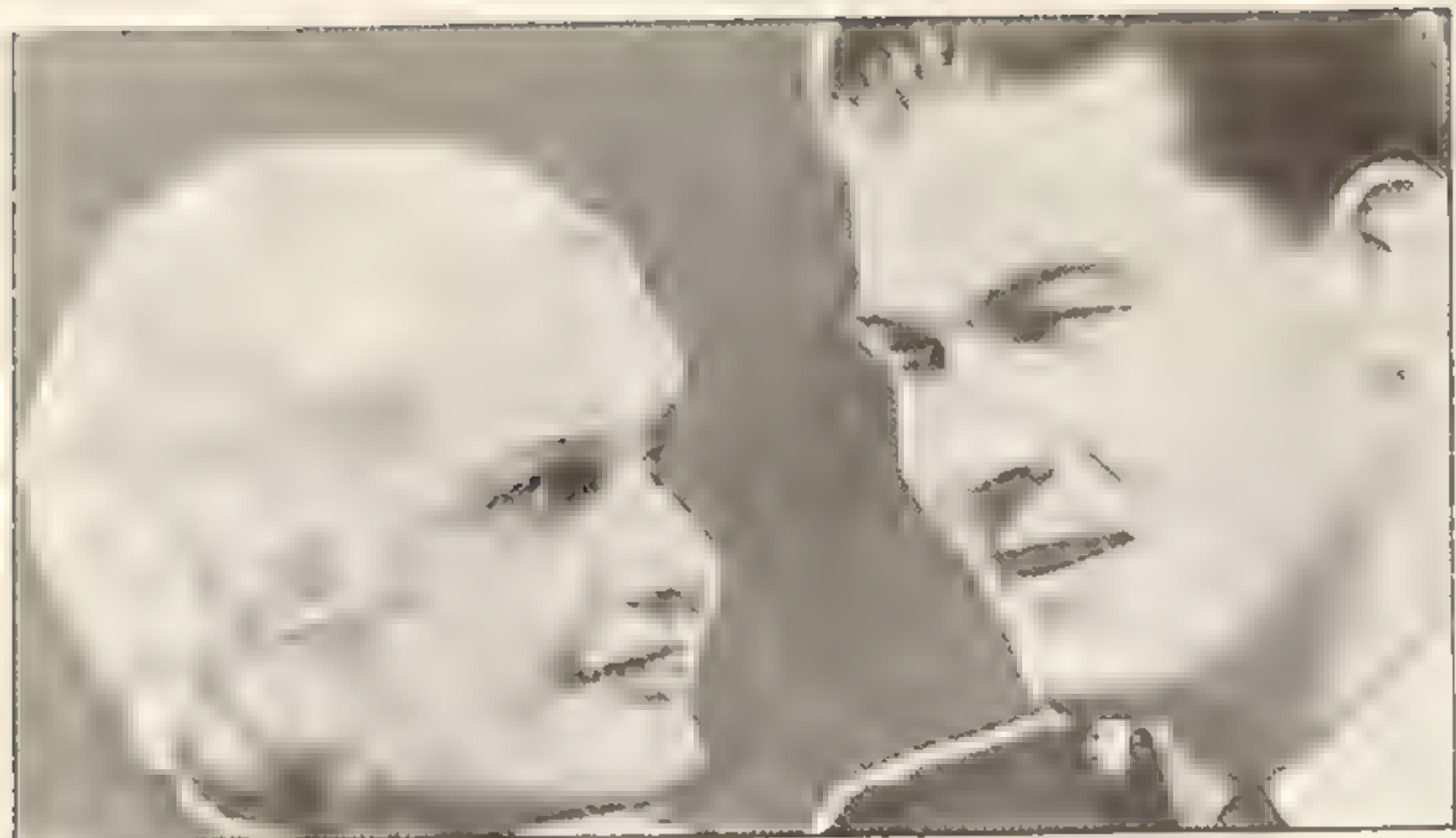
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Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

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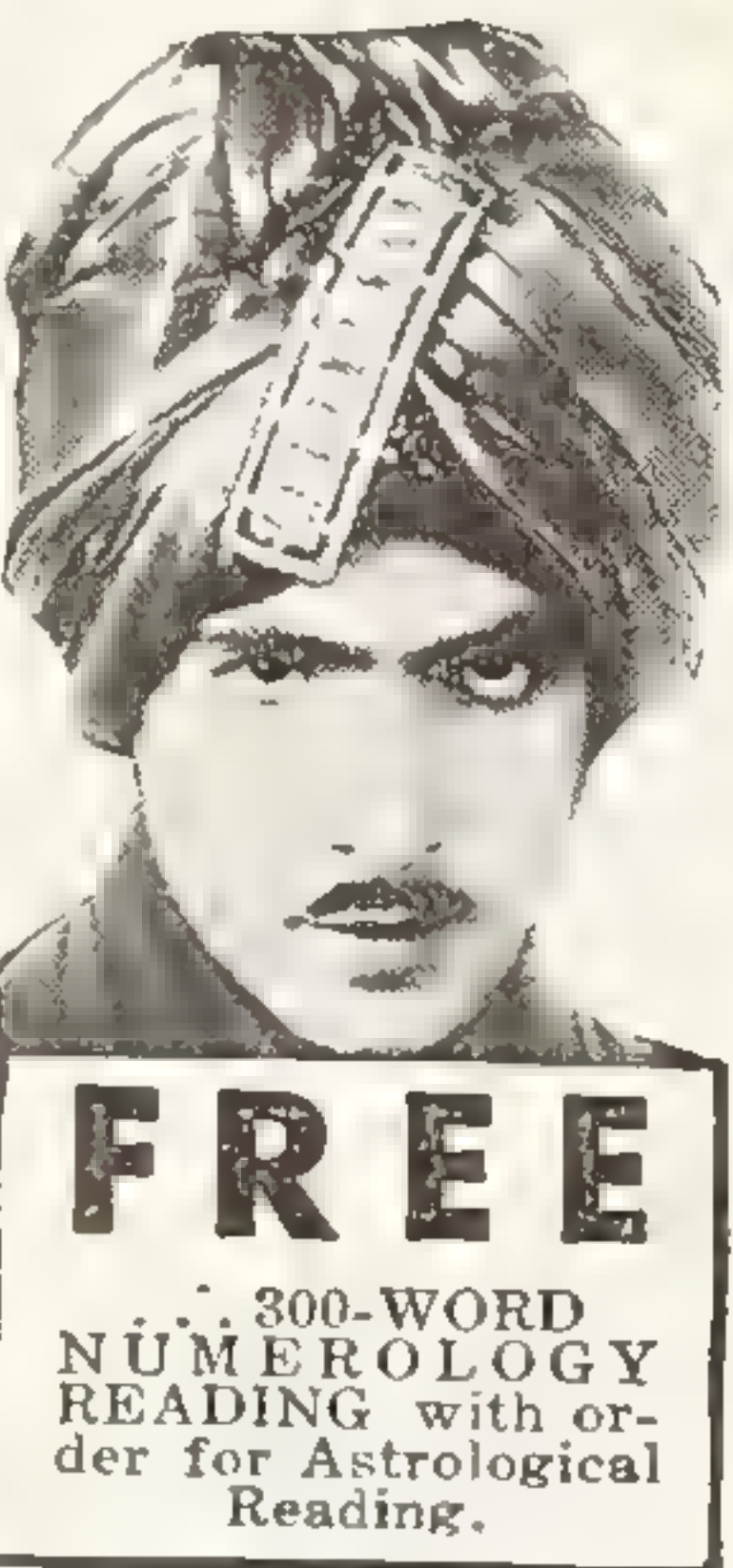
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This is all about a baffling murder and diamond smuggling mystery in Port-O-Spain, an island off Trinidad.

Nigel Bruce, England's most famous and unusual crime detective has just arrived to unravel things and fix the guilt. At the moment he's in the office of the governor of Trinidad—Claude King. The office is on the second floor—a cool, tropical room, with easy, wicker chairs scattered about. The governor is sitting at an enormous walnut desk. Scattered about the room are Pat Somerset in an officer's khaki uniform, John Davidson in a light gray suit, Victor Jory in a white linen suit and Murray Kinnell as Major Cassell—father of Heather Angel—the love interest.

Bruce is fat, sloppy looking and has a penchant for munching peanuts and scattering the shells all over the place. Through an open door opposite the governor's desk is a doorway leading to a porch on which can be seen latticed windows and cool palms.

Bruce is standing in front of the governor. "What do you want to do first, Mr. Lynch?" the governor inquires of Bruce.

"Well," Lynch observes, meditatively cracking a peanut, "I was thinking I'd go to the hotel and take a cool bath." He doesn't seem to notice the growing exasperation on the faces of the men, but turns back to the governor rather vaguely. "By the way, are the things you're saying here supposed to be confidential?"

"Decidedly," snaps His Excellency.

"Then you ought to shut that off," Bruce remarks mildly, indicating the dictagraph on the desk, which has a key in the down position, indicating an open line.

His Excellency snaps the key off. "Where does that line go?" Bruce inquires.

"To Colonel Cassell's office."

"Anyone in there?"

"Yes," Pat puts in. "Davenant is. He said you told him to wait until the conference was over."

"That's right," Mr. King admits. "I'd forgotten about him."

"Was he in here before the conference?" Bruce asks, putting two and two together immediately.

"Yes," comes reluctantly from King.

"Hmmm!" says Bruce. "Who is this Davenant?"

"He's the wealthiest man on the island," snaps King. "Made his money in plantations and copra."

"Copra, eh?" Bruce muses. "Does he run ships?"

"Yes," the governor admits again. "He has several schooners. He ran a tramp schooner himself in the early days."

"Do you think he'd have any reason to be interested in what's going on here?" Bruce persists.

"I don't think so," Vic puts in. "He has plenty of money without smuggling diamonds."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of *that*," Bruce comes back mildly, and turns to King once more. "Maybe I ought to meet him. I might as well know everybody."

"I'll take you in," Claude nods.

Plenty of things happen before the mystery is unraveled and I'll bet Mr. Bruce a sack of peanuts that more than once before he finishes, he wishes he was back in deah old England working on his little open and shut murder cases.

ONE more picture at Fox and I'm through there for another month. As a matter of fact, two more pictures are shooting—"Fox Follies" and "All Men Are Enemies."

The former boasts the presence of Madge Evans and that sterling actor, Warner Baxter. They've knocked off for lunch, however, and I barely catch them as they're

going to look at the previous day's rushes.

"Did you get my Christmas wire?" Madge asks.

"Did I? Baby, that wire made the day for me. It changed the snow in New York to sunshine and—"

"Oh, slush!" says Madge.

I gaze sadly after her as she disappears into the projection room. If I don't peddle that stuff I'm too matter-of-fact and when I do peddle it I'm slushy. I just can't seem to get along in this world.

Over on the set of "All Men Are Enemies," I bump into Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams. Helen you know without an introduction—or if you don't you should. Hugh is another English import—a good looking chap whom you probably saw in "Rome Express" with Esther Ralston, and in "Bittersweet."

The set consists largely of a hallway. Bare plaster walls with one lone mahogany table, with a marble top and a vase of flowers on it, and an oil painting above. An archway is at one end of the hall, a doorway at the other end. On the side, a couple of doors (both closed) lead into rooms.

"Ready—action!" the director announces.

One door is jerked suddenly open and Hugh bounds out. He goes down the hall to the next door and bursts that open. Through the open doorway we see him stop just inside the room. Helen is standing there. Through the window we notice it is spring.

Helen glances around and sees Hugh.

"You're not here?" he breathes incredulously. "Not really here?"

"Tony!" she ejaculates. And suddenly they find themselves in each other's arms.

"Cut!" calls the director. Cad! To yell "Cut" at a time like that.

"Going out to the Arlen's party tomorrow night?" Helen asks.

I nod, unable to speak. That girl is one of the most breath-taking beauties in the business. Not a vivid beauty like Sally Eilers but a fragile, spiritual kind like Lillian Gish.

At M-G-M

ONLY one picture shooting out here, too. It's called "Louisiana," and the plot is laid among the bayous and marshes of the deep South.

They're working out on the back lot where there's plenty of space and things are bustling with activity. The river that you noticed in "Tugboat Annie" has been shrunk to the size of a bayou. The tugs that played so prominent a part in "Annie" have been changed a little and are doing duty again in this picture. A narrow plank walk runs around the edge of the water. Ramshackle cabins, such as one sees nowhere in the world except along the banks of streams in the South, have been thrown up.

One of them, where the action of this particular scene occurs, is used for a shrimp cannery. This is where the fresh caught shrimps are brought to be steamed, dried and shelled. Under a shed, projecting from one side of the shack, is the engine that furnishes the power for the operations. It is the only modern touch to the whole set.

Jean Parker, in a calico dress with a cheap, pink apron, is talking to Robert Young. Bob, apparently, is the city slicker.

I don't know what they've been talking about but I hear Bob murmur, "I hardly know my own strength."

Just then Irene Franklin (the original Redhead)—and what a sight she is in her outfit of blue calico skirt, red ribbon in her hair, garnet necklace, blue and white checked gingham apron—comes out of the shack and says something to Jean about Pierre.

"Pierre, where is he?" she screams excitedly.

Just then a little boy runs into the scene and starts jabbering in French and does Irene get steamed up! Boy, howdy! If war had been declared those two Frogs couldn't have been more upset. Jean turns away from Bob to hear what's going on.

"What is it?" Bob asks anxiously.

"Pierre," Jean answers vaguely and suddenly she dashes frantically after Irene and the neighbors who are running at breakneck speed towards the bayou.

Bob thinks *Pierre* has fallen into the water and is drowning. He rushes after them, attempts to pull *Pierre* out, loses his balance and falls in himself. Much laughter among the natives over his ignorance in thinking *Pierre* can't swim. They can all swim from the time they can walk. The excitement was caused by *Pierre* dropping his new hat, which had cost fifty cents, into the water—and fifty centses don't grow on trees in *that* neck of the woods.

It's getting so late by now that I haven't time to stop and indulge in idle chit-chat with Bob and Jean. I dash madly through the M-G-M lot with a couple of guards who evidently think I've got Mr. Thalberg under my coat, trailing after me.

Safely across the street, I jump into the old galoppy and a minute later am going lickety-split out to Warner Brothers film factory.

I get a ticket for speeding, a flat tire and a bawling out from a cop on the way, but I get there . . . eventually.

Out At Warner Brothers

THE first thing that engages my rapt attention is called "Fur Coats"—of all things!

What a set! It's the sales room of a fur shop in a private home. Up two steps, at the back of the room, are double doors leading into the dining room—but they're closed at the moment because it isn't dinner time. To the left of the doors is a staircase leading to the upper floors. And, wonder of wonders, they've built a whole house—three storeys—right inside of one of the stages. On the right side of the room is an old fashioned show case with some fur garments hanging in it. On top of it are a few stuffed animals (to show where fur comes from). Opposite the show case is a mantelpiece and fireplace. No matter where you go or how poor the set, you just can't get away from fireplaces! On the mantel are a few more very small stuffed animals, a couple of vases and a jar in which some mother-in-laws's tongue is growing. The kindling and coal is all laid in the fireplace waiting to have a match struck to it. Opposite the fireplace is a bay window in which stand a few figures with fur coats on them.

Through the window can be seen a reproduction of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. It is the most authentic reproduction I've almost ever seen. The street is solid concrete—inside a stage, mind you.



Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly in a picture called "Fur Coats," but that doesn't prevent a bit of the poetry of love.

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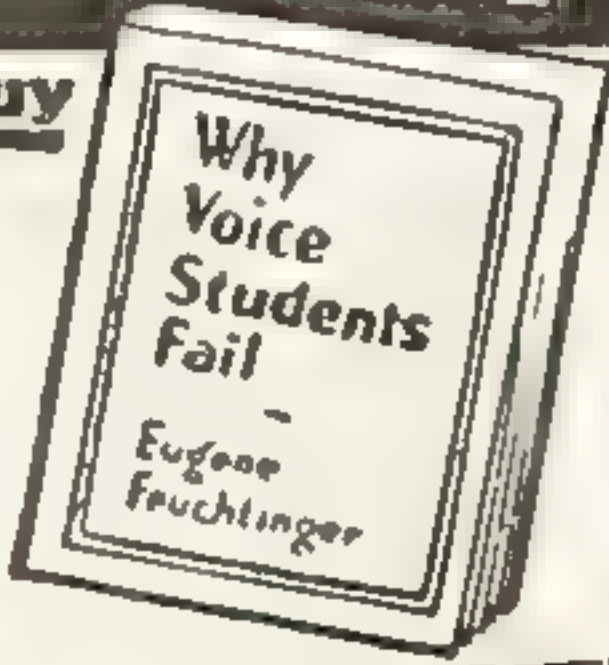
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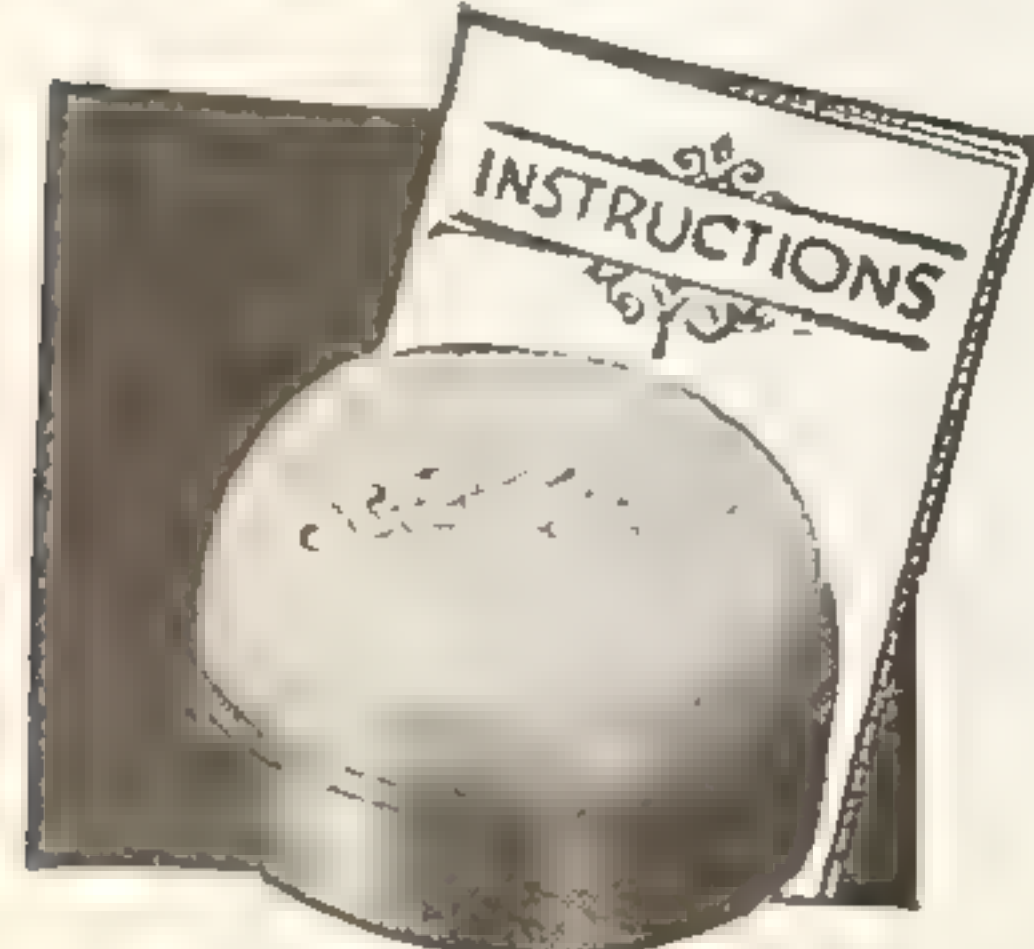
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There are the sidewalks, pedestrians are scurrying about, autos dash madly up and down the hill.

Aline MacMahon stands at the foot of the steps leading up to the dining room. She has on a simple knitted, pink suit. In her hands she is holding a black caracul coat she has been trying to sell a customer. Paul Kelly, in only his trousers and undershirt, is facing her. The customer has just left in a huff. No puff—just a huff.

"For two hours I've been working on this sale," Aline wails, "and now you've ruined it!"

"This bill from the doctor," says Kelly soberly, "it's true, isn't it?" (Bills are always true in my life, alas. I don't even need to ask.)

Aline says nothing—merely nods her head miserably. All at once, Paul grabs her to him. "Gee! I love you, Bertha. I've never loved anybody like this before."

Aline says nothing. She just smiles at him as a woman would smile at a small boy.

And who am I to spoil such a mood with my facetious comments?



Dick Powell and the wise-cracking Pat O'Brien in "Hot Air" for Warners.

ACROSS the way, in another stage, they're making a picture called "Hot Air." I feel more at home here. It's a cheap, cheap bathroom. A tiny enamelled tub with a circular shower curtain above it, a towel rack at one end of the tub with a few towels on it, a window with curtains of dotted Swiss, tied back at the sides, the washstand with a mirror over it and another towel rack to the side of that, complete the furnishings. There is a combination gas and electric light fixture over the mirror.

The set is empty, but without warning the door opens and Pat O'Brien stalks in, banging it shut behind him. He has on a hat and a black cigar stuck in his mouth, à la Ken Murray. Going directly to the washstand, he dips his hands in the water and starts drying them when the door opens a second time and Dick Powell comes in.

"Hey, Rush," says Dick to Pat. "Got a couple of bucks?"

Mr. O'Brien hesitates, dries his hands more vigorously. "Why, yes," he admits hesitantly. "Sure."

He starts feeling in his pockets. "Why—why—it's in my vest, I guess. Wait here. I'll get it." He goes out into the other room leaving Dick standing there with nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs and wait.

"Cut," the director orders.

"Hey," says Dick. "I'm finishing tonight. Want to go up to San Francisco with me for a few days?"

I've just got back from New York, work is piled up on my desk higher than a kite, but whoever heard of a Mook turning down a trip? "When do we leave?"

"I'll pick you up in an hour," says Dick.

An hour! I'll have to hurry and if I leave you folks sort of hanging in mid-air as it were, I'm sure you'll understand why. See you next month!

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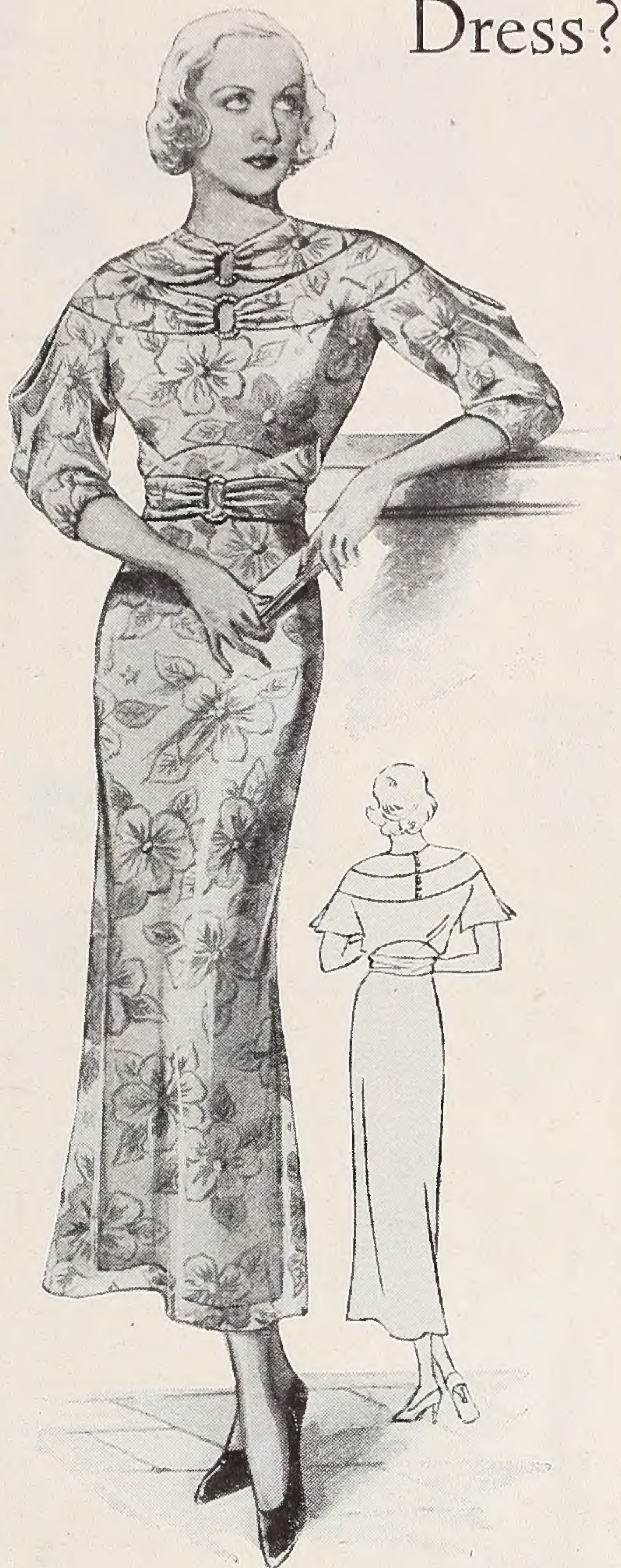
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MOLEX (Hollywood) COMPANY, Dept. SU
325 Western Pacific Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

The Final Thing



Madeleine Carroll

WE ARE inclined to be narrow in our views, our reactions are simple and childlike, and we cry at pictures. So when we read about the English drive against American films, in their "Buy British" campaign, we unsheathed our snickers and with our primitive, cave-dweller instinct, just waited for a chance at an English picture. Hah! "Henry, the Eighth" came and, although we felt enthusiastic, we reasoned that, after all, Charles Laughton was Hollywood trained.

And then along came Madeleine Carroll in "I Was A Spy." She is lovely, and by that we mean that she has a supernal beauty, the type that Abbey painted and of which Rossetti dreamed. No freak make-up slobbers on her refined, utterly tender lips, no strange angles have been devised for her simple eyebrows, nor does she try with a fantastic hair-dress to startle our attention. We had the pleasure of meeting her, and if you can conceive of such a ridiculous thing, she seemed a little afraid of an American screen magazine editor.

What the devil does she think? Are we so narrow, so provincial that we would draw the line in Art by political boundaries?

We should say not! At least not now. We surrender to her the keys to Hollywood, to SILVER SCREEN and to our heart, and though, probably, we will never meet again, SILVER SCREEN will always be for her.

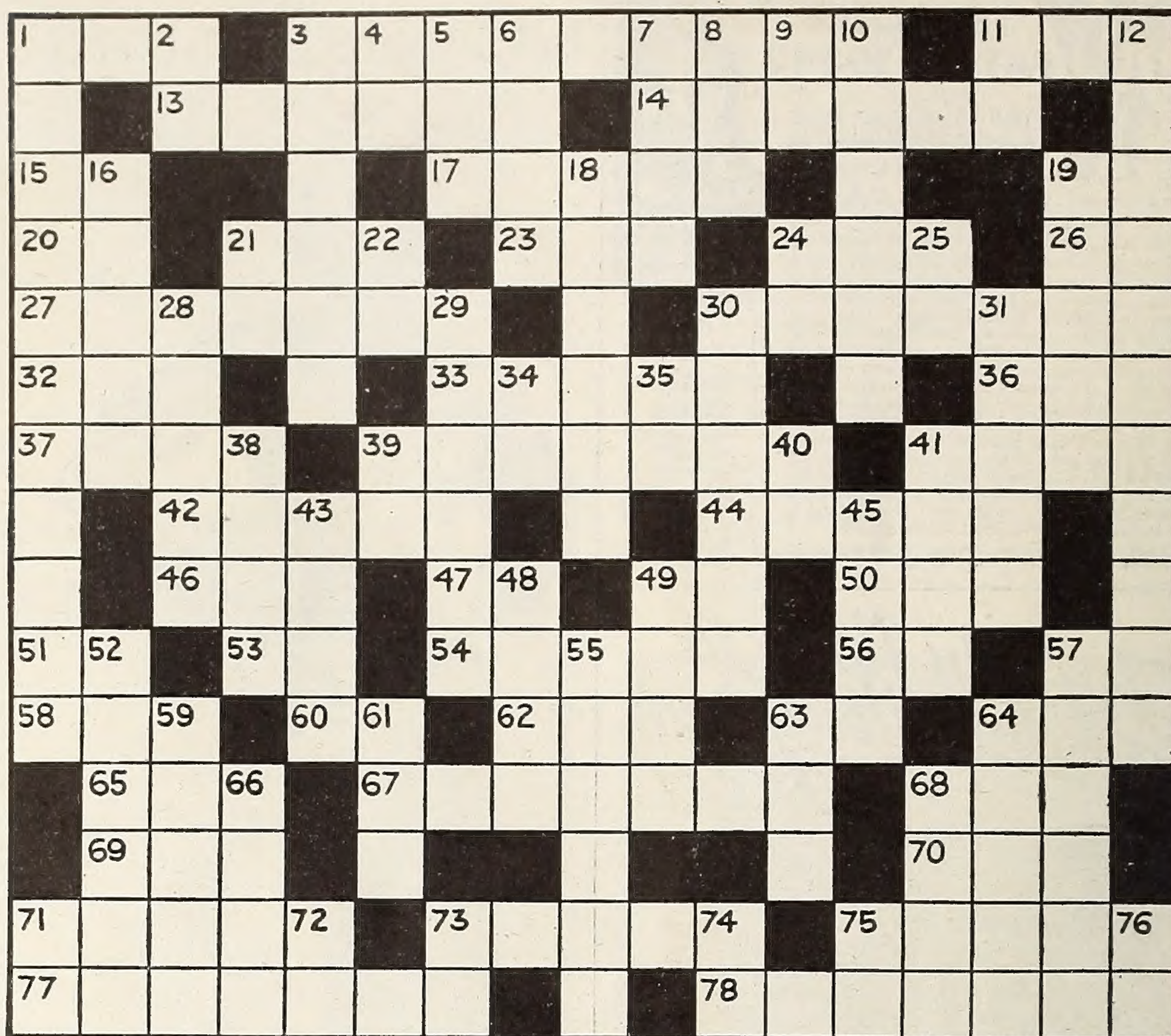
This fine frenzy has changed us completely, and now we are for the best pictures, wherever they may originate. If Japan, China or Timbuktu can beat Hollywood, we will weave an appropriate laurel wreath.

Madeleine is to make one picture for Fox, "The World Moves On"—named to commemorate our own happy deliverance from darkness. Make the most of it, for then she goes back to her beloved England.

Anyhow, that's one picture the Britishers will buy.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle



CROSSWORD PUZZLE DEFINITIONS

ACROSS

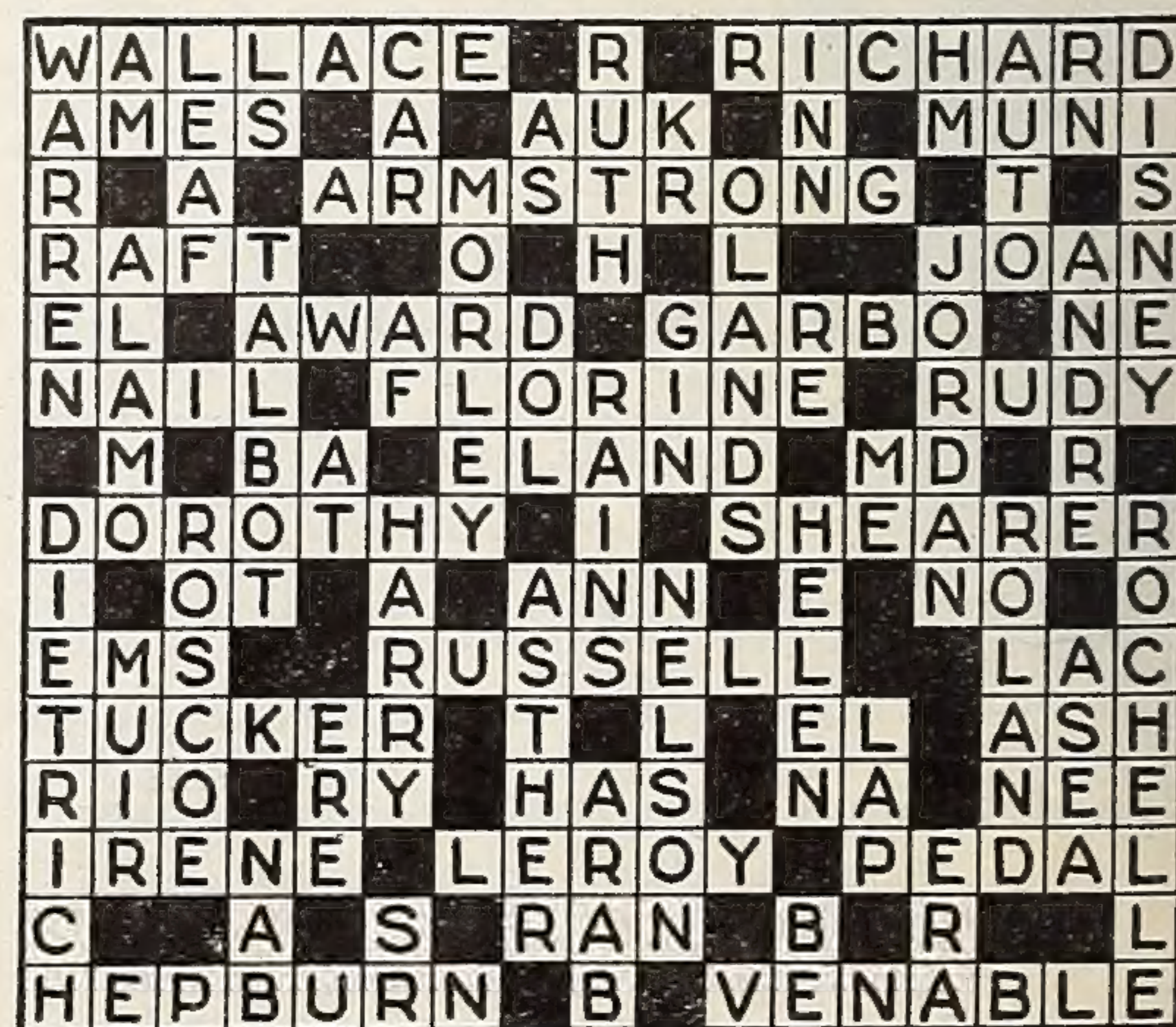
- 1 Her last picture was "Hoopla"
- 3 They are principally responsible for film successes
- 11 The cry of a crow
- 13 James Dunn's secretary in "Jimmy and Sally"
- 14 He was fine in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
- 15 The rich husband in "Walls of Gold" (initials)
- 17 A South American quadruped allied to the hog
- 19 British India (abbr.)
- 20 Toward
- 21 English money
- 23 A male descendant
- 24 Philadelphia is her birthplace
- 26 Comparable to
- 27 A petite blonde star
- 30 Her latest picture is "Let's Fall in Love"
- 32 Before
- 33 A short essay on a given subject
- 36 Vigor
- 37 To bounce
- 39 One of the most lovable little girls on the screen
- 41 The owner of those expressive hands
- 42 The most famous lover in Shakespeare's plays
- 44 She has golden hair and green eyes
- 46 A well known radio and stage comedian
- 47 Depart
- 49 Behold
- 50 A possessive pronoun
- 51 A player in "The Right to Romance" (initials)
- 53 An eastern state (abbr.)
- 54 He was born on St. Valentine's Day
- 56 Our Continent (abbr.)
- 57 Myself
- 58 A film producer
- 60 The Sun God
- 62 To be afflicted with pain
- 63 One of the "Four Frightened People" (initials)
- 64 A possessive pronoun
- 65 River (Sp.)
- 67 His latest characterization is Pancho Villa
- 68 He played in "College Coach"
- 69 Slightly indisposed
- 70 Height (abbr.)
- 71 The king in "My Lips Betray"
- 73 A charming Englishman
- 75 Combats between two persons with weapons
- 77 Placed inside of shoes for warmth
- 78 She is Mrs. Stuart Erwin

DOWN

- 1 His newest picture is "Massacre"
- 2 Gravity (abbr.)
- 3 Her next picture will be "Green Mansions"
- 4 Four (Roman)
- 5 Decay
- 6 Periods of time
- 7 Slender
- 8 Possessive pronoun
- 9 Cary Grant's pal (initials)
- 10 She was the Princess Sylvia in "Roman Scandals"
- 11 He is appearing on the stage in New York (inits.)
- 12 Lupe's husband
- 16 The little crippled boy in "A Man's Castle"
- 18 You'll be seeing him next in "Hot Air"

- 19 Foundation
- 21 Slang expression for approval
- 22 Indefinite article
- 24 The twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet
- 25 Printer's measure
- 28 "Baron Munchausen"
- 29 Every radio comedian has one
- 30 He plans to go to Vienna to study bacteriology
- 31 She was in "Fugitive Lovers"
- 34 A comedian who will soon return to the screen (initials)
- 35 The third note of the scale
- 38 Lacking in good quality
- 39 "Ukulele Ike" (initials)
- 40 Ed Wynn's favorite expression
- 41 The wife in "The Man Who Dared"
- 43 She made her film debut in "The World Changes"
- 45 He crooned to Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"
- 48 Spoken
- 49 She was once the wife of James Kirkwood
- 52 An M-G-M star
- 55 The unhappy girl in "Eight Girls in a Boat"
- 57 Constitutional ardor or spirit
- 59 Machines used for grinding grain
- 61 Reverential fear
- 63 Saturate
- 64 He made a hit in "Sitting Pretty"
- 66 Prefix meaning oily
- 68 The professor in "Little Women"
- 71 British India (abbr.)
- 72 The crying comedian now in "Sons of the Desert" (initials)
- 73 The lovely wife of Frank Fay (initials)
- 74 King's College (abbr.)
- 75 She's in "Hip Hip Hooray"
- 76 Elder (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



ABOUT **YOU?** shall men say "She is lovely -- So exquisite!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

THE MUSIC ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but you seem mysteriously detached. It is your moment. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about you. Some one says, "She is lovely!" No conscious flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

So lovely, so exquisite! How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up so clever, so artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some women know—Some do not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized* Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. So natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each with the other harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably *harmonize*. With *usual* make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but *never* with Princess Pat.

Make-up to go with costume. Because *any* shade of Princess Pat rouge will match *your* skin, you may choose with the color of your *costume* in mind. Simply choose the more *intense* shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

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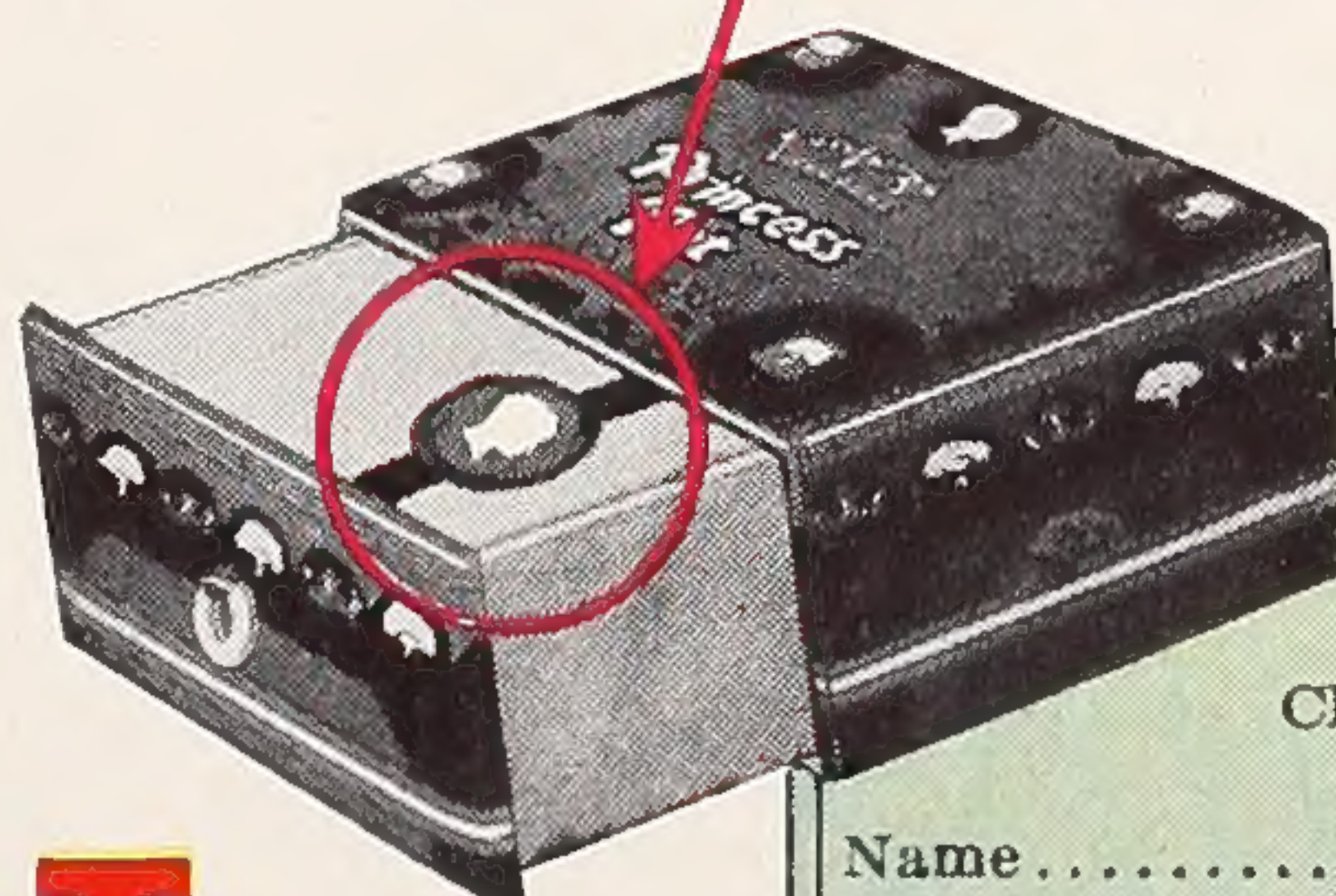
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BURLEY TOBACCO

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